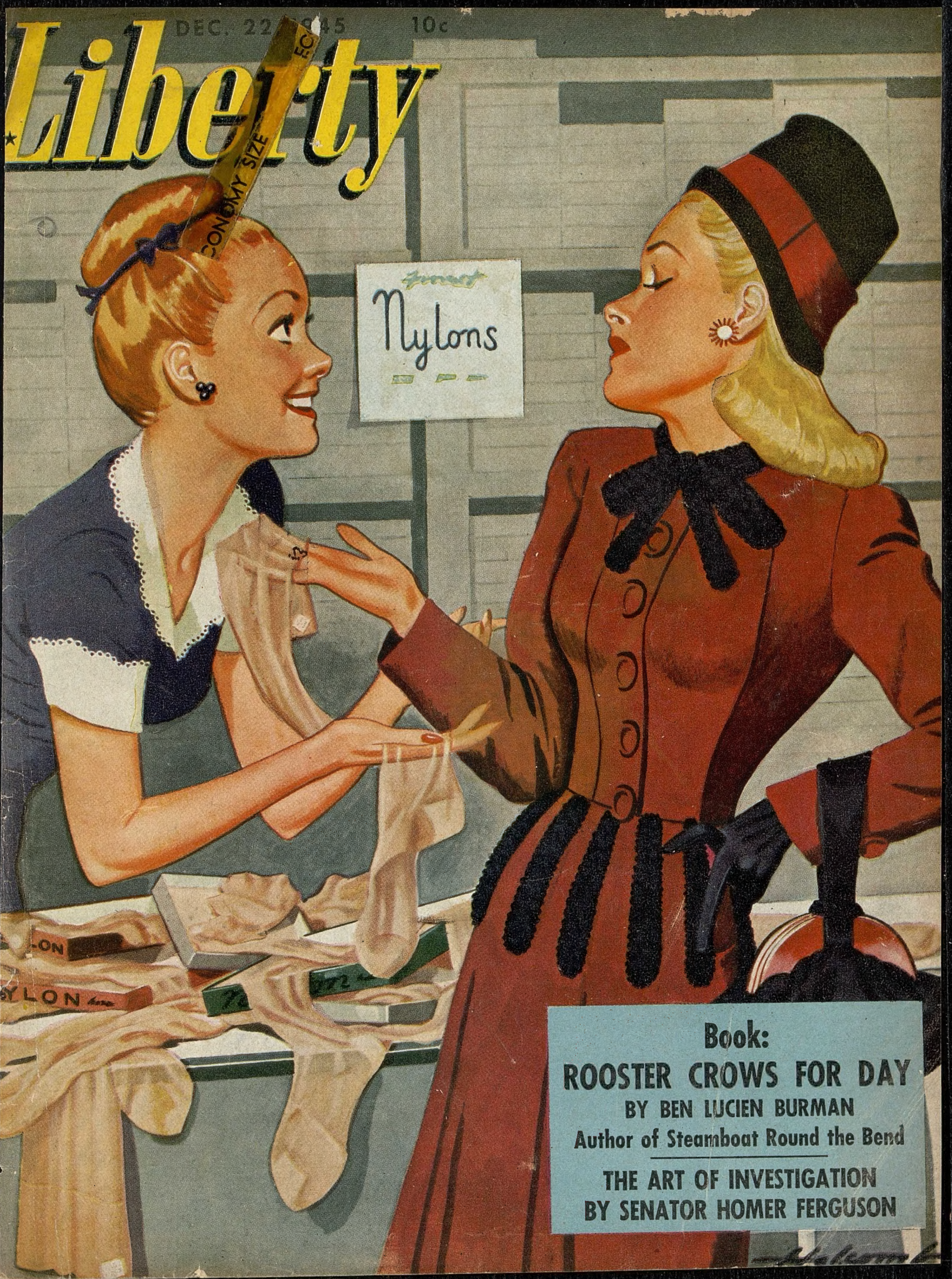
Liberty

DEC. 22, 1945 10c


ECONOMY SIZE
Finest
Nylons
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Book:

ROOSTER CROWS FOR DAY

BY BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

Author of Steamboat Round the Bend

THE ART OF INVESTIGATION

BY SENATOR HOMER FERGUSON

Be Right - Drink Light

BROWN-FORMAN
USE OF THIS BOTTLE
B·F
BROWN-FORMAN'S
KING
Black Label
BLENDED WHISKY
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY
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BROWN-FORMAN'S

KING

OF PRE-WAR WHISKY*

**King Black Label Blended Whisky*

86 Proof. The straight whiskies in this product are 51 months or more old. 40% straight whiskies; 60% grain neutral spirits.

BROWN-FORMAN DISTILLERS CORPORATION • *At Louisville in Kentucky*

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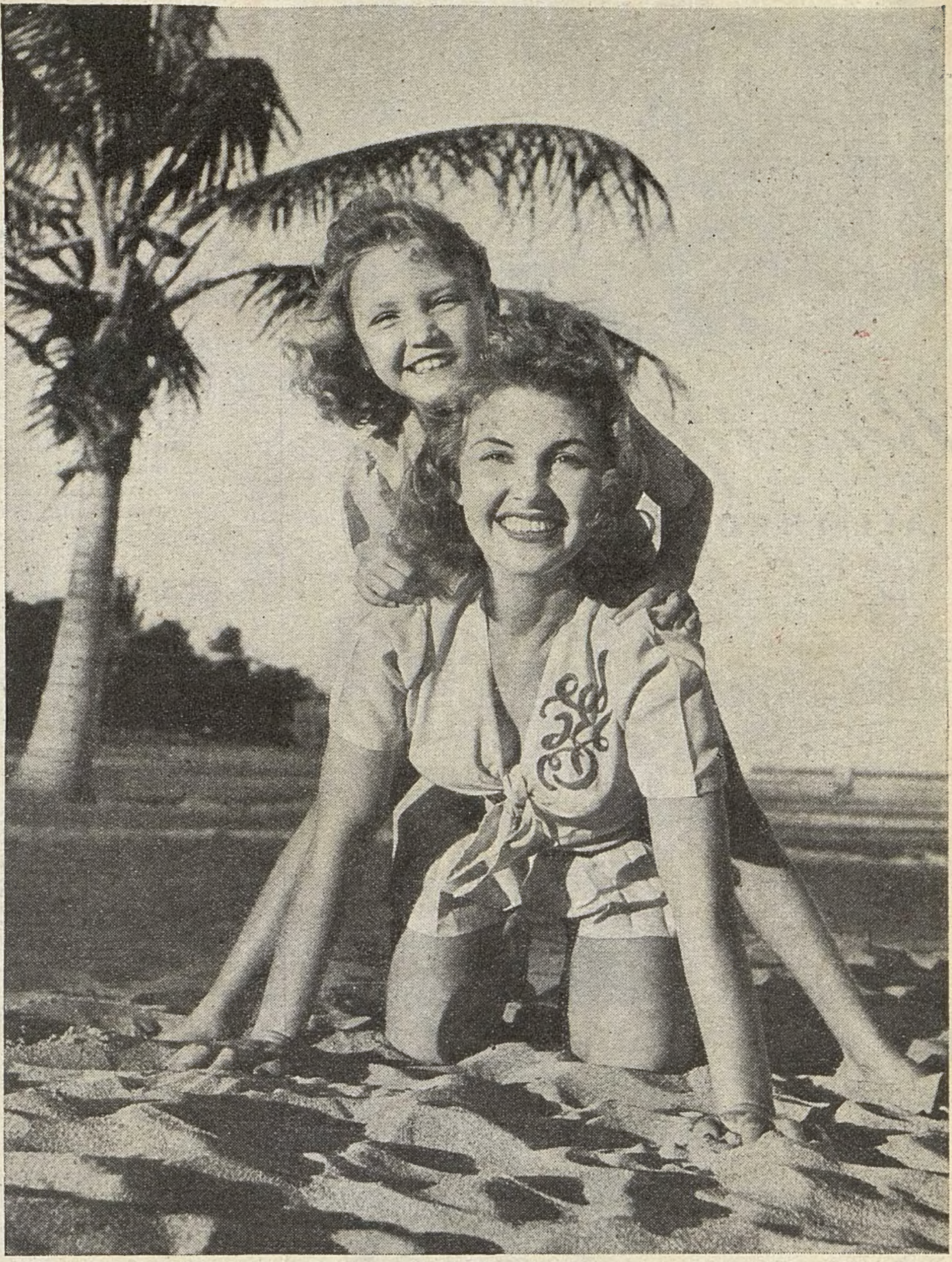
PIN-UP GIRL...MODEL MOTHER

Beauty winner turned model says: "My dental 'beauty secret' is no secret to my daughter!"

YOU MIGHT THINK that being a model, secretary and singer would be career enough for any woman. Especially when you add beauty prizes and an officers' "Pin-up Club" in the South Pacific.

But not for Florida's lovely Laura O'Banion. Her major interest lies in her blond, 7-year old daughter Patricia, whose wholesome smile already reflects her mother's care.

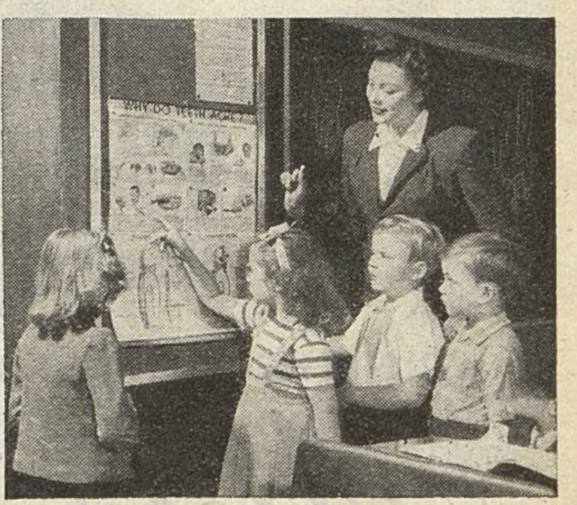
For Laura's modeling career has taught her the importance of a smile. And she's making sure that Patty practices the same dental "beauty secret" she herself follows: *Regular brushing, followed by gum massage with extra Ipana.* A radiant smile, you see, depends on sparkling teeth. And sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.



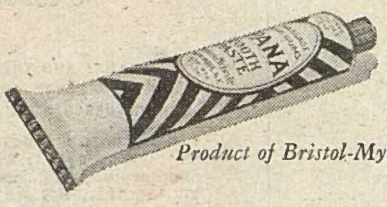
World's two loveliest smiles, according to proud father William O'Banion, a Government aircraft communicator. One reason they're such charmers is because the O'Banion teeth and gums get proper care. Mother knows that today's soft, creamy foods don't give gums the exercise they need—that Ipana is specially designed, with massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

A third-grader at seven is Patty. And smart enough to realize the importance of her nightly workout on teeth and gums. For Mother has explained that gums should be massaged every time she cleans her teeth with Ipana Tooth Paste. This speeds up circulation in the gums, helps safeguard her future smile.

The way to train a smile: First, Patty brushes teeth. Then she massages gums with Ipana. Among adults, sensitive gums often herald their warning with "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist.* He may suggest, as many do, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."



Should parents go to school to learn what so many children already know—the value of gum massage? For proper care of teeth and gums is being taught in thousands of classrooms today. Too, 7 in 10 dentists recommend gum massage, a nationwide survey shows. Also discloses that dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice *for their own use!*



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Firmer Gums—Brighter Teeth with

Ipana and Massage

Beautiful Music
ALL THROUGH THE HOUSE
...IN THE KITCHEN
...IN DAD'S WORKSHOP
...IN THE FUN ROOM
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Cover: The Tables Are Turned
Painted by Del Holcomb

PUBLISHED BY LIBERTY MAGAZINE, INC.

President, Floyd B. Odlum; *Executive Vice-President*, Paul Hunter; *Vice-Presidents*, Homer Rockwell, Lester Tunison; *Sec. and Treas.*, Thomas W. Kavanaugh; *Business Mgr.*, John Dungan; A. J. Cutler, *Circulation Director*

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Liberty, December 22, 1945, Vol. 22, No. 51. Published weekly by Liberty Magazine, Inc. 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y. Entered as second-class matter June 28, 1927, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Ten cents a copy. Subscription price $3.50 a year in the United States and possessions, $4.50 a year in Cuba, Mexico, Haiti, Dominican Republic, Spain and possessions, and Central and South American countries, excepting British Honduras, British, Dutch, and French Guiana. All other countries $5.50 a year. In entering a new or renewal subscription or change of address, please allow at least forty-five (45) days for Liberty to reach you. Copyright, 1945, by Liberty Magazine, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Registered at Stationers' Hall, Great Britain. Registro Nacional de la Propiedad Intelectual. All rights reserved.

What about my old job?

WILL MY FAMILY BE ENTITLED TO PENSION BENEFITS?

WILL THE GOVERNMENT HELP ME BORROW MONEY TO GO INTO BUSINESS FOR MYSELF?

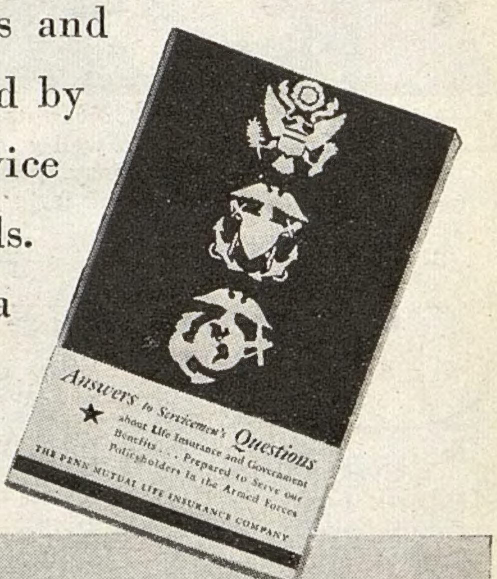
How much additional schooling will Uncle Sam give me?

If that old wound bothers me, can I get it attended to?

KEEP YOUR NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE

It's valuable because the cost to you is low and because the proceeds will be paid to your beneficiary in the form of a monthly income—the best way for funds to be received. Bear in mind, even after you convert your policy to a permanent plan, it *remains* Government insurance. Keep on paying your premiums regularly to the Veterans' Administration in Washington, D. C. and don't let your insurance lapse.

These questions and hundreds of others are answered in the fourth edition of this 56-page booklet. Originally prepared for our policyholders in the Armed Forces and their families, it is widely used by Counselors and others in Service camps, stations and hospitals. We shall be glad to send you a copy... mail the coupon below.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*F-N TEST?

*F-N the famous Finger Nail Test

1. "It's F-N, the test for men!" Scratch your head—if you find dryness or loose dandruff you need Wildroot Cream-Oil. Buy the large economy size.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW
WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

2. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil can do a big job for your hair. Keeps it well groomed all day long without that greasy, plastered down look! Your hair looks and feels good!

NON-ALCOHOLIC
CONTAINS LANOLIN!

SHAKE WELL BEFORE USING
WILDROOT
CREAM-OIL
FORMULA
for the hair
NON-ALCOHOLIC
GROOMS THE HAIR
RELIEVES DRYNESS
REMOVES LOOSE DANDRUFF

3. LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it resembles the oil of the human skin. A little Wildroot Cream-Oil goes a long way. Get it today from your barber or drug counter.

SPECIAL NOTE TO WOMEN...

Thousands of women use Wildroot Cream-Oil to remove loose dandruff, relieve dryness, and help beautify their hair. Try it before a shampoo ... also after a permanent wave to relieve dryness. Excellent for training children's hair.

WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

★ VOX POP ★

"The Voice of the People"

WHERE ARE THE WINGS?

C/o FPO, New York, N. Y.—With the advent of the present management at Liberty came a liberalizing of international editorial policy that was long overdue. Liberty seemed at last to have "come of age." However, Paul Hunter's editorial, We Want Bargaining—Not Bickering (October 27), placing the full responsibility for the strike situation on the large labor unions, proves that reaction still maintains a strong hold on your editors.

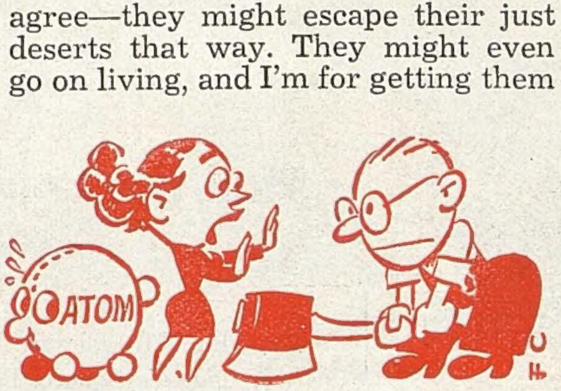
This can be allowed for to a certain extent when we realize that Liberty, like other magazines and newspapers, has to cater to the interests of its large advertisers for the revenue it gets.

The facts certainly fail to bear out Mr. Hunter's charge that "many of the big labor unions . . . open up 'negotiations' by hurling insult and defiance at the managements. . . ."

After reading the editorial there was one thing that surprised me. In the cartoon depicting the worker (with the chip on his shoulder) haranguing the employer, I failed to notice the wings sprouting from the employer. Mr. Hunter certainly intended they should be there. Did my eyes deceive me, or did Cartoonist MacGovern miss a good bet?—*J. McM. RdM3/c.*

ATOMIC PUNISHMENT

New York, N. Y.—Lt. H. G. B. suggests in Vox Pop (October 27) that we punish the war criminals by sentencing them to dedicate their lives as guinea pigs for experiments with the splitting of the atom. I disagree—they might escape their just deserts that way. They might even go on living, and I'm for getting them out of this world as fast as possible.



Besides, I think we ought to stop experimenting with atomic splitting altogether and forget it. I admit it could be a great force for good, but human beings haven't advanced enough to make it anything but a great potential for evil.—*Virginia Spitts.*

DESTRUCTIVE TRIO

Beverly Hills, Calif.—In reply to Louis Arrow's letter in Vox Pop (November 3) calling Franklin D. Roosevelt and Henry Wallace the greatest men ever to appear in politics, and John L. Lewis the least great, I believe that all three of those gentlemen have contributed more to the detriment of the political and economic life of the common man than can be rectified in a century.

Men like these have been slowly but surely attempting to destroy the fundamental principles of American custom and freedom, which have made us the greatest and most successful and powerful nation in the world.

Marxism, practiced by Stalin, Hitler, Mussolini, Quisling, Pétain, Attlee, and Roosevelt, in various phases and forms, has laid the rest of the world on the verge of poverty, starvation, and dismal failure.—*C. Schweitzer, Jr.*

SUCCESS-STORY SUGGESTION

Fort Benning, Ga.—Your articles on movie stars like Claudette Colbert (October 27) are very popular and interesting. How about one on a fine actress whose career story is truly American? I mean that redheaded Miss Charleston winner from Texas who became the blonde Miss Academy Award winner in Hollywood. Her story would make excellent reading material—her start with bit parts in musicals, her rise to top starring roles in musicals, comedies, and dramas, her devotion to her mother, and her love life. For an article that would ring the bell, I suggest the life story of Ginger Rogers.—*Pvt. Charles Hughes.*

IS THAT SOCIALISM?

Wilmington, Del.—Since when did the founding fathers of our country teach us to discriminate against a whole race of people by such a vicious custom as the poll tax? That's

(*Continued on page 8*)

MORE GLORY

FOR THE ARMY, BOEING AND WRIGHT

3
AC
AC SPARK PLUG

HOKKAIDO, JAPAN, TO CHICAGO—THE THREE B-29's OF GENERALS O'DONNELL, LE MAY AND GILES—THE LONGEST FLIGHT EVER MADE BY SO MANY PLANES OF SUCH SIZE

5995 NON-STOP MILES

AC is proud of the part it was privileged to play in this history-making flight. All twelve of the huge Wright engines were fired by AC Ceramic Spark Plugs

Record-breaking flights, such as this spectacular 26-hour run of three Superforts on September 18 and 19, call for aviation spark plugs of *utmost quality* and *utmost reliability.*

AC was the first to make such plugs — the Ceramic Aircraft Spark Plugs developed by AC for the Liberty Engines of World War I. Improvements on them were used in the historic flights of Lindbergh, Acosta, Maitland, Byrd. The newest types, still further improved, fired the engines of the latest record-breakers — the Constellation and the Stratocruiser, transcontinental record holders . . . and now, these B-29's.

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Aircraft
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The development of these Ceramic Aircraft Plugs has proceeded, step by step, with the development of AC Spark Plugs for car, truck, tractor and other engines —in design, in material and in precision manufacture. The quality is the same. That's why, since 1932, two of every four new cars and trucks have been AC-equipped at the factory—and why tens of thousands of car and truck owners specify AC for *utmost reliability.*

AC
SPARK PLUGS

LET'S FINISH THE JOB—BUY VICTORY BONDS

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION

What... *a movie about* US?

"Yes, indeed! We're famous girls. We helped bring civilization to the west . . . 70 years ago when we were Fred Harvey's first waitresses. Wherever we went the rugged frontier blossomed with new homes and wholesome communities. Then as now we were known as *The Harvey Girls* . . . and that's the name of a thrilling movie about us!"

And the Harvey Girls today have an important job, too. They're still "feeding the trains" as they did in the early days . . . but now it's trainloads of our victorious fighting men on their way home from the war fronts or moving on to new assignments. Serving these men . . . tens of thousands of extra meals daily . . . still is Fred Harvey's most important job. When that job is done, when travel is back to normal again, you can count on the old-time hospitality famous under three generations of Harveys.

Served in Technicolor!

The adventurous story of Fred Harvey's early waitresses has inspired one of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer's major productions of the year, "THE HARVEY GIRLS" a musical film in Technicolor, starring Judy Garland. "THE HARVEY GIRLS" is brimful of thrill and romance, rich in the lore of frontier days.

Fred Harvey

RESTAURANTS • SHOPS • HOTELS • DINING CARS

3000 MILES OF HOSPITALITY—FROM CLEVELAND TO THE PACIFIC COAST

Copyright, Fred Harvey, Chicago, 1945

(*Continued from page 6*)

what Webber D. Mott seems to say in Vox Pop (November 10) when he calls Stanley Frank and his ilk the expounders of Socialism just because they attack the South for preventing the Negroes from voting.

I may be crazy, but I always thought the Constitution said something about letting everybody vote, regardless of race, color, or creed. If that's what Mott calls Socialism, then I'm a Socialist—and so were the founding fathers.—*Jack Drake.*

KILLING TWO BIRDS WITH ONE WORD

St. Paul, Minn.—Under the date of November 6, in Liberty's Cover Almanac (November 10), you state that F. D. R. was elected precedent for a third term in 1940.

YOUR
"PRECEDENT"
GAG
FALLS FLAT!
FC

I did not know precedents were elected.

Please advise.—*A. S. Vogel.*

Joke.—Vox Pop Editor.

OCCUPATIONAL NECESSITY

Providence, R. I.—In his editorial, How Long Shall We Occupy Germany? (November 10), Paul Hunter takes the peculiar position that we ought to get out of Germany, let the people re-educate themselves, rebuild their own country, and let them stew in their own juice. The only trouble with that is—we'll probably stew along with them.

I still believe we ought to do the educating until they're capable of standing on their own two feet in a decent way. Maybe it is hard on the occupation troops, but it'll be still harder on them if they get out and then their kids have to go back and fight another war.

I don't get Mr. Hunter's reasoning when he says we'll always know what's going on and therefore we can nip it in the bud. We didn't know what was going on before, did we? We got out, and they rearmed. and it all started all over again.

This time let's make sure they don't have a chance to do it again. —*John Kurt.*

Dallas, Texas—From Paul Hunter's editorial of November 10, it seems to me that Liberty has changed its policy overnight right in line with the best old political traditions and the old American custom of going chicken-hearted before completing a distasteful job, involving tending to other people's business, after being forced to start.

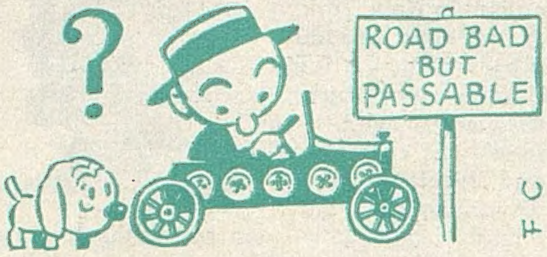
A good case could probably be made against the efficiency of our occupation force, but Mr. Hunter's stand, though worthy of Senator Wheeler, is not to be expected from a man successful in competitive business.—*J. H. Christian.*

Dallas, Texas—Mr. Hunter's editorial on the occupation of Germany was very logical—the only one I've read in ages that states circumstances squarely and without a political smoke screen.

I thought perhaps I was prejudiced. (My husband has served for three years and is now in the army of occupation and at times I despair of ever seeing him again.) But if these are Mr. Hunter's ideas, perhaps other people agree, too, and there may yet be reason to hope.—*Mrs. Thomas W. Page.*

BUTTON, BUTTON—WHO'S GOT THE BUTTON?

Santa Monica, Calif.—Pardon me while I try to write and hold my nose at the same time. In the short story, A Hunk of Respectability, by Charles Longstreth McNichols (November 3), the author talks about a Buick (vintage 1917), and later in the story has his character fumbling for the starter button on that same car.



Since when?

I had a Buick of the 1917 variety and buttons were not among the gadgets present. Also my dad had Buicks from 1917-28—no buttons. —*Jack Hardy.*

ANOTHER SOFTY

Philadelphia, Pa.—Pfc. R. R. Z.'s plea for Tokyo Rose (Vox Pop, November 3) is just another example of an American going soft. Maybe she did lift the morale of the armed forces in the Pacific, but that was certainly not her intention.

She was an enemy, fighting with words instead of bullets, and she should be punished as such. Just because our men were smart enough not to fall for her line, doesn't excuse her.

I'd like to know what the Japs would have done to an American woman pulling the same routine over here—if, of course, they could have gotten their hands on her.—*Lucy Riker.*

'Twas the night before Christmas—you had a cold

(You were caught out in the rain, dear)

So someone brought you a pack of KOOLS

If you smoked KOOLS like a chimney then

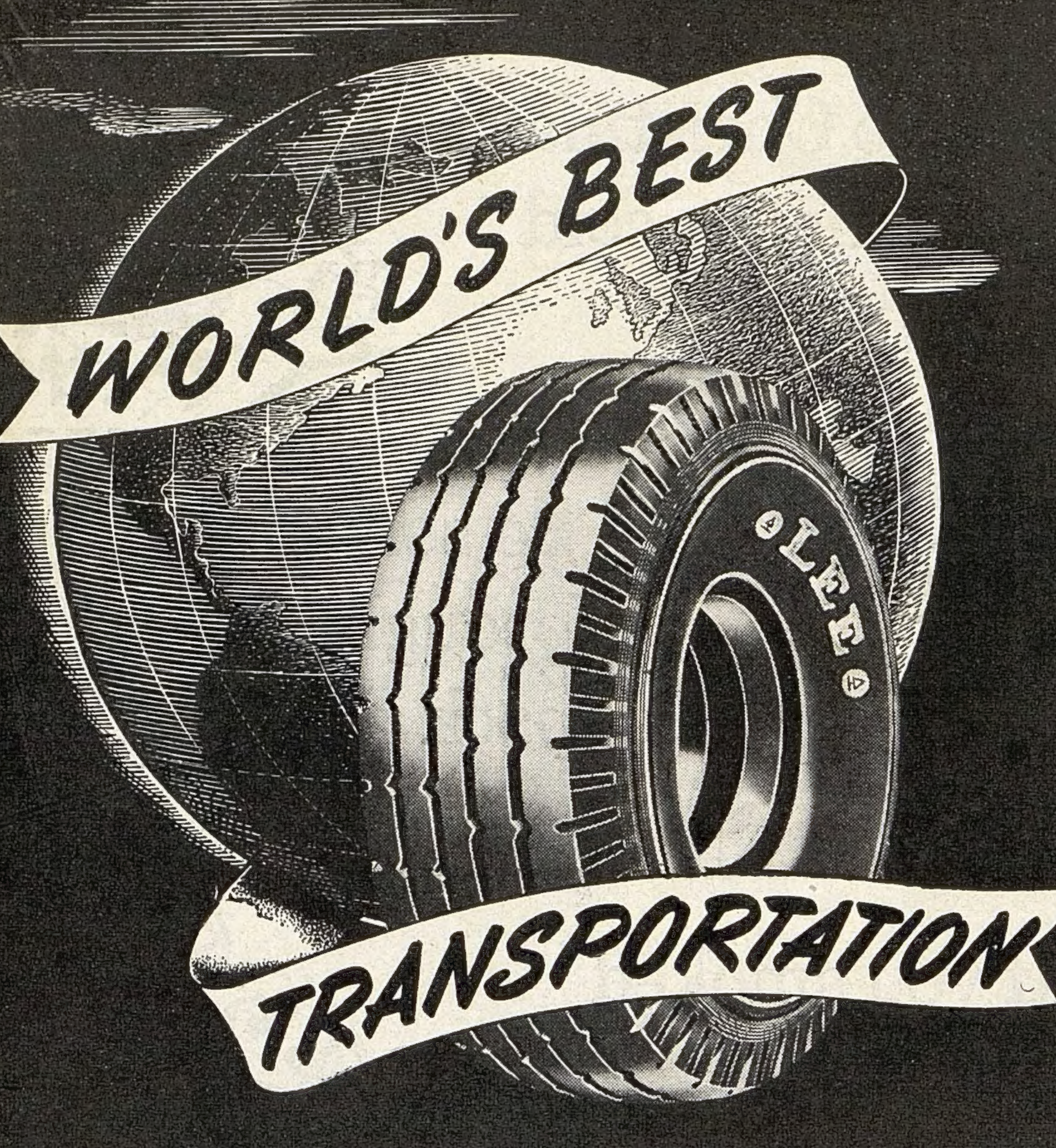
(and loved 'em—even with a cold)

UNION MADE
KOOL
MILD MENTHOL
Cigarettes
Tipped

How about Stocking Up and smoking 'em all the time?

Yule adore 'em!

Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS —for good!



This country will need a lot of tires to hold the full employment line during reconversion, and a "lot more" tires will be a production problem, maybe for a decade or longer.

Motor car and truck owners everywhere know **LEE DE LUXE TIRES** for their reliable service, long mileage, low operating cost, and national distribution in normal times. Despite the present tire shortage the integrity of **LEE DE LUXE TIRES** will be maintained and justify the universal acclaim of **"WORLD'S BEST TRANSPORTATION"**.

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LEE DELUXE TIRES AND TUBES
CONSHOHOCKEN, PA.

JUST BETWEEN OURSELVES

FERGUSON—THE FACT FINDER

A GRADUATE of the University of Michigan, Homer Ferguson, author of YOU CAN'T FOOL US SENATORS, practiced law until 1929, when he was appointed judge of the Wayne County Circuit Court in Michigan. For the next thirteen years he sat on the bench, rooting out crime and corruption in the city of Detroit (by a system of one-man grand juries) and laying nation-wide claim to his fame as a fact finder. A U. S. senator since 1942, he's been exercising his investigatory talents on the Truman (now the Mead) Committee and as a member of the Congressional group now digging up the truth about Pearl Harbor.

ON THE DISTAFF SIDE

WHEN she wasn't going to the Columbia School of Journalism in New York, or traveling around the world, Alice Hughes was busy keeping up with the latest in cosmetics and fashions as a woman's-page editor. And she tells you some fascinating facts about one of her specialties—perfume—in ROMANCE IN A CRYSTAL FLACON, which appears in this week's issue. The author of a daily syndicated column and a radio commentator, Miss Hughes is planning to take a respite soon—to go to Europe for a glimpse of the news situation there.

NEXT WEEK

Liberty
DEC. 29, 1945
10¢

MILITARISM may be dead in Japan, but fraternization has taken its place. In GEISHAS ON THE GINZA, by Victer Boesen, you'll read the amazing story of how the smart-money boys in Tokyo are all out for G.I. cash. . . . Where do Hollywood stars come from? Out of Billy Grady's top drawer, according to Inga Arvad. HE SEES WHAT OTHERS DON'T and turns up some fine talent. . . . They have reason to despair, these victims of a shattered spine that paralyzes from the waist down. Yet with courage and a modern treatment, says Evan Hill, THEY'LL WALK AGAIN. . . . Liberty's Book Condensation, THE HAPPY TIME, by Robert Fontaine, is a chronicle of an irrepressible family—one of the year's high spots in gaiety.

Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer
Pabst
Blue
Ribbon

Play a symphony with a *one-man orchestra?*

Every conductor knows a symphony orchestra is a blend of the superior talents of many master musicians. Just as it requires the full-flavor blending of never less than 33 fine brews, each an individual work of art, to create the rounded flavor, the even goodness, the superb quality of Pabst Blue Ribbon.

So, order it with confidence, serve it with pride . . . for no matter where you go, there is no finer beer than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

33
fine brews
***BLENDED* into one great beer**

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Copr. 1945, Pabst
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Imagination rocks an engine in a cradle, makes cushions for bumps — so cars will ride smoothly, comfortably.

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Powerful explosions—thousands every minute—take place in your car's engine . . . the road pounds your tires with a barrage of hammer-like blows. Yet, just a few feet away from all this, you ride smoothly, *without tiring vibration*, in a Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler!

Forever discovering and improving, *imagination* created Floating Power—a new way to mount an engine in a car. It insulates you from the engine's vibration, lets you enjoy a really smooth and restful ride.

To insulate you from the ordinary roughness of the road, practical *imagination* found a way to mount a car's body on resilient rubber, developed new springs, shock absorbers and seat cushions.

This same *imagination* helped us pioneer many of the most important car improvements in the last 20 years. It is responsible for the comfort, the safety, the performance and value of our new 1946 cars.

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Plymouth DODGE DeSoto CHRYSLER

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AIRTEMP Heating, Cooling, Refrigeration • CHRYSLER Marine and Industrial Engines • OILITE Powdered Metal Products • MOPAR Parts and Accessories

VETERANS' Bulletin Board

BY MATT URBAN

A CLOSE survey of the employment field shows that when the veteran actually begins hunting for a position, some of the job delusions he built up while in uniform will evaporate quickly. He will find that experience and skill in new techniques, many of which were developed while he was in combat, are required in all favored occupations; that openings are few and far between; that beginning pay in industries with a future is very low. Therefore the Bulletin Board will now try to bring out a few tips that might explain more clearly what is expected of us in today's highly competitive employment market.

Let's first give *ourselves* an honest appraisal. Then give the job a thorough once-over, considering its worth to the employer and its possibilities for advancement. We will have to be aware of the fact that although our military experience has made us more mature, it may have tended to impair our creative powers and initiative—essential qualities for success in civilian life. But, nevertheless, let us attempt to make the most of the military skills we have acquired, and sell to private industry the idea that these skills can be readily converted and put to use.

Job-hunting veterans are finding that employers ask more exacting qualifications then ever before. Wages have dipped sharply from their wartime peaks. According to the U. S. Employment Service, length of definite experience related to the particular job, high-school education, and quality work records are now consistent employer stipulations. In other words, veterans must be prepared for an uphill struggle—low beginning wages, hard study—and must have the urge to "go and get it" as far as acquiring individual skills and obtaining recognition are concerned.

However, if our returning veterans are to get the jobs they need and deserve, industry will have to adopt a more liberal policy toward conversion of military skills to civilian jobs, and accept a veteran's military training as background for a civilian job. And even when this is unimpressive, it must allow for the aptitudes that he may have acquired during his years in the services.

* * *

Lt. Paul Anderson, New York, N. Y. It is true that in the states of New York and New Jersey an annual pension of $500 will be paid to veterans of World War II whose service rendered them totally blind. I do not know whether any other states have enacted this legislation. Veterans who are residents of New York State should make application to Office of Naval and Military Affairs, Albany, N. Y. In New Jersey, apply to Commission for the Blind, 26 Journal Square, Jersey City, N. J.

* * *

R. J. D., Chicago, Ill. I certainly do think it's a good idea for you to return to medical school, although, as you say, it looks like a long haul from here. But since you already have a good head start on your premedical training, and your service makes you eligible for the full four calendar years of government-sponsored education, you would be foolish to pass up the opportunity to enter your chosen profession. As a matter of fact, the government is campaigning at the present time to enroll veterans as premedical students, in order to meet the postwar need for doctors.

Good idea:

* * *

Arthur Loder, Ridgefield, Conn. A veteran working abroad cannot claim readjustment allowances under the G.I. Bill. U. S. residence is required. Think it over!

VETERANS! The Bulletin Board is *your* department, the watchdog of your interests—written and edited by a combat veteran of World War II. Make the most of it! Write in your gripes and your ideas. No names will be used without permission. Address Veterans' Bulletin Board, c/o Liberty, 37 West 57th Street, New York 19, N. Y.

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NETHERLANDS INFORMATION BUREAU

This is Amsterdam's big airport, Schiphol. Are airports in foreign lands to be open to our commercial air lines? That question is now under negotiation.

ON THE BEAM

What's the outlook for U. S. airline service abroad, and for all our costly wartime installations there? An answer from overseas

BY WAYNE PARRISH

Paris.

THE war in Europe has been over seven months, but the transition from war to peace in this war-torn continent is still of most vital concern to civil aviation in the United States, and to our prospective share in global aviation.

The big story over here is now the transport plane, the private plane, the airports, communications, airways, weather facilities—and U. S. rights to fly in Europe. In all of these our American air lines have a big and a very direct stake. So do American travelers and business people. And the American taxpayer has an interest, too, for the vast network of facilities installed for the war cost a fabulous sum. As much as possible should be salvaged.

In July, 1945, our Civil Aeronautics Board granted certificates to three companies to fly across the Atlantic and to continue to such points as Moscow, and as Calcutta and Bombay in India. These companies are now busy endeavoring to establish their commercial routes. Survey flights are being made and survey crews are arranging ground facilities. But not every foreign country wants to see American air lines penetrating air markets in other continents, and not every country has granted landing rights.

The company that seems the farthest advanced in offering regular scheduled commercial service through Europe to Asia is Transcontinental and Western Air, Inc. TWA has had a big four-engined Douglas C-54E, equipped with forty seats, flying its projected routes as far east as Cairo, Egypt, and hopes to institute daily transatlantic service shortly. Its principal route is via the Azores or Eire to Paris, Bern, Rome, Athens, and Cairo, but it also has another route via the Azores to Madrid, Algiers, Tripoli, and Cairo. For several months it has been operating these routes with military cargo and transport aircraft for the Air Transport Command.

American Airlines Overseas, which used to be known as American Export Airlines, is also well advanced in its plans for regular commercial service via Foynes, Ireland, to Glasgow, Amsterdam, Copenhagen, Oslo, and Stockholm. Ultimately this line will extend to Moscow, when the United States can work out a satisfactory arrangement with Soviet Russia. American should be able to start carrying civilians in the near future. It has hired some of the ablest operating personnel in the United States, most of them direct from the Army's ATC. Like TWA, it has been operating military contract services over some of the routes which it will ultimately operate commercially.

Pan American World Airways, the first American company to fly the Atlantic, has been maintaining its prewar flying-boat commercial service as far as Lisbon and Foynes, and has now begun commercial flights with landplanes to London. It is now operating military aircraft over part of its proposed commercial route which extends from London to Brussels, Prague, Vienna, Budapest, Belgrade, Bucharest, Istanbul, Ankara, and beyond to Calcutta.

But Budapest and Bucharest are not yet open to American scheduled transport planes, and so Pan American is flying from Prague to Rome, Athens, and Ankara—a detour necessary until the Russians agree to flights direct through the Balkans.

Although the war contribution of the United States in terms of men,

(*Continued on page 17*)

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for QUALITY,
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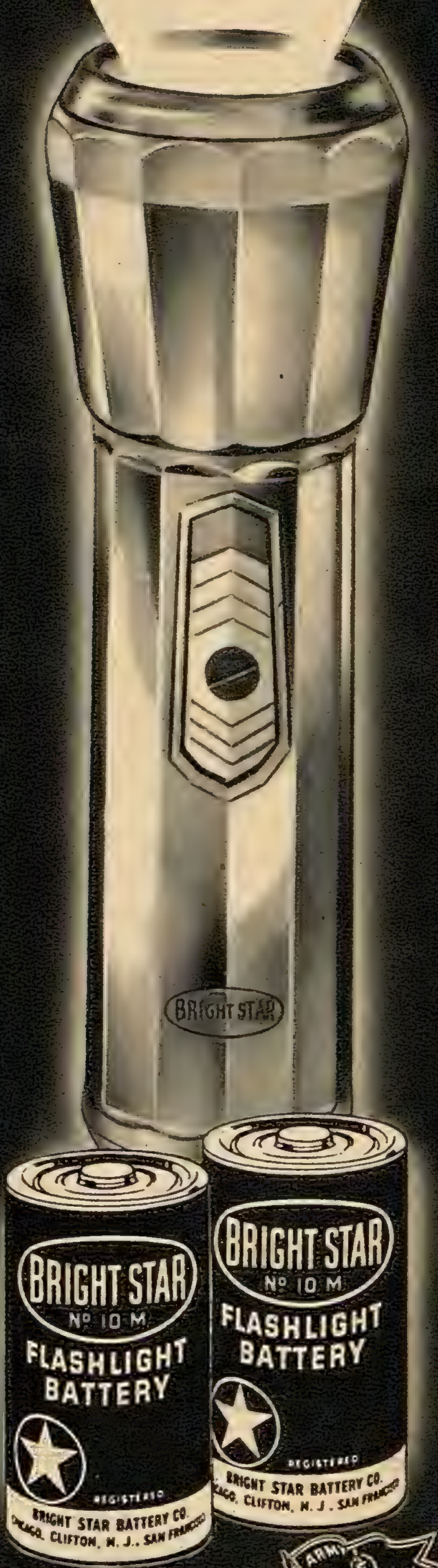

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(*Continued from page 15*)

materials, and food is certainly well known, we are not without handicaps in desiring to operate our own air services around the world. Great Britain, for example, which is in the throes of working out its own air policy, has not been friendly toward our ideas of air transportation, and has been using its influence to block us in Portugal, Norway, and the Middle East.

But the Netherlands, Belgium, Spain, Sweden, Switzerland, Denmark, Ireland, and Greece have all been friendly and receptive. There is no doubt about an ultimate arrangement with France for the United States to operate into Paris and Marseille. Germany and Italy present no problem. And since Soviet Russia expects to operate an air line into the United States, it can do so only by permitting an American company to fly into Russia.

Obviously, the U. S. Army will not be permitted to continue to operate airways facilities in peacetime Europe, except in direct connection with the occupation of Germany and Austria. Yet the United States has spent billions (not millions) installing airways facilities in the European and Mediterranean areas. Such facilities are too expensive for single air lines to maintain, yet they serve purposes for all aircraft regardless of nationality and type.

THUS the only alternative by which the American taxpayer will get a break is to make it possible for various countries to take over and operate the equipment and use our procedures and systems in doing so. Those countries, for the most part, like our equipment and methods. We will have made great strides toward vitally needed global standardization of airways facilities and procedures if our wartime equipment is purchased by the countries in which it is now located, and used for the benefit of all airplanes of all nationalities.

Airports are another vital factor. The United States has spent billions on building or enlarging airfields on foreign soil. Many will be of no practical use, now that the bombers have gone home. Many would cost too much to maintain. Certainly the advocates in the United States of ninety-nine-year leases on such airports fail to realize that few foreign governments would permit us to retain such ownership. Furthermore, it would entail the responsibility for maintenance. What the United States wants is the right to use airports in foreign countries—and that is the purpose of negotiations in progress right now.

By and large, the outlook for U. S. aviation in Europe is rather good. It will continue to be good so long as the transition from the excellent ATC to commercial air lines can be carried out smoothly, and so long as our airways communications facilities remain intact.

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WHAT fun it is to break suddenly through the clouds and come upon those distant playlands you used to dream about!

Yes, flying the new SILVAIRE is personal flying at its absolute best. That's because the SILVAIRE is all-metal—built that way by Luscombe, the first to build all-metal planes.

And the secret of your new SILVAIRE'S *durability . . . streamlining and speed . . . all-around economy of operation* is this: Luscombe's master-skill at all-metal construction now given the further benefit of vast war production experience!

This new SILVAIRE — the crowning achievement of Luscombe's years of building all-metal beauties—is a stunning eyeful that flies as gracefully as a swallow. Mail the coupon for free full-color folder.

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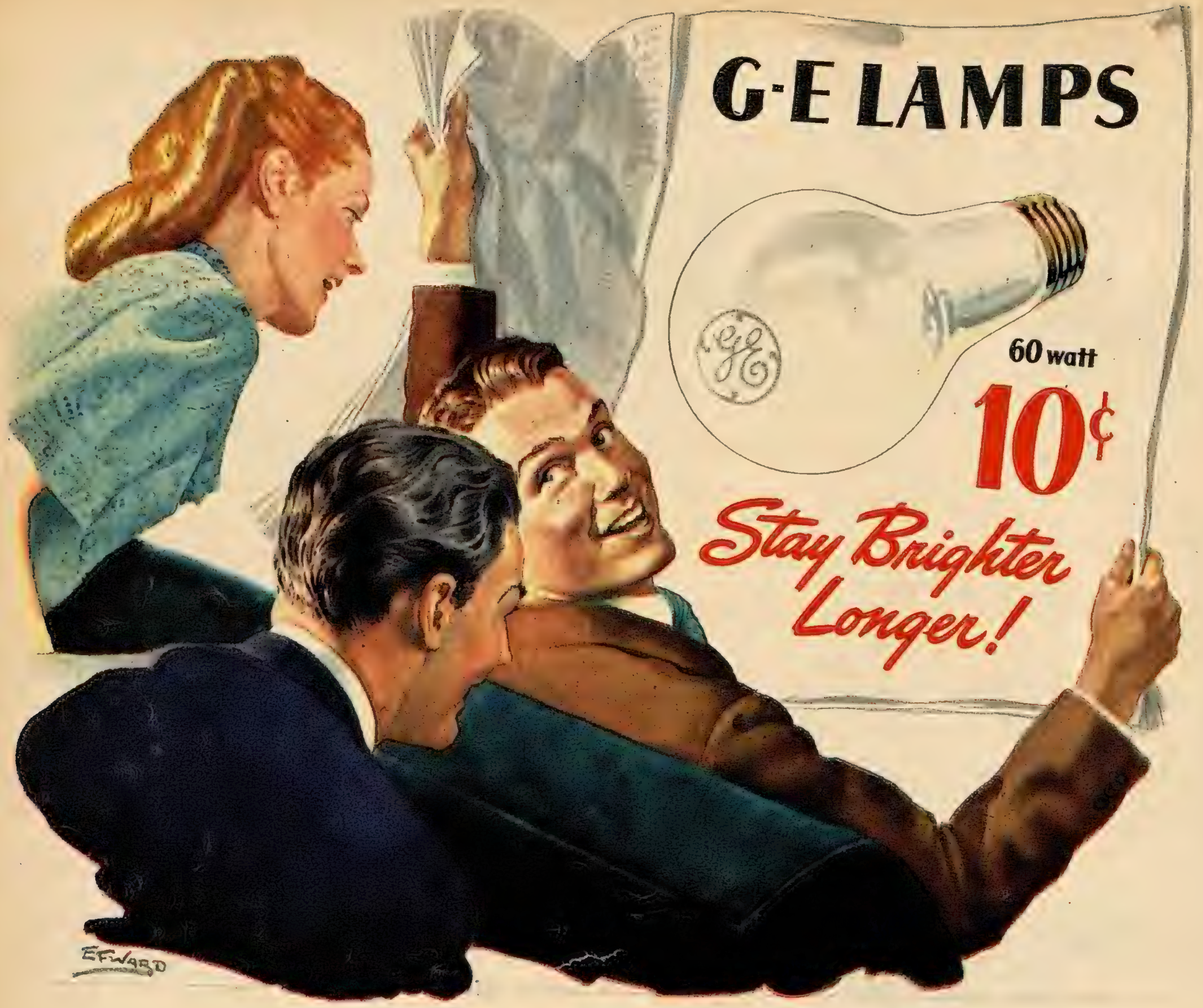

"No fair peeking, Molly..."

Joe: No fair peeking, Molly... this ad is strictly for us men!

Molly: Poof!

Ed: Poof, she says. Molly, my queen, just what do you know about figures?

Molly: I know a *bargain* when I see one, and even a mere woman knows that a 60-watt G-E Lamp for only 10¢ is a lot of light for the money—especially when G-E Lamp Research is always working to make 'em Stay Brighter Longer.

Ed: Hmmm, smart gal.. go on..

Molly: And I know most men like plenty of good light, so I'm mighty impressed with a lamp that actually gives 56% more light than it used to. *Why, I'd never think of buying anything except G-E lamps!*

25, 40, 60 watt .	**10¢**
100 watt	15¢
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Mead Committee witnesses are an evasive lot. While Senator Van Nuys struggles with one, the author registers skepticism.

You Can't Fool Us Senators

BY HOMER FERGUSON

(U. S. Senator from Michigan)

Editor's Note: Senator Ferguson is no novice at investigation. A former Detroit judge, he sat as a one-man grand jury there in an inquiry into corruption in the city government which sent more than 100 persons to jail, including high public officials. He has been the most active interrogator on the Senate War Investigating Committee—originally known as the Truman, and now as the Mead Committee.

GOVERNMENT is so big nowadays that standing committees of Congress have all they can do to advise the Senate and House on appropriations and changes in laws or enactment of new laws. Select or special committees, staffed with their own counsel and investigators, find it necessary to see whether a law once enacted is properly administered, and whether funds are being spent for the purposes for which they were appropriated.

> Congressmen are used to witnesses who do their best to obscure what investigatory committees are trying to find out. A master interrogator skillfully classifies their artful dodges

Investigating committees have dug deeply into war agencies and war contracts. Occasionally their hearings bring out a scandal, but they always bring out the artful dodges of witnesses.

In listening to more than a thousand witnesses before the Senate War Investigating Committee, I have heard every method used to fool government inquiries since Ptolemy first held hearings on appropriations for the Nile Valley Authority.

An investigating committee seeks facts on which to base its recommendations to Congress for changes in national policy. But the witnesses seem bent on hiding the facts so that they can't possibly be criticized.

A witness's first instinct is to play Little Jack Horner. He will stick his thumb into his briefcase and pull out a report which cries, "What a good boy am I!" After that, he uses defense tactics. Some time ago my colleagues and I began classifying witnesses by their dodges, or "get-bys." Now, whenever we encounter a new scheme, we chalk it up triumphantly, and if the witness appears again we have him catalogued.

(*Continued on page 100*)

From fifty Oregon acres like this, nearly fifty tons of Yuletide holly last year brightened homes all over the land.

Then, Heigh-Ho, the Holly!

BY JEAN MUIR

A JUDGE stole a sprig of holly fifty-five years ago from a Portland, Oregon, garden. The idea it gave the gardener has grown into big business.

A dozen times that December morning, Gustav Teufel had to shoo away small boys bent on robbing the English holly tree. There had been other petty larcenies, too. An old woman had helped herself to a spray. A girl had fastened a cluster of berries to her sealskin muff. And now the judge had pilfered a sprig. Teufel reasoned that if people like a thing well enough to steal, they might like it well enough to buy. He studied the tree with a new interest.

Still a young tree, it was only ten feet high. Its spiny leaves were a dark glossy green. Its red berries were fatter than the biggest garden peas. Teufel decided to take some cuttings for a hedge around his four-acre farm outside Portland.

Nowadays his son, George, harvests fifty acres of choice English holly, grown from the original trees. Other early growers also cash in on the holly bonanza. Holly from the Northwest hangs in homes from Boston to Los Angeles. It is shipped by refrigerated cars.

In the Northwest hundreds of acres of young trees are sprouting as farmers learn that *Ilex aquifolium,* the real McCoy of hollies, has been grown successfully as a commercial venture only in a narrow belt between British Columbia and northern California.

Easterners grow a tough strain which can withstand dryness, heat, and hard winters. This holly grows wild as far west as Arkansas. But the glossy and heavily berried English variety, which thrives in the moist climate west of the Cascades, commands the big prices in the Christmas market.

A grove will produce about $500 worth of holly an acre as a yearly average, and up to $1,500 an acre wholesale with choice trees and an unusually good season. If every holly twig is utilized, the sky's the limit. One Oregon grower made $3,000 from half an acre last season.

Prices in that range were only a pipe dream when the industry began, and no one thought about an out-of-town market. The first wreaths from the Teufel place were made by Gustav, his wife, and their seven children, working all night around a coal-oil lamp in the kitchen. The wreaths brought fifty cents apiece.

The first Teufel holly was sold out of the state after Gustav had moved to California. George, the son, took a trunkful of it to California when he went to spend Christmas with his father. The holly brought fancy prices in the San Francisco market. Gustav urged George to go home and plant more holly.

The new acreage he planted not only included cuttings from the Teufel hedge, but variegated holly as well, the slender silver variety whose dark leaves are edged with white as if they had been frosted. The plantings represented a long-term investment. The original hedgerows had only recently reached their full beauty. It would be ten or twelve years before any cutting could be done from the new trees. And several years longer before they would outgrow their youthful coarseness and the first perfect holly appear. Twenty-five years for the trees to reach their prime. But after that, their beauty could be measured by centuries. Last year nearly 100,000 pounds of holly were shipped from the Teufel groves.

The trees thrive in the damp Oregon winters and the rainy springs. They are left to grow without shaping. For though holly may reach forty-five or even seventy feet in height, it technically is not a tree but a bush. It grows close to the ground, feeding on its own leaf mold and protected by its leafy petticoats from wintry winds. Some fertilizer and a spray twice a year is all the attention the trees receive. A wet autumn to swell the berries, an early frost to redden them, and they'll be ready for the Christmas harvest.

Harvesting starts on November 15. Three and a half weeks of fury with little time to eat and sleep. Either a grower cashes in before December 10, when the last refrigerated car pulls out for the East, or he waits another year for his money. Holly after Christmas isn't worth a penny a carload.

Cutting and packing crews are comprised of farming neighbors for the most part, whose own jobs have slacked off with the winter.

Their wives and the teen-agers help out with the wreath making.

The finest holly, from the center of full-grown trees, is dipped in naphthalene acetic acid to prevent defoliation during shipment. Moving belts then carry it into the packing shed. The women wear heavy gloves and long sleeves to handle the prickly holly. They select for grades, picking out the longest sprays and those with the finest berries.

While the Grade A holly is being handled, boys strip the lower leaves from sprays that are to be used for wreaths. Other youngsters make berry clusters. Finally the wreath makers, skilled at twining greens and berries on the wire loops, take over. The finished wreaths also are dipped in a solution of naphthalene acetic acid before they are packed for shipment.

Then the holly is packed in cartons and kept at a temperature of 35 degrees before being shipped to the East.

The real heartbreak of the harvest comes with a rare silver thaw, or a freezing wind that encases the branches in ice and causes the leaves to crack.

Harvest on a holly farm may be more leisurely in the future if experiments with the quick-freeze method of preserving berries prove successful. The theory is that the berries, stored at 32 degrees, might be used the following year. Thus wreaths could be manufactured well in advance of the Christmas season. Growers explain that berries will stay on a tree for a year and a half if robins leave them alone.

Wreaths and cut holly sold wholesale comprise most of the shipments. Recently, however, a number of growers have developed retail mail-order trade with customers in every section of the country. Movie people have been heavy buyers of mail-order Christmas decorations.

Wreaths have been shipped that measured eighteen feet in diameter and weighed 350 pounds with fifty pounds of the big Dutch holly berries to brighten them. The latest creations have been garlands to go around windows and outside doors.

HOW the first English holly came to the Northwest is not known. Legend has it that a sea captain brought a young tree around the Horn in a stone kipper crock to an English settler in the '60s. Anyway, by 1940 there were 200,000 trees

(*Continued on page 78*)

If the holly on your mantelpiece, or that sprig in the plum pudding lends a gayer Christmas touch than you expected, it is probably because it came from the Northwest. And petty larceny had something to do with it, too

Nancy Teufel, whose grandfather founded the industry, picks a choice branch.

Romance in a Crystal Flacon

BY ALICE HUGHES

War crippled the French perfume industry, yet U. S. counters today are loaded with super-scents. How come? Here's noseworthy information on how we solved the mysteries of the fragrant art

THIS Christmas, scent-hungry American women are finding practically a prewar supply of high-voltage fragrances on perfume and cosmetics counters. There are wide assortments of all-American-made perfumes.

You may be tipped off that a certain store has a few bottles of rare stuff—"Smuggled off a troopship. Real French perfume. Christmas Night, by Caron!" It would be prewar stuff all right, for the French made no fresh perfume while the Nazis were there. The Germans seized pounds of French jasmine and rose absolute, indispensable and practically priceless ingredients of fine perfumes, and sent them to Berlin.

However, not all the prewar stuff is reliable. Some of it has deteriorated in ships' holds, or in dock warehouses where it has been held for four years pending shipment to America. Up to now, there has been a spotty supply of Paris perfumes by Chanel, Patou, Caron, Lanvin, and Babani.

Meantime, American perfumers have not been sitting the war out. Despite such shortages as alcohol and certain necessary oils, they have produced a bumper crop of the best-liked American fragrances and have even developed a few new ones. Quickie perfumes were made to appease a clamoring market, but most of them have been snuffed out. The better new ones, such as White Shoulders, by Evyan; Twenty Carat, by Dana; New Horizons, by Ciro, remain to take their place among the fine domestic blends.

In comparing American perfumes with the French, Miss Alice Farley, cosmetics buyer for Lord & Taylor, one of New York's finest department stores, says: "The best American perfumes are as good as the best prewar French perfumes. The fragrances by Faberge and Tuvache—two American houses, despite their foreign-sounding names—are comparable to the choicest blends that ever came out of France." She mentions Aphrodisia and Moroccan Rose.

Arnold Van Ameringen, expert on perfumes and a leading manufacturer of perfume ingredients, explained that "It is the excellence of their contents that makes perfumes great, the smooth harmony of their blending, so that not one harsh note is detectable in the inherent beauty of the finished product."

As to which constitute the "great," here is a list of eight—four French and four American—the result of a poll among perfume chemists, perfume manufacturers, and beauty editors. French "great" ones are Guerlain's Shalimar, Patou's Joy, Caron's Belodgia, and Chanel No. 5. The all-American winners of the poll are Faberge's Aphrodisia, Mary Chess' White Lilac, Tuvache's Moroccan Rose, and Elizabeth Arden's Blue Grass.

There's a certain amount of flimflam in perfume promotion, much of it in the imagination of the purchaser, who feels a particular scent will not only make her smell divinely, but will enable her to create the physical illusion of loveliness. It is absurd to believe that a whiff of some certain sweetness will transform a pimply-faced high-school girl into a glamor girl. It is reasonable, however, to hope that an appropriate perfume will emphasize the impression she seeks to create.

A LOT of good-natured spoofing has cropped up about perfume names. Some purport to bring out the wolfishness in women with such trademarks as Cobra, Sinner, My Sin, Foolish Virgin, Tabu, and others. The tendency now is to give perfumes more lofty-sounding titles like New Horizons, Discovery, Courage, Twenty Carat, etc. But reticence and understatement never were characteristic of the scent business, and the best sellers still depend upon names that emphasize the old boy-meets-girl urge. In fact, the two most recent arrivals hit new highs in sex impact—Corday's Frenzy and Le-

With synthetics, the U. S. perfume industry has made a brave showing.

long's Havoc seem to add fury to fragrance.

Perfume costs continue to be ruled by price ceilings based on prewar figures. The better American perfumes, those of Esmé of Paris, Adrian, Mary Chess, Helena Rubinstein, Charbert, Faberge, Ann Haviland, Elizabeth Arden, sell for about twelve to fifteen dollars an ounce. Costliest American scents are created by Bernadine de Tuvache, who started in business less than ten years ago. She has sought out rare oils, herbs, and fixatives from Egypt, China, and Tibet to keep the quality of her perfumes high. Her prices start at fifteen dollars for an ounce of violet, which is compounded of synthetics, and zoom to $100 an ounce for perfume made of real jasmine from Egypt. Tuvache scents are a collector's item.

Stores report that the average Christmas perfume purchase is from five to ten dollars. To this is added a 20-per-cent excise tax. The few French perfumes available start at $22.50 an ounce. As the foreign supply is so small, this will be an all-American perfume and cosmetics Christmas. What that means in dollars and cents may be judged by what happened in 1944, when American women paid a billion-dollar beauty bill.

Total spending for beauty will probably be even bigger this year, with hundreds of thousands of G.I.s back to buy their girls perfume for Christmas.

While styles have been liberated and are now strictly on their own in this country, perfumes are still

(*Continued on page 94*)

She seeks--and will pay well for—the physical illusion of loveliness.

Her American perfume cost $100 an ounce.

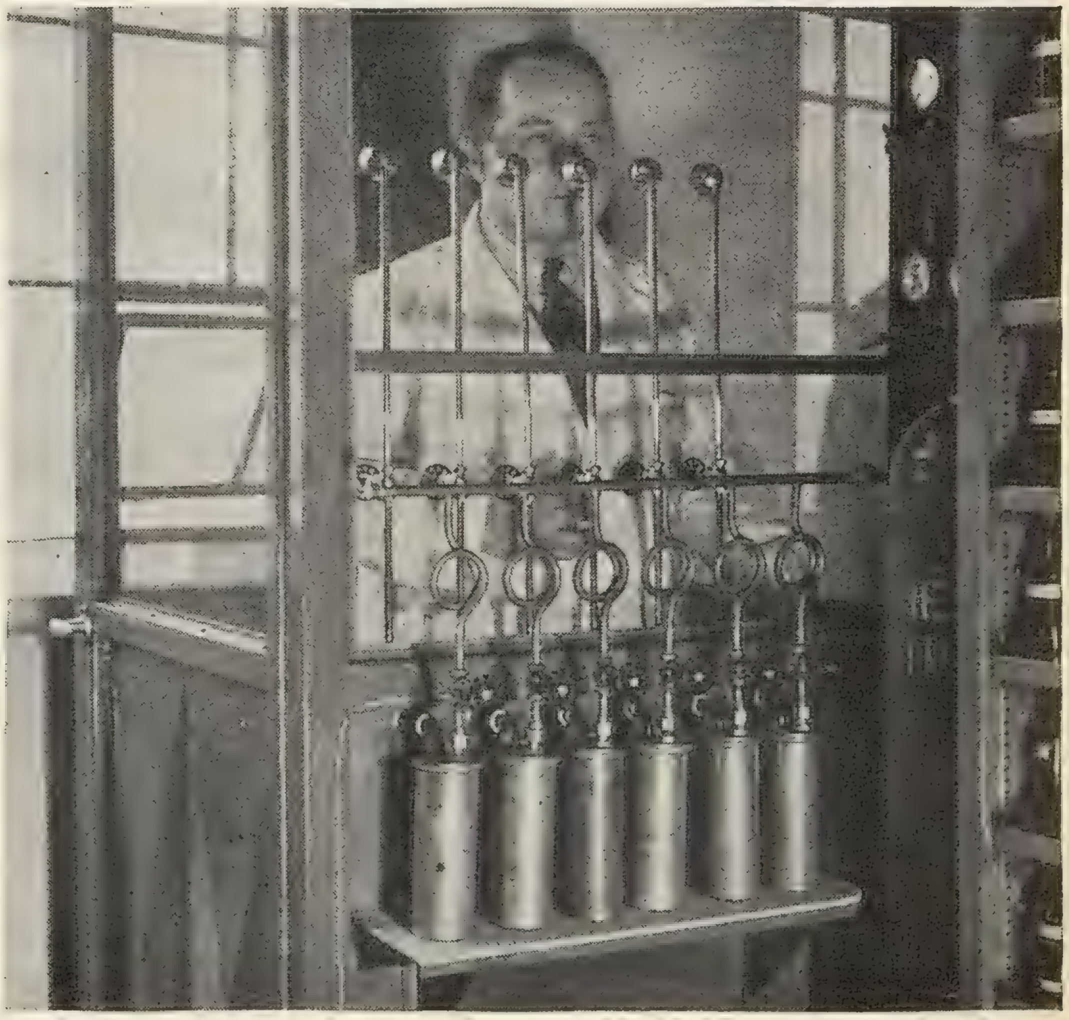


PHOTO FROM FRITZSCHE BROS.

Skillful blending often depends on a cultivated sense of smell.

Actuaries are grimly sure of your destiny.

Far Away and Long Ahead

How long will you live? How will you die? How many children will you have? Here are the probable answers from the oracles of the insurance companies—paid to take the guesswork out of the average man's shape of things to come

BY BERTON BRALEY

THERE is a little group of mathematicians—only a few hundred in all—who know more about you than your best friend. They have your number and they know when it is up. You've probably never met any of them, and the chances are that none of them know you, but they have the facts of your life tabulated, and the record is always up to date.

Unlike the Delphic oracle of old, who gave out with mystic meaningless utterances, these moderns plot your blueprints of past, present, and future, decimally definite and comprehensively correct. That's their profession, and on their accuracy is based a 150-billion-dollar business. These seers, the real McCoy in oracles, are the life-insurance actuaries.

They are mathematical calculators of the Shape of Things to Come. They can and do tell you at what age you'll marry, how much older you'll be than your wife, how many children you'll have, and how much it'll cost you to bring them up. They can also inform you as to the year in which your wife will be a widow, if you're curious about that contingency.

Of course the actuary can do all this *only* for the average or statistical you—he's a wholesale, not a retail, prophet. Actually, the actuary doesn't know what's going to happen to you—the individual, personal George Jones. But as one of a million or ten million George Joneses who make up the life-expectancy tables, the actuary's information about you is close to absolute.

Those life-expectancy tables (mortality tables, if you wish to be grim about them) *do* enable the actuary to figure your individual *chances*, even if he can't furnish you the personal facts.

So if you want to know what's in the cards, the actuary deals them off the top. Let's suppose you manage to penetrate into the remote fastnesses of celestial mathematics where these oracles do their stuff and introduce yourself in this manner:

"I am George Jones, male, single, and in good health. I've had all the dangerous living I want in the war, and I hope to live as long as possible and as safely as I can from here on. How can I expect to do it?"

Here are some of the facts and opinions you might receive in reply:

You've already got some of that safety you seek. At twenty-one, you can expect a life two years longer than your father's and six years longer than your grandfather's.

But you've lost considerable advantage in the process of reaching twenty-one. When you were born you had a prospect of living about ten years more than your father and at least twenty years more than your grandfather. Where did those extra years go? You gave them to millions of babies under one year and millions of children under fifteen. For the actuary will explain that the greatest improvement in life expectancy is due to saving young lives rather than in the extension of old ones. Just how this could give you an edge of twenty years on your granddad when you were born, and only six now that you're twenty-one, the actuary will demonstrate with logic and logarithms. You won't understand it any more than this puzzled author, but that's how it is.

ANYHOW, two years' better expectancy than your father and six better than your grandfather is so much velvet. And the actuary will tell you that as the average George Jones you're two-thirds of an inch taller than your dad, weigh proportionately more, and are healthier.

This general improvement in your stature and health and prospects of durability has been brought about by higher living standards and medical science. You hadn't much to do with it, except by eating the food your parents provided—food better balanced than what they got from their parents. But the actuary can give you some excellent statistically backed advice as to what you can do to take advantage of the fine start your parents and doctors gave you.

And the number one item is GET MARRIED.

Married men's mortality rate is lower than that of bachelors, and after thirty, it's only about half that of the single men. According to the actuary, you can look forward to forty years of marriage with the same wife, barring divorce. The expectancy tables, however, have an elastic quality, so if you are still living and married at the end of that forty years, you'll have ten or twelve years *more* married life coming to you. And although, at twenty-one, it's a four-to-one bet against your celebrating your golden wedding, it's three to one in favor of your having a silver anniversary. Statistically, anyhow, you'll have 1.79 children. Since you can't have a fractional child, some other George Jones family will have to make it even.

Married or single, the actuary can tell you positively that you can expect to live longer if you don't get fat.

Will you live longer if you drink or don't drink? The actuaries are not unanimous on that. They know if you're a teetotaler you can expect to live longer than an alcoholic, but a man isn't a real alcoholic unless he's a hospital case. (Incidentally, you—as a man—are eight times as likely to die of alcoholism as a woman. But cheer up, few people are real alcoholics.)

As to comparison of abstainers and "moderate" or "heavy" drinkers, what the actuary knows is what policyholders put down on their policy application.

And a drinker's personal estimate of his drinking is not sound statistical data. But it's the general actuarial opinion that consistent drinkers are a bad risk. However actuaries may argue about the shortening effect of drinking on the life span, you won't find any who recommend it as an extension course in longevity.

Despite minor distractions married men do live longer.

CARTOONS BY BILL O'BRIAN

George Average Jones is nearly an inch taller than his old man.

The general opinion that if your grandfather and father lived to be ninety, you have a better-than-average chance to do the same, doesn't seem to be an actuarial fact. It is a fact, though, that if both your parents are living when you are twenty-one, you have a good chance of outlasting the man with one or both parents dead. Actuaries believe that is due to a sound and healthy environment, and not to an inherited longevity.

WHETHER your family is long lived or not, your chances of being the Grand Old Centenarian of your community in 2024 are one in 30,000. If you like to take the short end of really long odds, however, it's 120,000,000 to one that you won't reach 113—which, incidentally, is the greatest authenticated age ever reached by a human being.

The actuaries believe that whether you're athletic or not doesn't greatly affect your chances of a long life. However, they won't make a categorical statement either way. If you asked the actuary about that situation, he would be likely to say:

"Not enough data to make the tables run, which means that the statistics on which we can base accurate statements are figures on hundreds of thousands or millions of people. Among such a great mass, expectancy for the individual can be very accurately determined—the averages are dependable—the tables 'run.'

"But where you have a comparatively few people—a hundred, a thousand—local conditions and in-

(*Continued on page 94*)

Postwar Radio Sets

Ears badly bent by wheezy prewar sets are cocked to hear what gives with the new radios. Here's what you'll get and what you'll have to wait for

By
A. D. RATHBONE, IV

Some manufacturers offer custom-built installations of de luxe television sets.

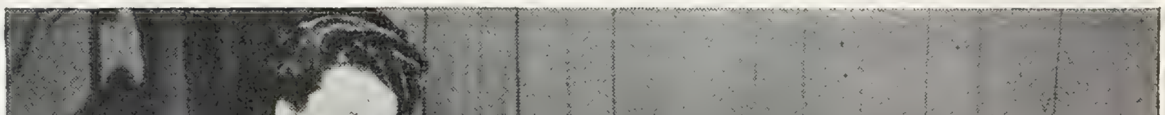
THE United States is the greatest nation of ear-benders on earth as far as radio is concerned. Of the 36,500,000 families in this country, 32,500,000 are radio families, and collectively they own 60,000,000 radio sets. In 1944 the nation paid $662,000,000 to let radio bend its ears. That covered talent and time sales by broadcasters, electricity, replacement tubes and parts, repairs and phonograph records, but not new radios. There weren't any, because the radioelectronic industry was producing equipment for war.

Long before the war ended, a high percentage of preconflict radio receivers developed rheumatics of the rheostat, cardiacal cathodes, tubercular tubes, or arthritis of the amplifier. Consequently several million people now want new radios. They expect them to be sufficiently improved over the old models to make ear-bending more enticing than ever.

What has been done to cure the nation-wide epidemic of diseased radios doesn't amount to much as yet. Of the few radios available, the majority are small table types and portables, and not necessarily 1946 models. The situation is somewhat like that in the automobile industry. The first machines available will be 1942 designs with minor changes. The bigger and higher-priced radios, including consoles, chairside, and larger table sets, with and without record-playing combinations, aren't likely to be on display sooner than mid-January, some not before next February or March. Along with them will be some newer portables and smaller home sets.

Despite high hopes that the radio industry could quickly reconvert from war to peacetime production, there have been unavoidable delays. Lacking OPA approval of new prices on cabinets and component parts until mid-October, a number of manufacturers postponed starting production of even the smaller sets. In the interim, advertising of available sets carried the copy line: "All prices subject to OPA approval."

The industry also was awaiting the Federal Communications Commission's assignment of new wave



Here are FM, AM, and (in black panel at left) a wire recorder magazine.

lengths to station broadcasting on the frequency-modulation principle, and to the applicants for new FM licenses. This problem had been "in the mill" for months, but nobody wanted to build FM sets equipped with wave bands which later might be obsolete. Furthermore, while a radio-hungry public may not appreciate it, there isn't a great deal of similarity between building battle communications and making civilian receivers. Knowledge of electronics applies to both, but the Army and Navy weren't interested in beautiful cabinets, in speakers with high-fidelity tone qualities, or in automatic record-player mechanisms.

THE actual number of radios manufactured since the Japs quit is nowhere near enough to fill what James J. Nance, vice-president of Zenith Radionics Corporation, called the "immediate pressing demand" of five million sets. By mid-February or early March, however, the larger production lines will have been humming long enough to supply nearly all dealers with a varied line of new receivers. Once the industry gets going, it will not be a question of capacity to produce. The Crosley Corporation, for example, proposes to build 1,400,000 home radios in nineteen models during the first full postwar year, and plans of the entire industry indicate peak production at an early date.

The set makers promise such benefits as new principles of acoustics, greater power for the same number of tubes, finer domestic reception, better reproduction of records in radio-phonograph combinations, and static-free performance due to FM. The trend in many models is toward streamlining, with higher-priced consoles appearing in period types in exactly matched mahogany, walnut, oak, and other woods, while portables and smaller models will be cased in wood, metals, or varicolored plastics.

Sets the sizes of matchboxes are a possibility. When walking down the street with Emerson Radio Corporation's light, tenite-cased, self-powered models, or with Radio Corporation of America's six-inch, three-and-one-half-pound radio in a topcoat pocket, passers-by may accuse you of talking to yourself, but you'll be getting the latest news or the ball game.

There will be an array of accessories that will have nothing to do with the actual performance of the new sets but will provide additional entertainment and services. A home microphone, for instance, will permit you to talk back to the radio and dub in your voice on programs coming over the air. A clock attachment will be available to turn the set on and off at desired times. Also, you can plug in a wire recorder which will record up to an hour's program on a spool of hair-thin wire and play it back as many times as desired. When tired of that program, just plug in again with the same spool of wire and as the new program is picked up by the wire, the old one automatically is erased. An obvious combination will be to set clock and recorder for a much-liked evening show while you're over at the neighbors' for bridge.

It's the basic home radio, however, that is receiving greatest emphasis from major manufacturers, with efforts to simplify customer selection by reducing the number of designs of the same type. Both Westinghouse and RCA typify this trend, with nine models each. These sets are designed to meet every radio need. And in the future, instead of being a nation of one-and-one-half-radio families, we are likely to become a nation of two, three, or more radios per household. A radio trade journal voiced this idea by commenting that our 32,500,000 radio-owning families live in an average of four rooms each, or a total of 126,000,000 rooms.

FORTHCOMING living-room consoles are strikingly attractive in any finish or design desired. They have record players, manual or automatic, with more record storage space than formerly. Advanced types of speakers, plus other electronic improvements, help to enhance the tonal range. The larger table styles or a chairside set will have the same high qualities as the consoles.

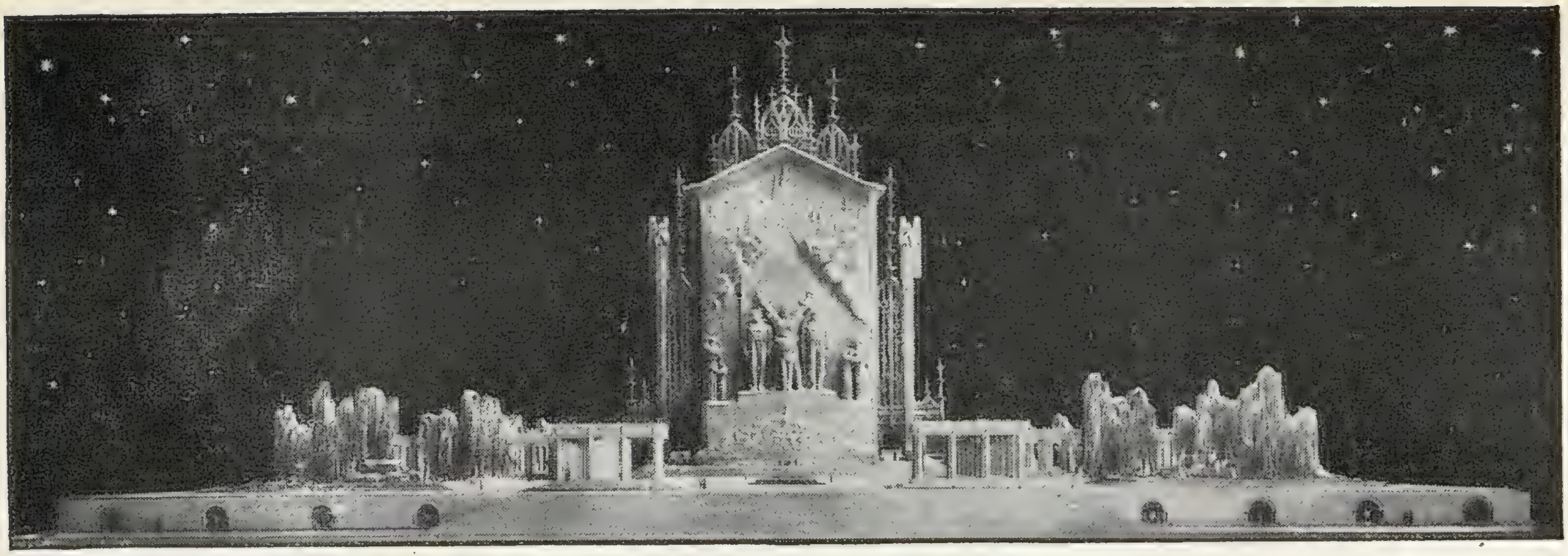
There are neat little plastic jobs for the kitchen. They will be made in a wide color range. Stations on small radios can be quickly changed by adjustable push buttons. These sets will have tone quality, volume, and selectivity of higher degree than formerly, and are compact enough to be stowed away on a shelf corner or some other out-of-way place. One radio designed specifically for built-in installations is the Ansley Paneltone, which fits into walls only four and one-half inches thick. A seven-tube model will fit a fourteen-inch-square wall space, and the steel panel of the de luxe type, with seventeen tubes, is fourteen by twenty-six inches. Another solution is the Duo model by Westinghouse. This is a table-phonograph combination from which the radio receiver can be removed and used elsewhere.

In construction, weight, design,

(*Continued on page 103*)

Here's your new radio for street wear.

For music anywhere in the house, this portable has a tuckaway handle.



To commemorate the spirit which wantonness could not destroy, this memorial altar will be erected near Lidice.

Tragedy's Children

BY ERIKA MANN

The strange story of a mysterious man whose self-appointed quest is to find the lost children of Lidice who were sold into slavery when the Nazis murdered their fathers and burned their village

SLAVA LEDERER is not a handsome fellow. He is forty, dark, somewhat smaller than medium sized, and there is nothing particularly attractive about his haggard face. Yet the women of Krocehlavy-Kladno in Czechoslovakia are attracted to him as to no other man. No sooner is his battered little car heard in the streets than they rush out and implore him to stop. Some weep at the sight of him. Others wave sheets of paper covered with notes. Snapshots and hand-drawn maps are pressed into his hands.

Slava listens, nods, shrugs his shoulders, and finally gets out of his car and enters a neat-looking house. The women follow. There are about fifty of them. Sometimes there are more. They all look at Slava as if he were able to turn wretchedness into wealth and misery into bliss.

"I shall find them," says Slava. "I shall surely bring them back to you."

For this is the task he has set for himself: to return to their widowed mothers the children who were sold into German slavery on July 13, 1942. He has found eight already. One hundred and two are still missing.

The auction took place in the Polish city of Lemberg. Prices varied. Blond, blue-eyed youngsters in their teens brought as much as fifty marks each. Smaller and less Nordic-looking children sold for between twenty and thirty. Some, who were old enough to work but too dark to please, sold for a mere fifteen marks, while others—the smallest and darkest—failed to attract any buyer and were left to their fates.

The SS man in charge of the auction was one of those entrusted with the liquidation of Lidice. "A tidy man," says Slava, "and a fairly good bookkeeper. But most of the addresses we found on him are out of date. With millions of Germans on the move all over eastern and central Europe, his customers are hard to locate. I shall find them, though."

Slava is childless and is not from Lidice, yet for months he has been searching for the missing children, none of whom he has ever seen except in photographs. The car he drives was loaned to him because of his failing health and the urgency of his mission. After many difficulties he finally obtained an official windshield sticker which proclaims in Czech, Russian, and English that Slava Lederer, citizen of Czechoslovakia and native of the city of Pilsen, is to pass freely for the purpose of recovering the lost children of Lidice.

It was in a café in his home town that I first talked to Slava. He had a numbered button on his coat lapel.

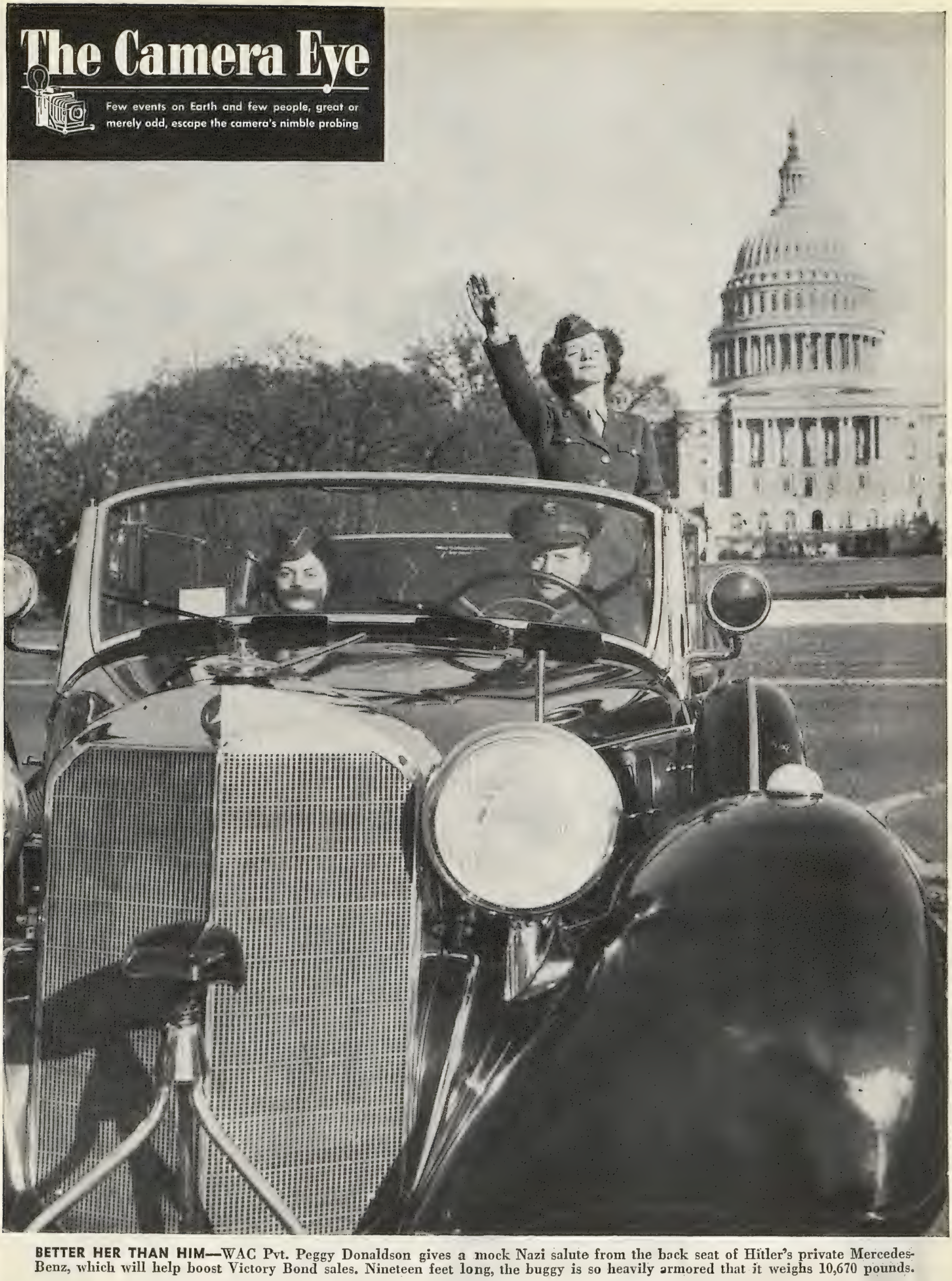
"That's me: Partisan Number Nineteen," he said.

(*Continued on page 91*)

Cocky Nazi officers stroll through the rubble that was Lidice. The indomitable Czechs spirited out this official German Army photograph.

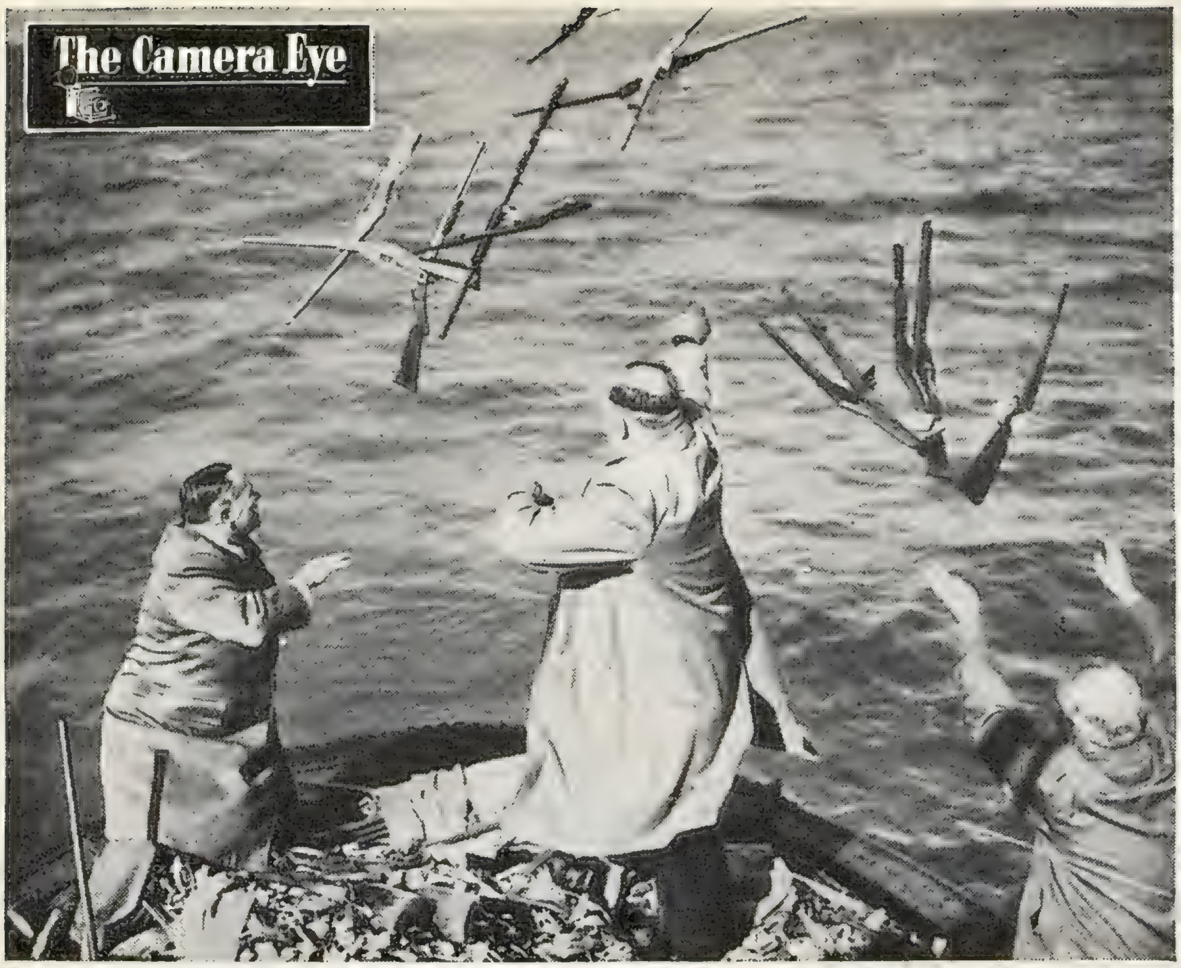
The Camera Eye

Few events on Earth and few people, great or merely odd, escape the camera's nimble probing



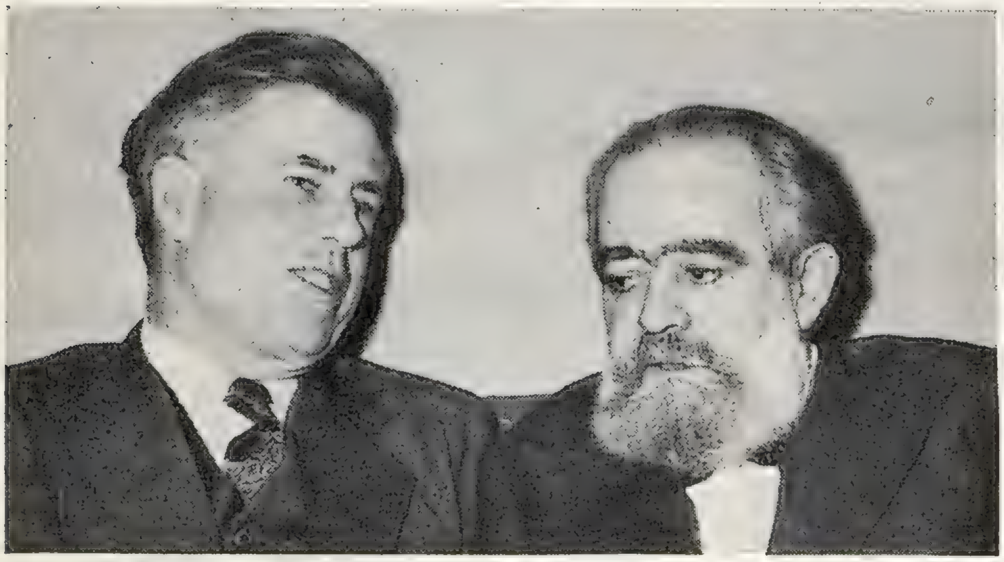
BETTER HER THAN HIM—WAC Pvt. Peggy Donaldson gives a mock Nazi salute from the back seat of Hitler's private Mercedes-Benz, which will help boost Victory Bond sales. Nineteen feet long, the buggy is so heavily armored that it weighs 10,670 pounds.

The Camera Eye

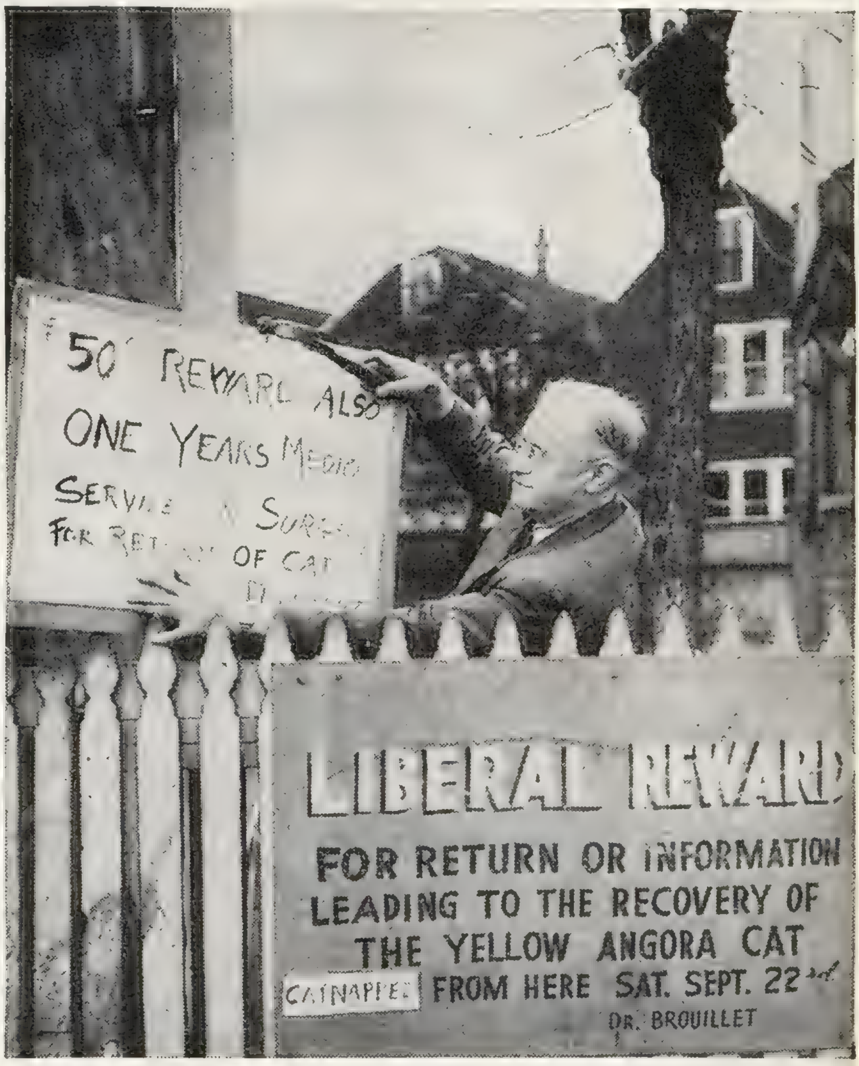


DISARMAMENT IN CHICAGO—Here's an entire barge load of artillery confiscated from Chicago hoodlums by police, shown consigning the shipment to Lake Michigan. They're really putting their hearts into the work.

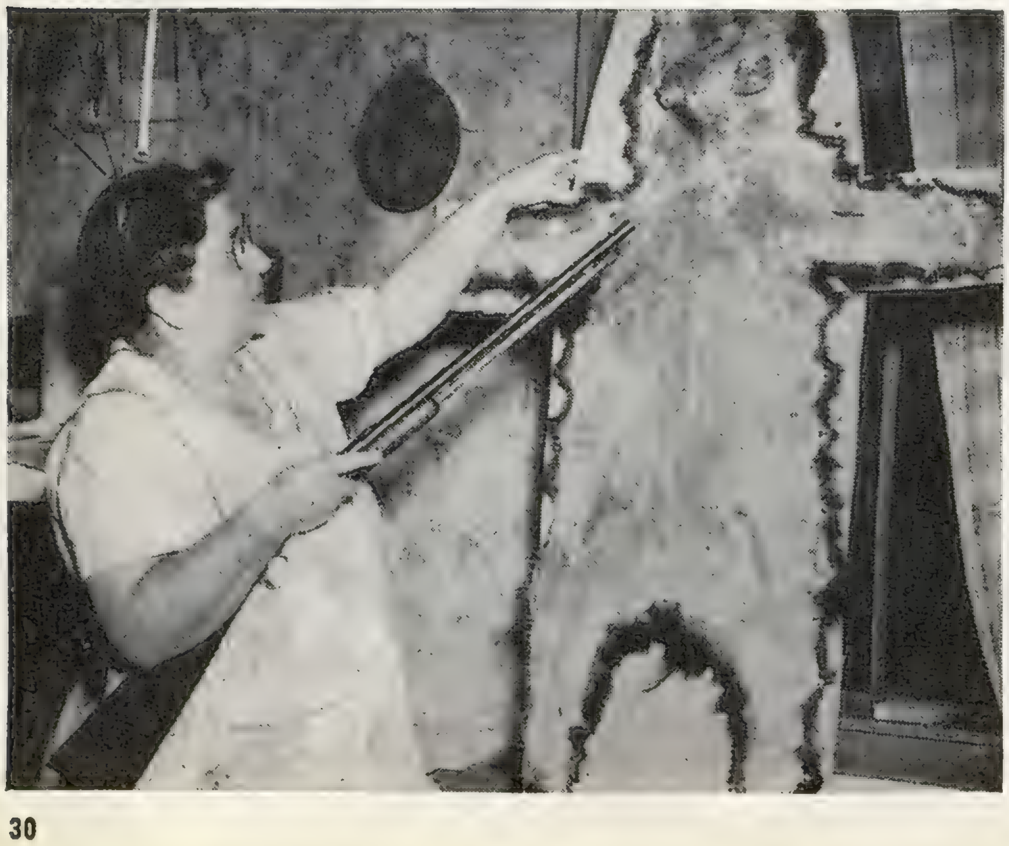
PHOOEY ON RECONVERSION—Myron F. Oliver of Caldwell, Idaho, balked at paying $50 to join a union. He up and re-enlisted.



ARTS & COMMERCE—Secretary Wallace and Sculptor Jo Davidson offered a study in contrast at a recent reception in Washington.


$50 REWARD ALSO
ONE YEARS MEDIC
SERVICE & SURG
FOR RET OF CAT
LIBERAL REWARD
FOR RETURN OR INFORMATION
LEADING TO THE RECOVERY OF
THE YELLOW ANGORA CAT
CATNAPPED FROM HERE SAT. SEPT. 22nd
DR. BROUILLET

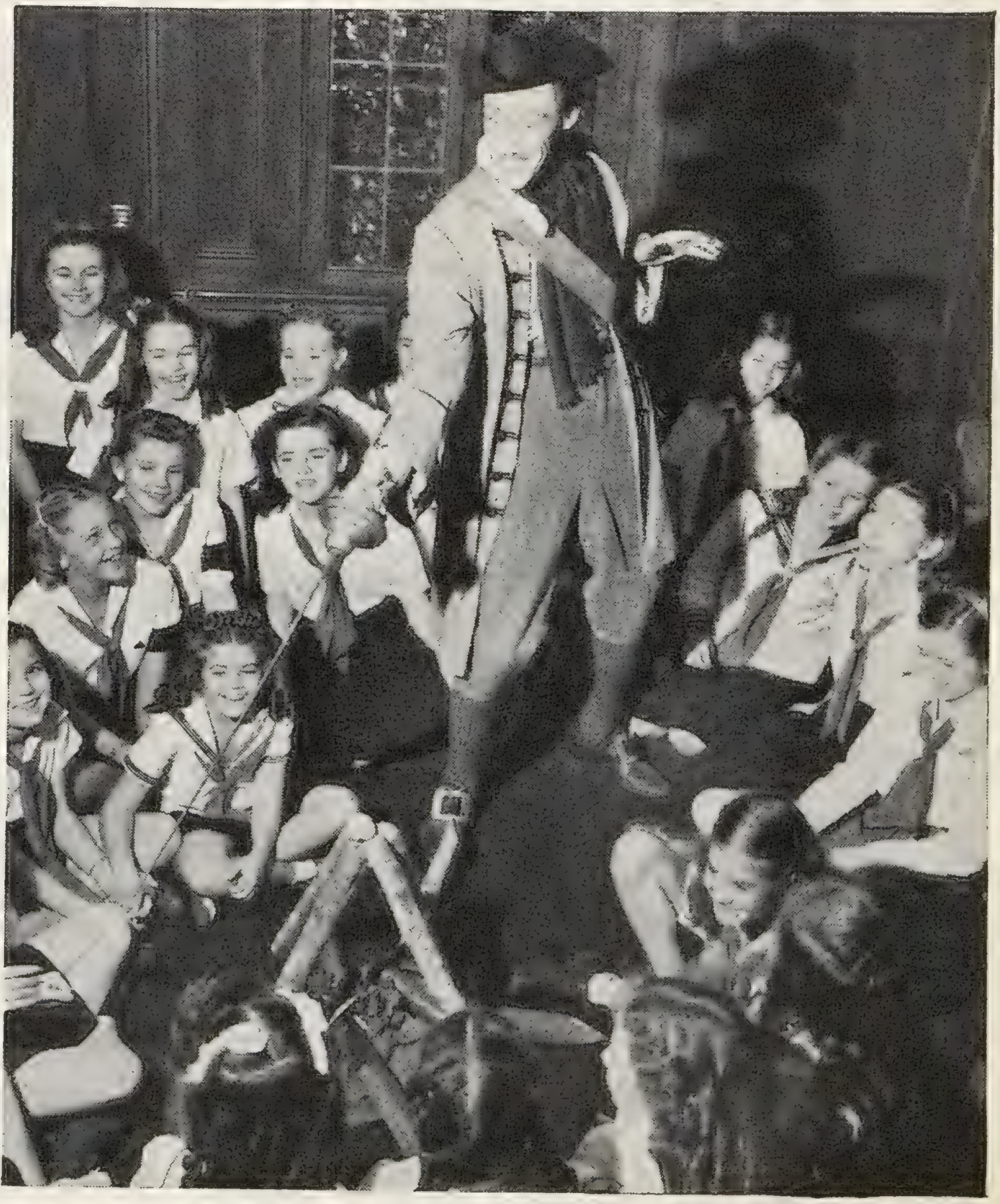
HERE, KITTY, KITTY—Dr. Ralph J. Brouillet of Chicago is really fond of Blinky, his Angora. So when the cat disappeared, the doctor offered some tempting rewards.



BEAR, BEWARE!—Mrs. Willard K. Hillier, 70, of Eddington Bend, Maine, drilled this trophy in her yard, thus embarrassing her menfolk no end. They had gone out hunting and didn't get a thing.

IRISH AMBER?—20th Century-Fox, promoting its forthcoming production of Forever Amber, says Mrs. Annette Simmonds, the Irish actress, is in the running for the title role. Could be!

LAWSON'S LITTLE—Out of the Navy, the golf pro has dropped 25 pounds and wants to lose about 10 more before he returns to the game.



CAPTAIN KIDD'S KIDS—Actor John Carradine wields a piratical side arm, but these New York Campfire Girls don't scare easily. The occasion: their drive for new members.

The Camera Eye
LIVESTOCK

This department takes on many aspects of the zoo—particularly as determined toddlers drag their elders in to see the moo-cows.

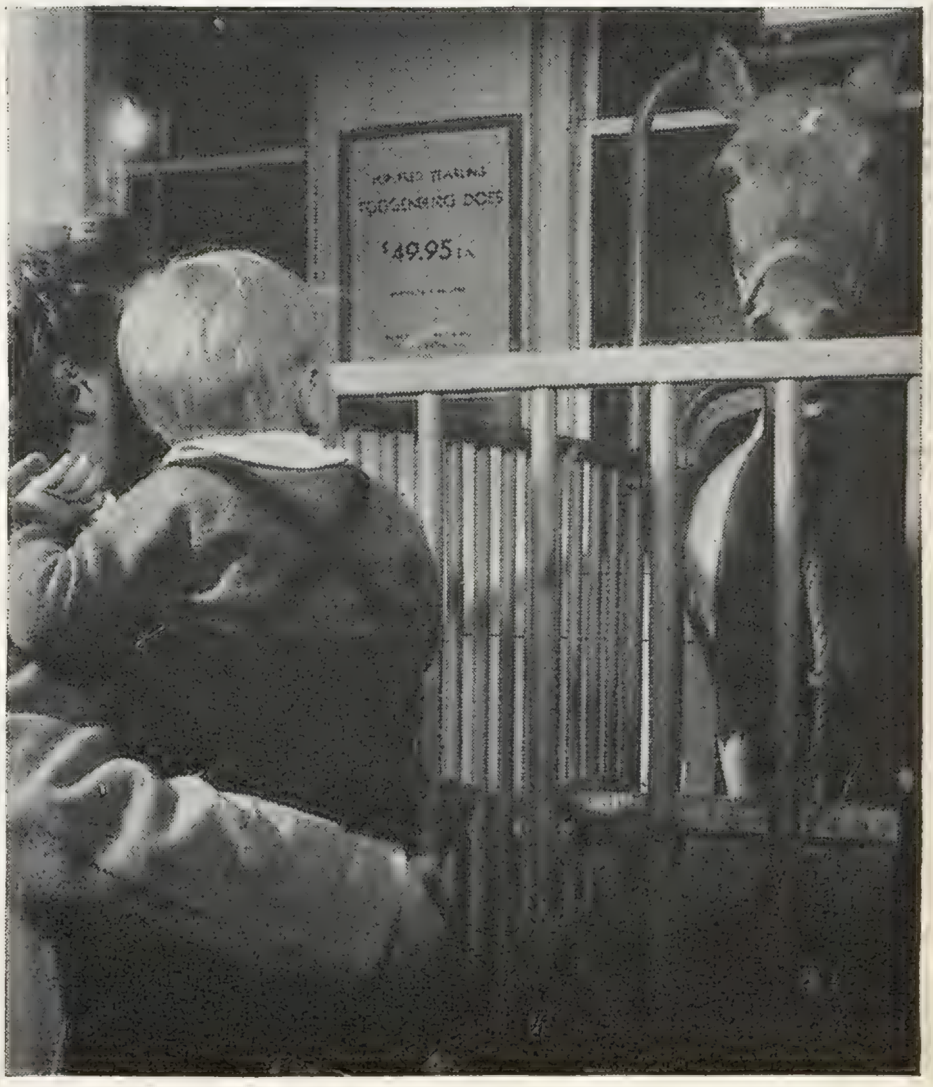
Barnyard in Manhattan

TRADITIONALLY, no hick shows up worse than the city hick in the country. He gets sheep mixed up with goats and confuses ducks with geese.

Now, however, the New Yorker at least can be better prepared for his

Toggenburg goats—diminutive dairies—are crowd pleasers.

He could get this pony, wrapped to take home, for $269.



Small noses get smashed in this attempt at fraternization.

Customers like these display absolutely no sales resistance.

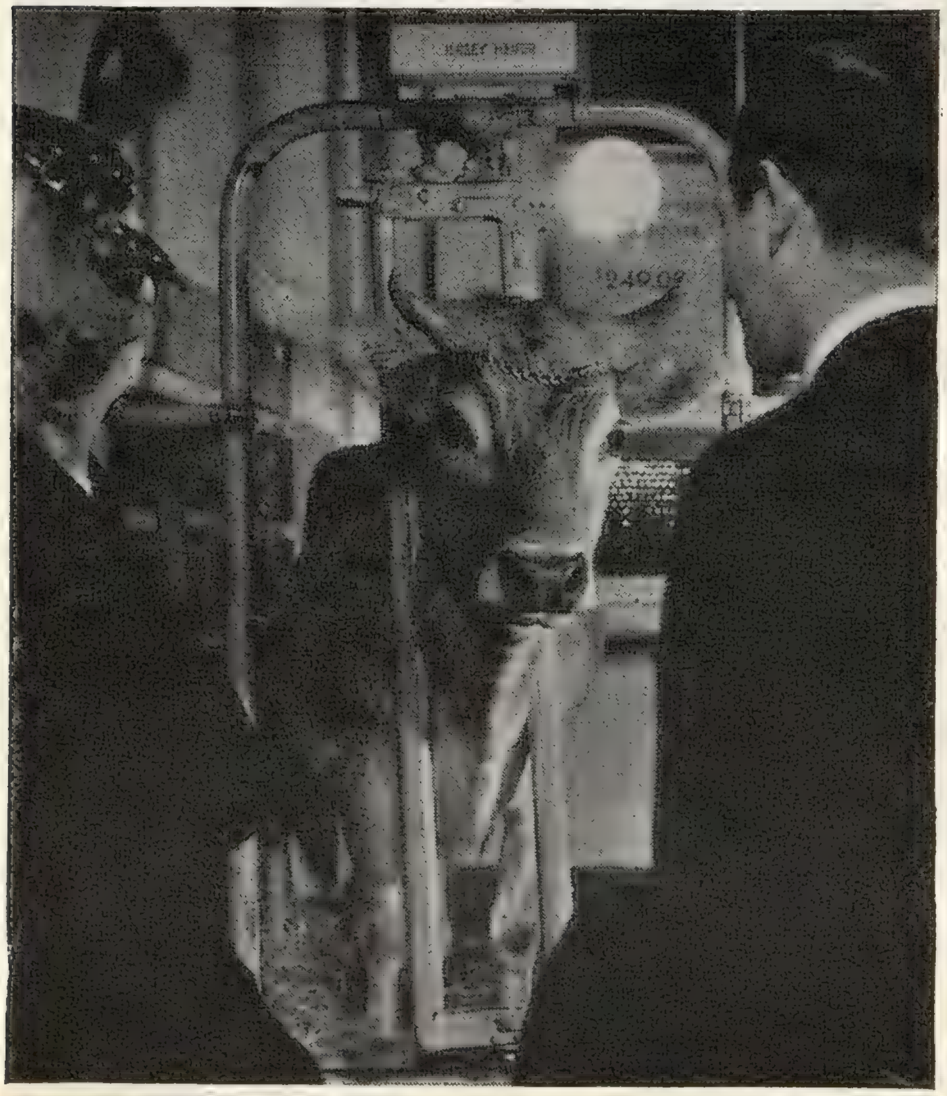
bucolic vacations, because he can see all the livestock of a full-fledged farm in—of all places!—one of his biggest department stores.

Macy's opened its "barnyard" three years ago, when war threatened food supplies, and has now made it a fixture. There in the flesh are heifers and ponies, pigs and poultry, sheep and donkeys, all in air-conditioned stalls or cages, and visited regularly by a veterinarian.

The store has shipped cows to South America, ponies to the Kentucky hills, and scads of pets to youngsters with indulgent grandfathers.

And one of the world's stranger jobs is that of the farm hand who tends the stock: he rides the subway to work!

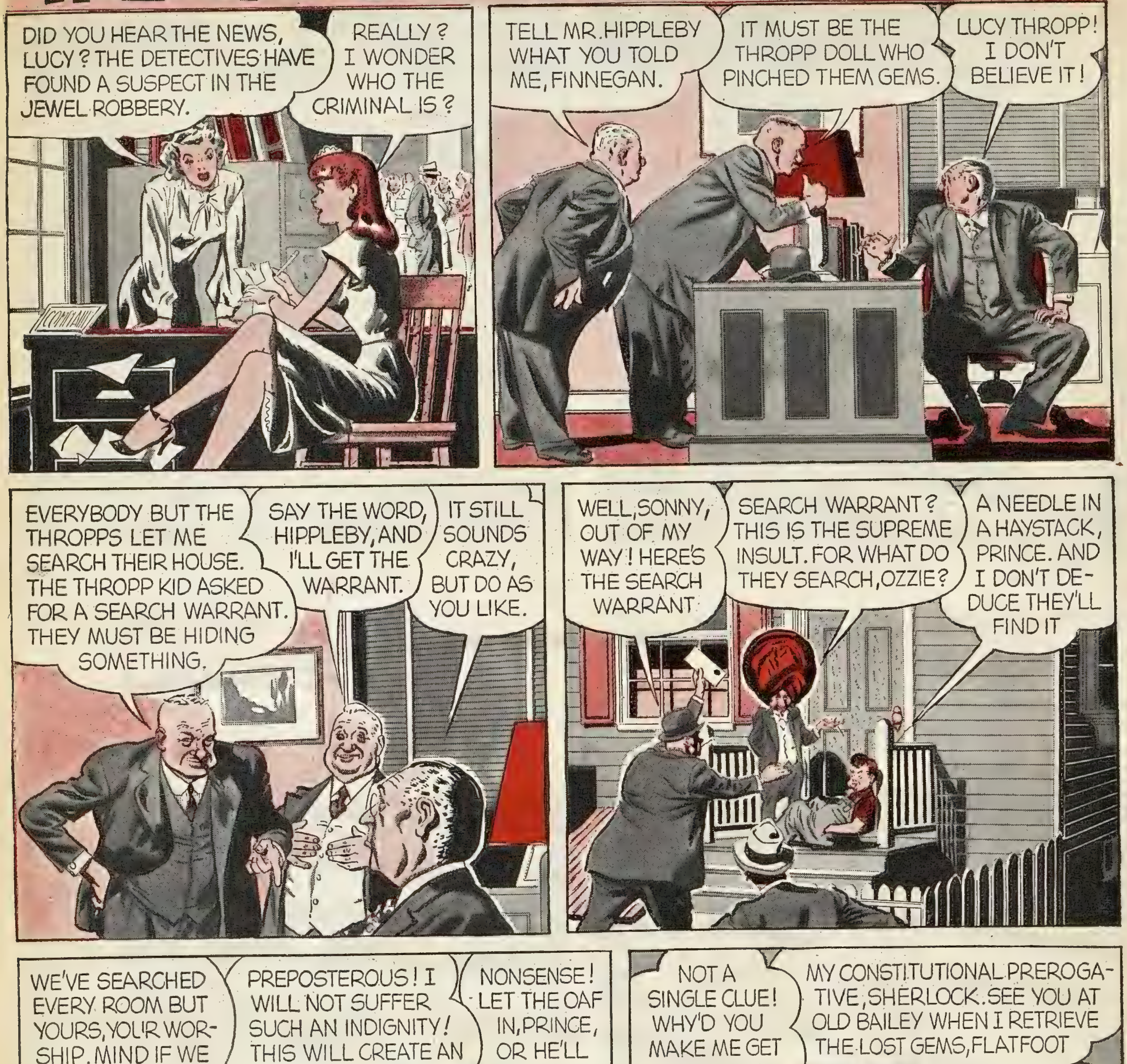
At $249, this blooded Jersey keeps primped up for company.

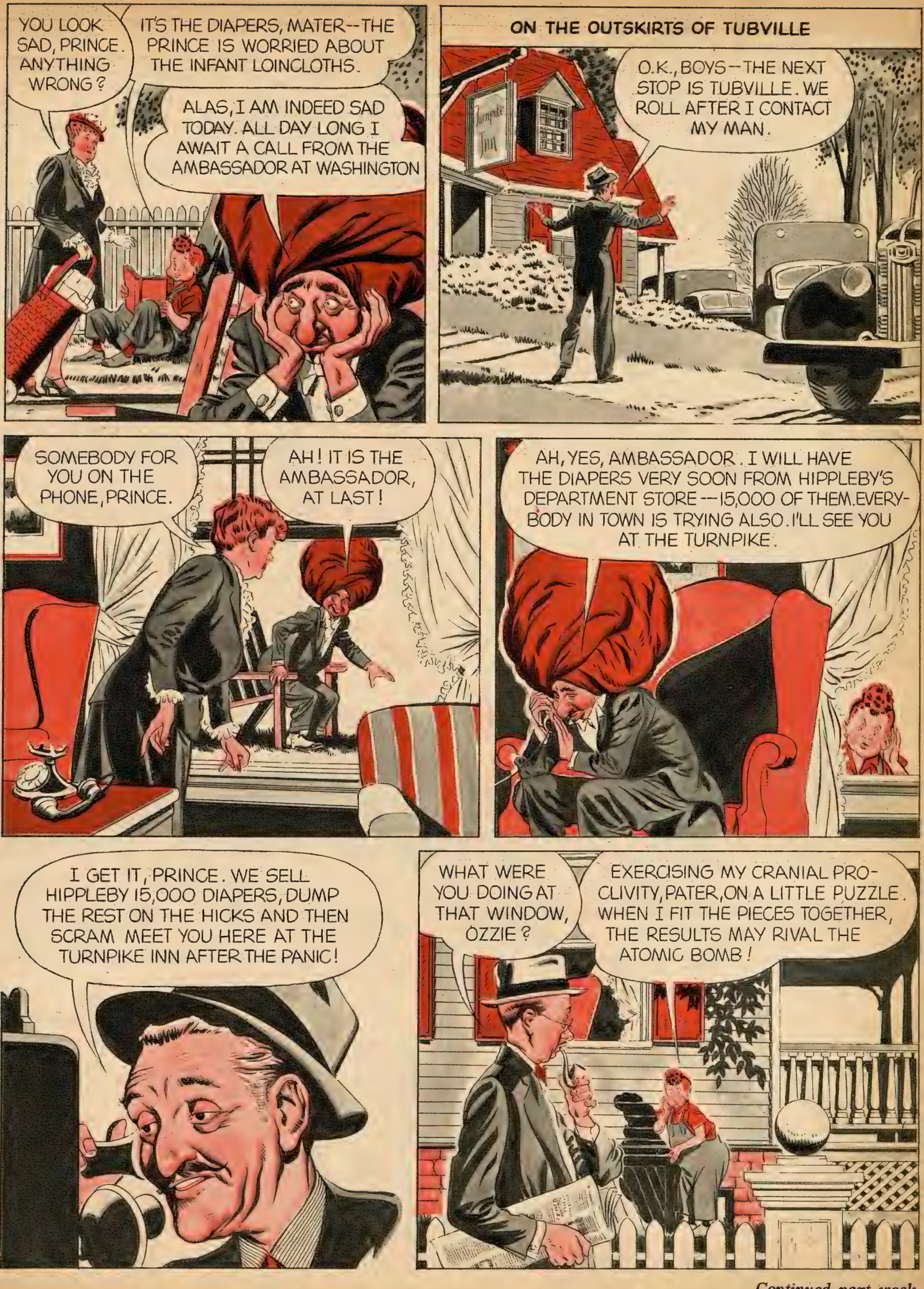


Demand tops the supply of Sicilian donkeys. This one's sold.

THE THROPP FAMILY

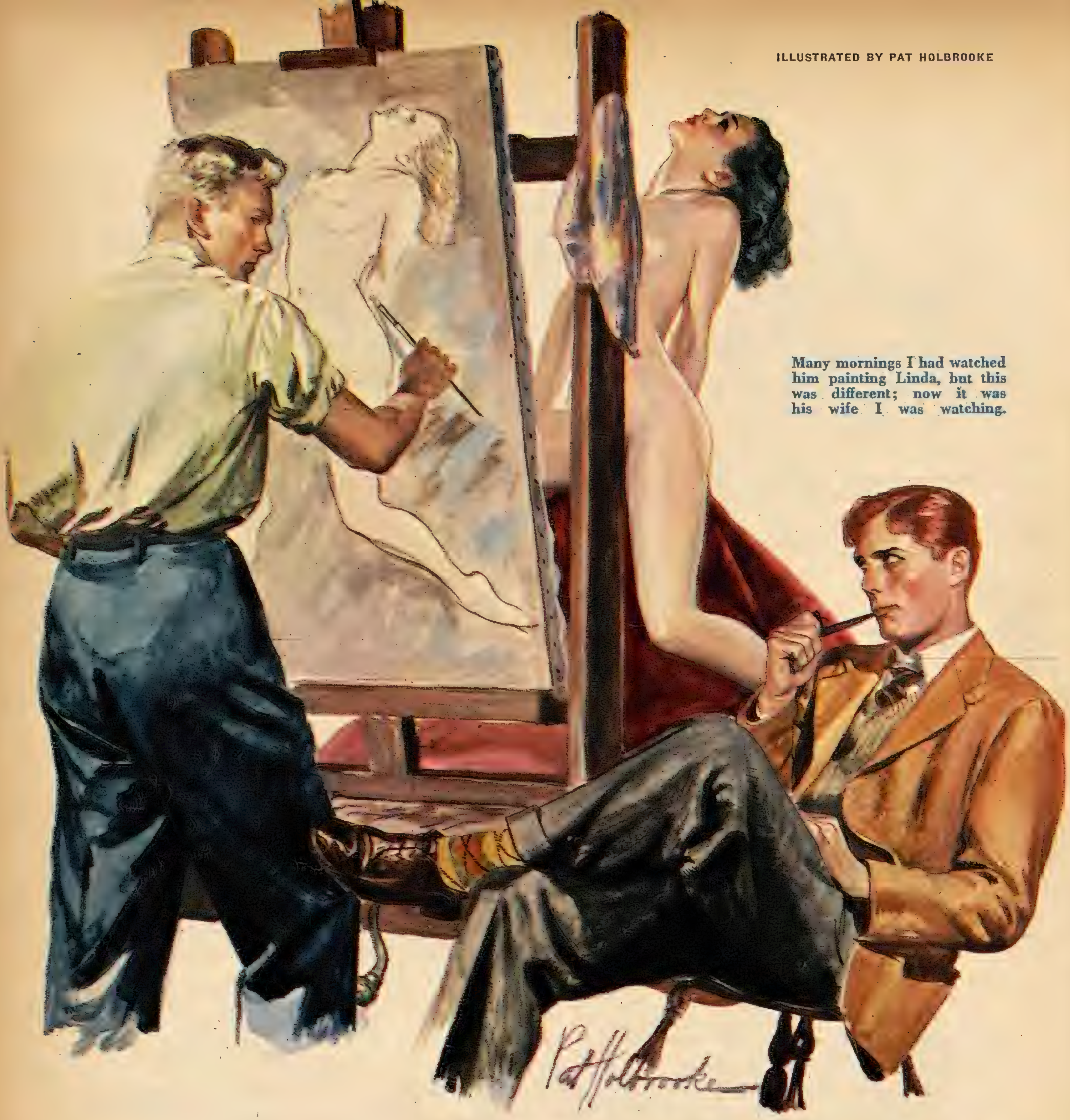
Written by **LAWRENCE LARIAR**
Illustrated by **DONLOU**


DID YOU HEAR THE NEWS, LUCY? THE DETECTIVES HAVE FOUND A SUSPECT IN THE JEWEL ROBBERY.
REALLY? I WONDER WHO THE CRIMINAL IS?
TELL MR. HIPPLEBY WHAT YOU TOLD ME, FINNEGAN.
IT MUST BE THE THROPP DOLL WHO PINCHED THEM GEMS.
LUCY THROPP! I DON'T BELIEVE IT!
EVERYBODY BUT THE THROPPS LET ME SEARCH THEIR HOUSE. THE THROPP KID ASKED FOR A SEARCH WARRANT. THEY MUST BE HIDING SOMETHING.
SAY THE WORD, HIPPLEBY, AND I'LL GET THE WARRANT.
IT STILL SOUNDS CRAZY, BUT DO AS YOU LIKE.
WELL, SONNY, OUT OF MY WAY! HERE'S THE SEARCH WARRANT
SEARCH WARRANT? THIS IS THE SUPREME INSULT. FOR WHAT DO THEY SEARCH, OZZIE?
A NEEDLE IN A HAYSTACK, PRINCE. AND I DON'T DEDUCE THEY'LL FIND IT
WE'VE SEARCHED EVERY ROOM BUT YOURS, YOUR WORSHIP. MIND IF WE TAKE A LOOK INSIDE?
PREPOSTEROUS! I WILL NOT SUFFER SUCH AN INDIGNITY! THIS WILL CREATE AN INTERNATIONAL INCIDENT!
NONSENSE! LET THE OAF IN, PRINCE, OR HE'LL THINK YOU AN ARCH-CRIMINAL.
NOT A SINGLE CLUE! WHY'D YOU MAKE ME GET A SEARCH WARRANT, SONNY?
MY CONSTITUTIONAL PREROGATIVE, SHERLOCK. SEE YOU AT OLD BAILEY WHEN I RETRIEVE THE LOST GEMS, FLATFOOT
PREROGATIVE! OLD BAILEY? LET'S SCRAM OUT OF HERE, FINNEGAN!


YOU LOOK SAD, PRINCE. ANYTHING WRONG?
IT'S THE DIAPERS, MATER--THE PRINCE IS WORRIED ABOUT THE INFANT LOINCLOTHS.
ALAS, I AM INDEED SAD TODAY. ALL DAY LONG I AWAIT A CALL FROM THE AMBASSADOR AT WASHINGTON
ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TUBVILLE
Turnpike Inn
O.K., BOYS--THE NEXT STOP IS TUBVILLE. WE ROLL AFTER I CONTACT MY MAN.
SOMEBODY FOR YOU ON THE PHONE, PRINCE.
AH! IT IS THE AMBASSADOR, AT LAST!
AH, YES, AMBASSADOR. I WILL HAVE THE DIAPERS VERY SOON FROM HIPPLEBY'S DEPARTMENT STORE---15,000 OF THEM. EVERYBODY IN TOWN IS TRYING ALSO. I'LL SEE YOU AT THE TURNPIKE.
I GET IT, PRINCE. WE SELL HIPPLEBY 15,000 DIAPERS, DUMP THE REST ON THE HICKS AND THEN SCRAM. MEET YOU HERE AT THE TURNPIKE INN AFTER THE PANIC!
WHAT WERE YOU DOING AT THAT WINDOW, OZZIE?
EXERCISING MY CRANIAL PROCLIVITY, PATER, ON A LITTLE PUZZLE. WHEN I FIT THE PIECES TOGETHER, THE RESULTS MAY RIVAL THE ATOMIC BOMB!

Continued next week

ILLUSTRATED BY PAT HOLBROOKE



Many mornings I had watched him painting Linda, but this was different; now it was his wife I was watching.

TO ACT

There are many women like Linda—beautiful and fickle, made for love—and little else. Now and again some luckless lad marries one, and then there's little his friends can do but watch and wait

AS GOD

BY H. VERNOR DIXON

WHEN Jake told me that he was going to marry Linda, I thought he was kidding.

"Look," I said. "Just ask her to move in. You don't have to marry her. She likes you."

"I know, but I'm going to marry her anyway."

"You're not really serious."

"But I am. More coffee?"

He poured another cup and I sat back and lit a cigarette and studied Jake's face as if I were seeing him for the first time, though I had known him all my life. Jake was an artist, not a very good one, but he did make a living at it and his head was full of great dreams. He was a little fellow, with fine sensitive hands, a sensuous mouth, eyes spaced widely apart, and a truly noble forehead. The artist was there in his hands and in his eyes. Also in his eyes was the obvious fact that he was not kidding.

He glanced at me across the card table and said, "Go take a look at her canvas. Maybe you'll see what I mean."

I got up and crossed the room and paused before an easel. The canvas was large and the study was life size. It was a nude of Linda, just about finished, with Linda's laughing red mouth, the laughter and all the warmth in her eyes, the creamy flesh tones that affected you almost like physical shock, and that deep blue-black hair that made your fingers itch to caress it. It was not bad, not bad at all, but it failed to make me understand anything.

I said so, and Jake said, "Can't you see what I've put in that, Tommy?"

"Well, it's better than your usual tripe—"

"That isn't it. Sure it's better—it's the best thing I've done. But that isn't it. I've put in that picture what I feel toward her, all of it. I didn't know it myself until last night, when I sat here studying it after she left. Then I saw it."

I turned my head and stared at him across the room. "You mean you're in love with her?"

He nodded. "That's right. But don't look so pained about it."

I went back to the card table, gulped down a mouthful of coffee, and picked up my hat. I felt embarrassed and it was hard for me to look at Jake.

He said, "I know what you're thinking. You know she's definitely no good—"

"No, Jake; that isn't it. I wouldn't say that Linda is no good. I like Linda. Couple of years ago I was silly about her, too. But—well, knowing how she is— Really, Jake, the girl is just nuts about men, practically any men. She isn't going to be happy with just you, or any other one man. You know that."

"Tommy, you're all wet. Marriage will change her. As far as the past is concerned, that's her business. The future, though—I know just how she'll change. You'll see. My idea is this—"

I put on my hat and got out of there. Jake liked to argue and could go on for hours. I had to get to work. I was writing feature stuff for a newspaper at the time and, though my time was pretty much my own, I had to cover a lot of ground.

I returned to San Francisco a week later, and when I got out of bed in the morning I started automatically for Jake's studio. He and I had been having breakfast together for years, and, anyway, I had forgotten all about Linda. It was a shock to walk into the studio and find her sitting with Jake at the card table. They were married, all right. She even had on a gold wedding ring, though she did seem a little self-conscious about it.

LINDA'S beauty, even in the morning, was something almost unbelievable. She had been modeling for artists since she was sixteen or so, and was by far the most beautiful in the city. She could have made a lot of money at it, but romance inevitably interfered, and, besides, she was lazy.

She was wearing only a lace nightgown, but she got up and kissed me and I had to sit down at the table. Jake beamed at me and said, "You're still having breakfast with us, Tommy. Nothing is going to be changed around here just because we're married."

"O.K. I wouldn't know how to act in a restaurant, especially without your giving me an argument with every bite."

Linda laughed, a decidedly musical sound, and said, "He is arguing with me already. He wants me to dress differently, he wants me to do this, he wants me to do that—"

"One thing about her," Jake said, "she has a fine bovine mind and doesn't argue back. It's amazing the size of the vacuum within that beautiful skull."

"Darling," she said, patting his hand, "I don't need a mind. With a brain I would be all confused. I might even acquire morals, and that would be disastrous, for then I must become a nun. No, I get along beautifully without the brain, thank you. You do the thinking for the two of us and," she added, after a slight pause, "the moralizing."

SO, I thought, it has started already. I ate my breakfast of bacon and eggs and let them do the talking. I sat and listened. They had been married four days and Jake was already beginning to look like a married man. I had the distinct impression, though, that Linda was enjoying the experience because of its novelty.

Jake told us all about his latest canvas, another picture of Linda. He had just begun it the day before, with a brief sketch, so I thought I would stay and watch him block it in. Linda got on the model's stand, tossed her nightgown onto a chair, and took the required pose. I sat down and lit a cigarette and then turned to look at Jake by the easel.

Jake was staring at me, but the moment my eyes caught his he looked away quickly and a flush crept into his cheeks. Many mornings I had sat there and watched him painting Linda, and other nude models, but now this was different, it was suddenly changed; now it was his wife I was watching.

I started to get up to leave, but Jake looked back at me and growled, "You stay where you are. I want you to see how this takes form." What he really wanted me to see was that nothing had changed. But it had. I got out of there as soon as I decently could.

Their first few months were happy enough, I know, because I continued having breakfast with them. But I began to sense a restlessness in Linda and decided to throw in my two-bits' worth. I found her shopping one day down in the Marina, and walked with her back to the studio.

Before we got there I said, "You and Jake are hitting it off much better than I imagined. I guess you like married life."

She shrugged. "I don't think about it. But Jake is nice. I like him better than most."

"Doesn't marriage mean anything to you?"

She glanced at me and laughed. "You, too," she said. "Tommy, I will not listen to a lecture from you. Make love to me, but don't lecture me. Or are you thinking of Jake?"

"Of course. Look, Linda, things

(*Continued on page 85*)

Midnight

I LOVED that horse, worshiped every black hair on his shining untamable body. Nobody except Clay Allison, the greatest bronc man who ever rode a pitching horse, had sat on his back for more than five seconds. And I think I loved that black horse, Midnight, almost as much as I did Clay Allison.

I was fifteen, a full-fledged rider on the J-Bar, when I met Clay Allison. I can't explain it, but Clay had something that the rest of us lacked. One day I watched him when he picked out a jug-headed roan, saddled it, and rode it around the breaking corral. Any of us could have ridden that roan, but nobody could have ridden it exactly as Clay did. He was part of the horse, music in motion. When the roan gave up, Clay slid off the saddle and lit a cigarette.

"How do you do it?" I gasped.

"I don't know," he said. "I can't tell you how to do it. I guess bronc riding's like everything else—you've either got it or you haven't. And, if you've got it, you might have it all the time or part of the time. I really don't know. But I'm going down to Cheyenne to ride in the rodeo. I can take you along if you want to go." . . .

I had been ready for an hour when Clay picked me up in his old rattletrap car.

"What's the good of riding in rodeos?" I asked him.

In the darkness I felt, rather than saw, Clay's shrug. "I don't know, Bud. Maybe the money's got something to do with it. If you're lucky you can earn more in a rodeo season than you can in five years as a ranch hand. But I still don't know."

I didn't say any more, and a few hours later we drove into Cheyenne.

I STOOD beside the chutes that afternoon, waiting for the big event of the day, and finally it came.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the loudspeaker blared, "keep your eyes on Chute Three. In just a few minutes Clay Allison of Rock Falls, Wyoming, will come out of there on Midnight. Midnight has not yet been ridden for more than two seconds, and our own Jim Saunders is the rider who sat on him that long. Ladies and gentlemen, watch Chute Three."

Midnight came out of there like a tornado, twelve hundred pounds of wild fury. He sunfished, twisted, and whirled. With his head between his legs he crow-hopped, and the audience went wild. There was something great and free and glorious in the horse that would not be tamed and the rider who would not be unseated.

Nobody should have been able to sit in that saddle for more than the horse's first jump. But Clay sat there roweling Midnight with his spurs the while he scorned to pull leather with his free hand. I know now that, if I live to be a hundred, I'm never going to see anything like that again.

Then Midnight went straight up, twisted to the right and to the left, and came down with his front legs stiff. That jolted Clay Allison and shook him in his seat. Midnight got his head down and again went straight up. His hind legs flew out and his neck snapped. He pitched again, and I saw Clay spill out of the saddle, to lie motionless in the arena. Then I heard the announcer's excited voice:

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have just witnessed a wonderful ride, a magnificent ride! Clay Allison rode Midnight for six seconds straight! Ladies and gen—"

Midnight stopped bucking and stood quietly while the pick-up man grasped his bridle. I watched him led out of the arena and looked back at Clay Allison.

It wasn't until I went to the hospital to visit him that I learned he had died almost instantly with a broken neck.

I JUST couldn't forget the picture I'd seen that afternoon, a horse that recognized no rules that men tried to impose upon him, and a man who had tried to change the horse's mind. I think I knew, from the minute I saw Clay Allison pitched off Midnight's back, that some day I myself must have a try at the black horse which had never been ridden.

About a year later I drew my wages at the J-Bar, spent three quarters of it for a saddle, and lit out for Deadwood.

While traveling, I thought about just one horse, Midnight. In the course of a year Midnight had made the rodeo circuit, and Clay Allison's record of six seconds on his back still stood. Nobody else had even tied Jim Saunders' two seconds.

It was night when I swung off the truck that had carried me the last sixty miles and made my way to the rodeo grounds. Entering in next day's bronc riding was only a formality, and I drew a horse named Rocket. That was a keen disappointment. I had wanted Midnight. But a rider from Idaho drew him.

Rocket was a good little horse. But, except that he was sharper and trickier, he wasn't much different from the broncs we'd had back on the J-Bar. I sat in the saddle while he pitched. The whistle blew and the pick-up man took me off. I forgot Rocket then and all the other broncs, because I wanted to see Midnight come out. Even before he came, you could sense that he was coming. A hush fell over the crowd. It was as though they sensed that something great was before them! There was a concerted gasp when Midnight came out of the chute and bucked the rider off in less than half a second.

Two days later I drew him. I thought I knew all his tricks. But I had barely seated myself in the saddle when he gave a little hop and banged me against the bars, and they hauled me out of there with a broken leg.

I CAUGHT up with Midnight nine times in the next two years. In nine tries I didn't even come close to riding that horse. I rode the others, and took a hand in the rest of the rodeo events, and earned enough money to pay my own way and even save a little. But I didn't give two snaps of the fingers for all of it.

It was still Midnight, the great and wonderful horse that no man had ever subdued. Every time I picked myself out of the dust, it was with the knowledge that I just had to have another crack at him.

I was in Omaha when I heard that Midnight was at Madison Square Garden, and I caught the next train east.

That afternoon I walked up to Midnight's stall and peered in. He was there, big and black and shiny as ever. When I drew my horse, I knew, even without looking at the slip, that I had Midnight. It seemed as though things just had to break for me. I was wound up like a clock.

But just before the bronc riding that night I was suddenly calm. I don't know why, I just was. I didn't see the people or hear the loudspeaker, or notice the light. I was thinking of Clay Allison. Bronc riding is just one of those things, he had said. Some people have it part of the time and some all of the time. That night I knew I had it.

When I climbed over the chute to get on Midnight I was certain that this was my day. Never before had I felt this way, and I knew that I never would again. Midnight moved nervously when I settled into the saddle. The gate swung open.

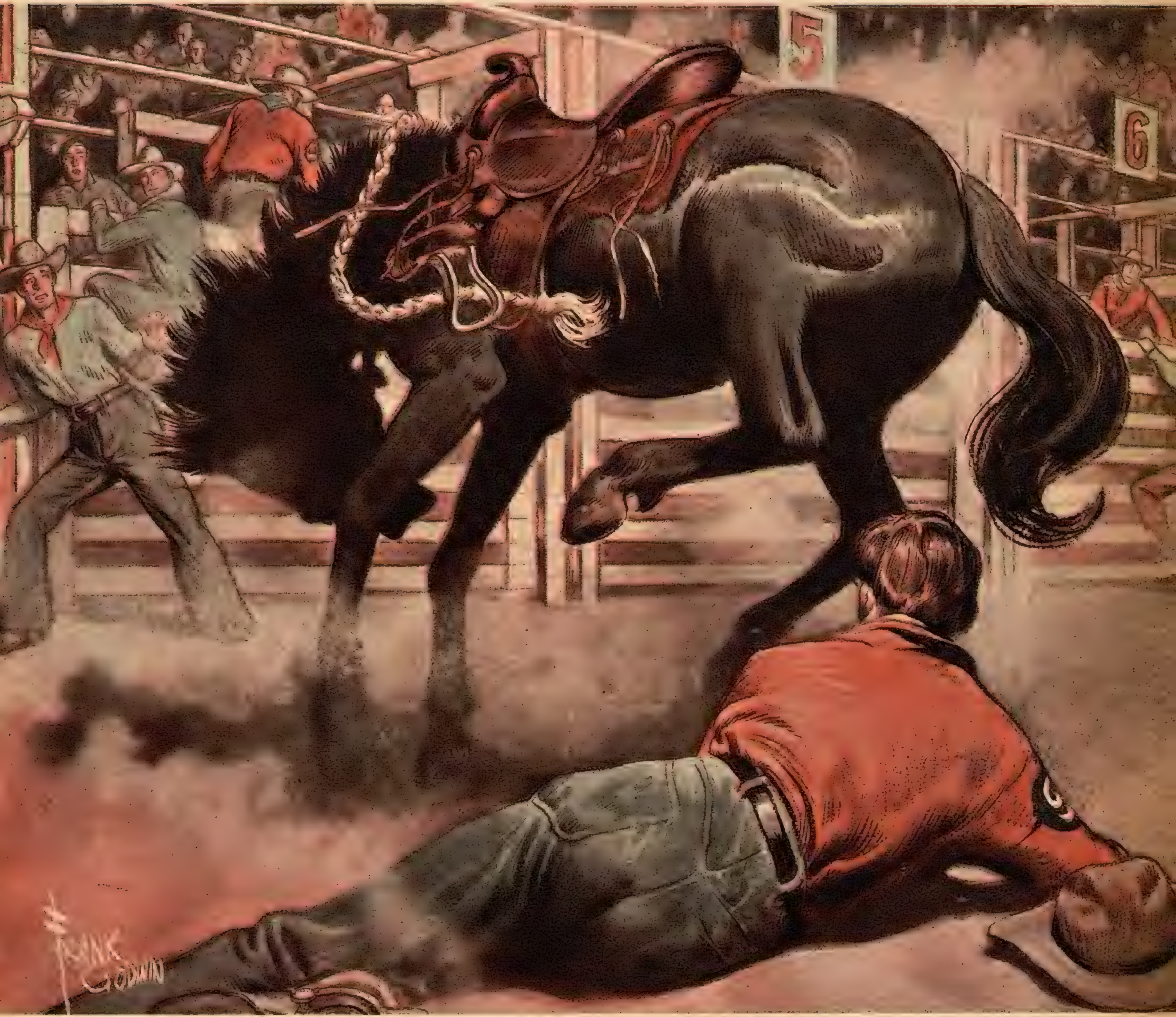
I was first aware of the crowd when Midnight pitched through the

The greatest bucking bronc of them all was in his stall, waiting for the man whose life dream was to break him. But a man can change his mind—and dream—in five seconds

Liberty's SHORT SHORT STORY

BY JIM KJELGAARD

ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK GODWIN



I lay in the dust watching Midnight, still untamed. But those seconds I had sat his saddle had taught me why I loved him.

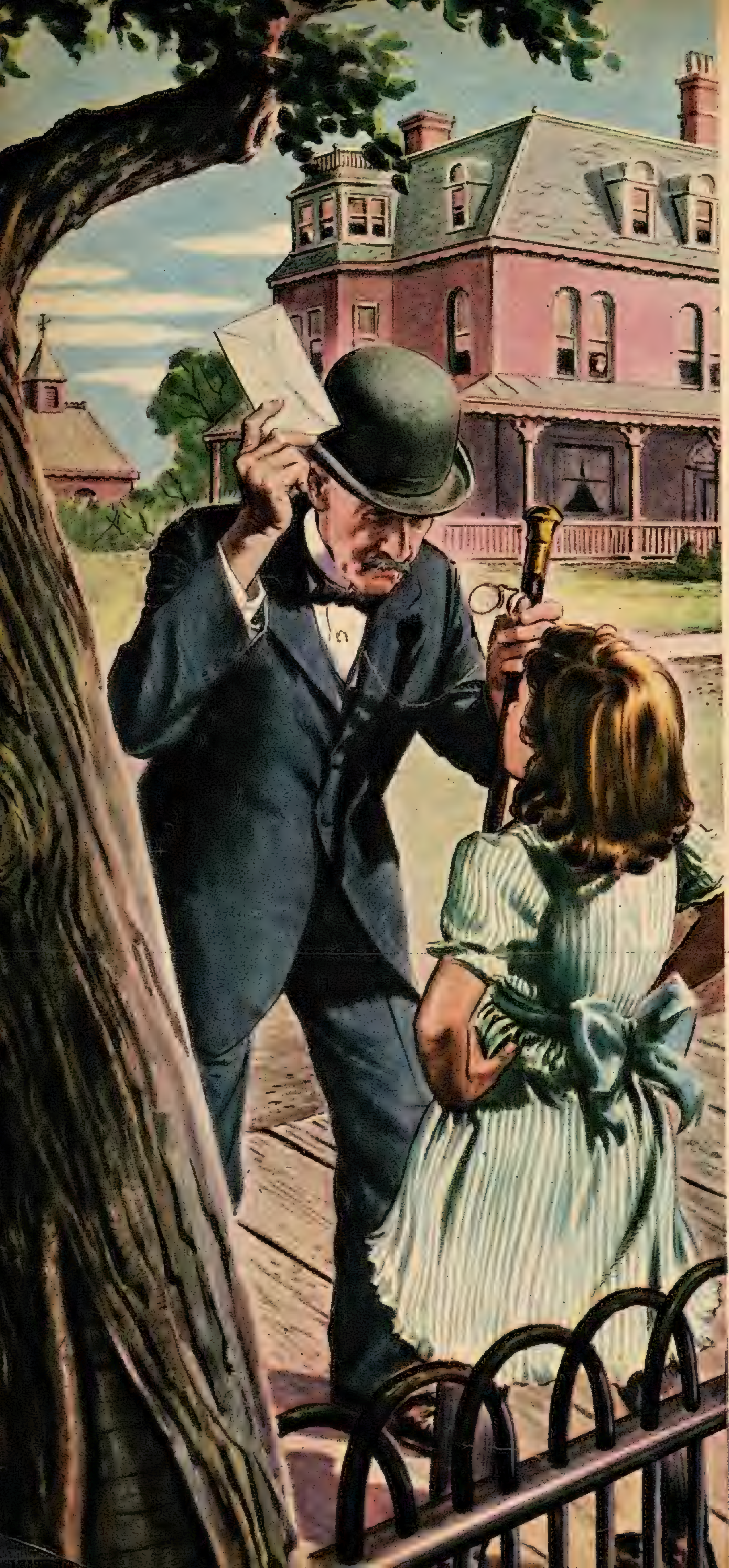
gate, and then I was not aware of them as a crowd. Rather I felt the hush, the tenseness, that gripped thousands of people who knew they were in the presence of greatness. Then Midnight and I were alone.

It probably sounds fatuous to say that, with twelve hundred pounds of maddened horse under me, I felt as though I was riding on a cloud. But I did feel that way. I was master. I was certain that tonight I could ride that black hellion for as long as I wished. Like audible ticks of a clock, my brain marked the seconds off, "One-two-three-four—"

It was at the count of five that I flung myself out of the saddle and rolled in the dust. Now I was fully aware of the announcer's voice, "Bud Everett off Midnight. Time, five seconds." But I didn't care.

I lay in the dust watching Midnight, still untamed and still unbowed, plunging across the arena. But those brief seconds I had sat his saddle had finally taught me just why I loved him. And I knew that not for all the prize money any rodeo could offer would I be the one to take away the wonderful and precious gift that was his.

THE END



Rafts

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY KRITCHER

MOTHER was about ready to go calling. She leaned to the mirror to put a final curl in her bangs. When she smiled at the way they fluffed above her pretty face, I was glad, because I was going to bring up a subject she didn't like.

"Mother! Bess's sister Helda is in terrible trouble. It has something to do with Thad-at-our-store. Helda cries!"

Mother met my anxious eyes in the mirror. "Bess may be a nice little girl, Jeanie, but those Tuckers—" She took her chamois from the drawer, carefully wiped the shine from her face, and handed me her silver buttonhook. "Do my shoes, will you, Jeanie? This new straight-front corset is laced so tight—" She sat down and thrust out her high shoes. "And don't bother your little head about Thad and Helda Tucker, dear. That's way out of your province."

As I finished, she picked up her cardcase. "There's Mamie calling you, dear. She and Horace are driving home, but coming right back. Why don't you go along and take some dresses to Bess from our poor box?"

I pelted up the dark attic steps and arranged my discarded dresses in a big box and ran down to Mamie, who was waiting in the buggy. Mamie was our hired girl; she'd been married a few months to Horace-who-ran-the-livery-stable.

We went there to pick him up. He got in, clucked to the bays, and drove us through town, across the tracks, and down where houses just squatted here and there.

As we stopped at their house, Horace said, "Pack us a big lunch, Mamie. These men I'm driving out to hunt prairie chickens got big appetites." He looked her over and smiled. "You won't be able to work much longer, I bet."

She jabbed him with her fat elbow. "She don't know," Mamie said out of the side of her mouth, just as if I couldn't hear. "Mrs. McNeal don't b'lieve in children's bein' told."

"I'm not a nice person. I'm an old snooper," Grandfather stated. "Being a nice person is greatly overrated. Being an old snooper is fun."

Don't Push Upstream

"How do you make a girl marry you when she won't?" Thad had asked Grandfather—and Grandfather, who carried a big stick and did not speak softly, showed him exactly how

BY GEORGIA MAXWELL ROBERTSON

I wondered what I wasn't being told as I lugged my box into Mamie's bedroom, peeled out of the dress I had been wearing and into one from my box. I had to pin it up the back the best I could because the cute blue buttons had been cut off. I pulled off my hair ribbons, put them in the box, and went next door.

Bess's house was enchanting. There was always fun and laughter there. As I went through the partly opened back door, Bess's mother was making fried cakes and rolling them in sugar. She swung around to Helda. "Your eyes are big as plates just to see Jeanie—and Thad only works in her father's store. It don't take much to make you think of him, does it?"

I rattled in through the bead portieres to the parlor.

Bess saw me and shouted as she pulled off the cover of my box. "Oh, ma, come look! Jeanie's dresses for me! This one on top is one of her best—her plaid hair ribbons too!"

Mrs. Tucker waddled in, held up the dress, then ruffled through the box and sniffed. She put a hand on my shoulder and her eyes were shiny wet. "You look like such a gentle little thing," she said. "I'm glad you and Bess are friends."

WHEN I started back, Helda walked over with me, not letting Bess come. I liked Helda; she was slim and quick. She pulled an envelope from her shirtwaist and said, "Jeanie, will you give this to Thad? You'll be driving right down Main Street. It's—awfully important." She hugged me quick against her.

All the time Horace was driving us back I thought about Thad and Helda. I'd seen them often together—sitting in the Tuckers' lovely Turkish corner—laughing Helda and Thad with his slow smile.

Horace dropped me at father's store, and as I pushed past crowds of customers into father's office, I stopped and tried to back out fast, but grandfather had seen me! He'd just come on the train, he said. Grandfather, with his thin mustache over thinner lips and his thundering impatience! Everyone was terrified of grandfather. The last time he'd come was that exciting day that Kirk Browning rushed my lovely Aunt Agatha to the minister's and married her quick before grandfather could get from the depot to stop them.

I hadn't been afraid of grandfather that day because I'd just counted my hundredth white horse; that protected me, of course. Now I felt the old terror gripping me as he swung me up and kissed me.

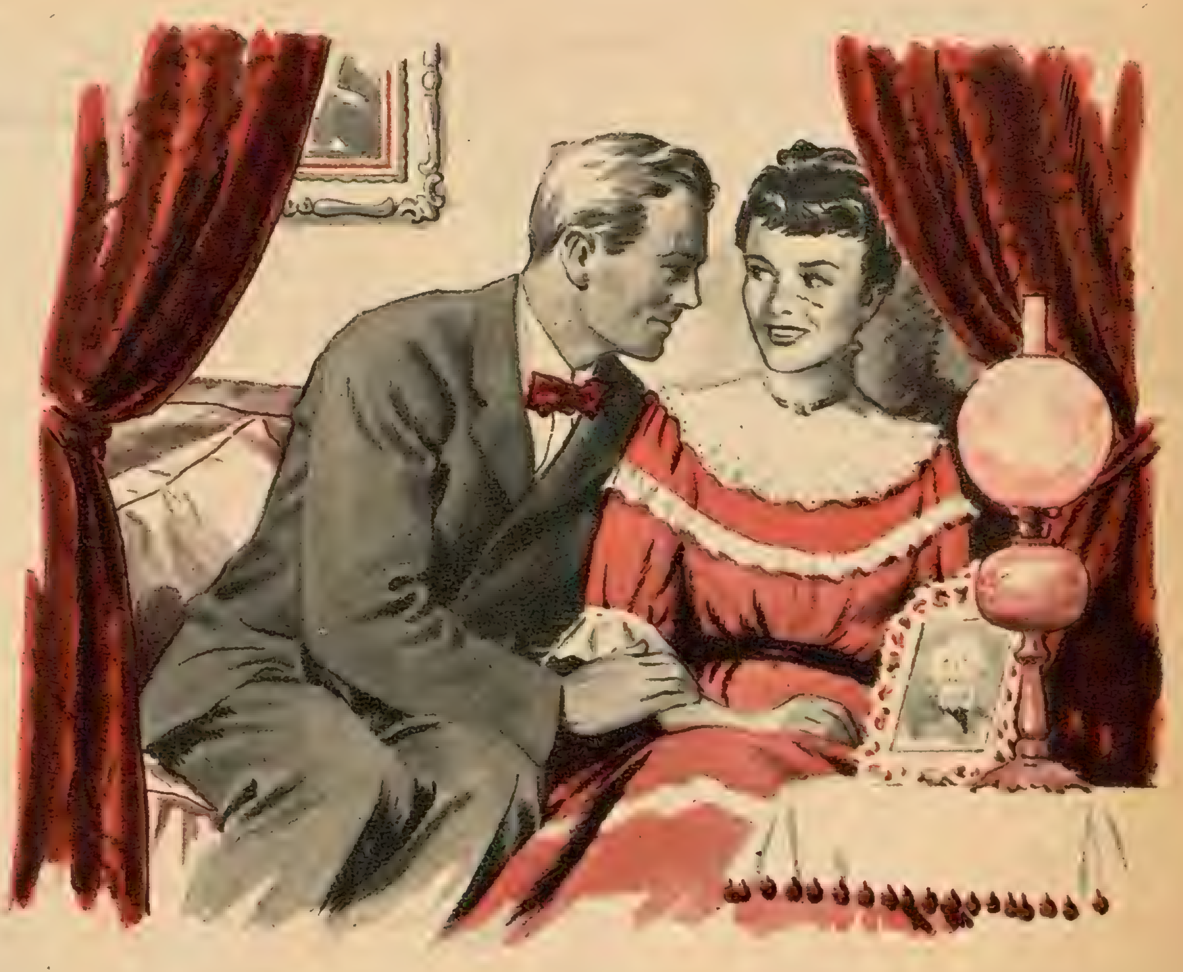
His eyes were on a level with mine and sent icicles through me. "The store's going such great guns, Jeanie," his gruff voice gentled a little as he set me down, "that I can afford to buy you a bag of candy as you and I walk up to dinner." He turned to father. "Don't wait, James—you drive on up and tell Edith I've come."

When we got to Mr. Hoffman's candy-and-cigar store, I leaned in anguished indecision against the counter, deciding how many flat coconut flags, how many licorice whips, how many little scoops of white hearts with red sentiments stamped on them. When they were in the striped-paper bag and we were off, I tried frantically to think up some conversation. I said, "Grandfather, my second-best friend's sister Helda is in trouble. She and Thad-at-our-store are in love and something's happened."

He nodded. "Sure to. Sure to. You're a bit young to be mixing into this, aren't you?"

I thought up some more conversation. I told him how Thad had been adopted by Mrs. Judson, our seamstress-by-the-day; how Thad gave her every cent he made at our store; how almost the only place she'd let him go evenings was to Old Knowlton's house to learn bookkeeping. (Old Knowlton was our store bookkeeper.) And how Thad paid for those lessons by making Old Knowlton's garden and doing his chores.

(Continued on page 79)

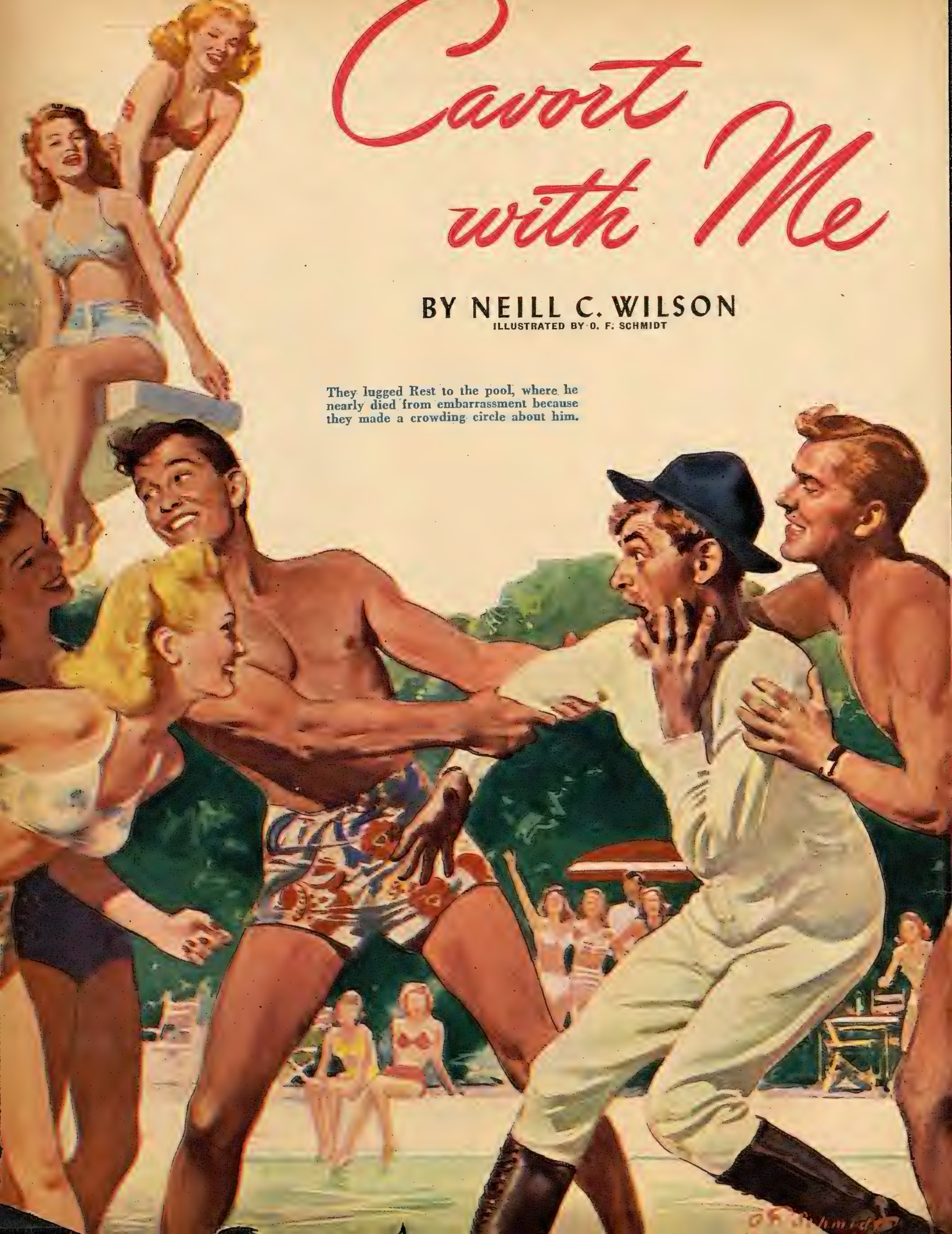


I'd often seen Thad and Helda sitting in the Turkish corner.

Cavort with Me

BY NEILL C. WILSON

ILLUSTRATED BY O. F. SCHMIDT



They lugged Rest to the pool, where he nearly died from embarrassment because they made a crowding circle about him.

When Rest Callum, on the trail of his missing partner, gets caught in a high-and-fancy dude resort, all hilarity breaks loose—especially when Rest believes too much in signs and reveals the body unbeautiful

REST CALLUM, desert man, stuck his red beard out the cabin window and shouted "*You* Shortfuse! Leggo that!"

The burro dropped the half-chewed shirt and went back to nuzzling scrubby sagebrush and thrown-out ketsup bottles.

Will Holt, Rest's partner, stirred uneasily in his barrel chair, the one with the denim seat made out of old overalls. "Gray shirt or yellow?"

"Decent gray, or I wouldn't 'a' hollered."

"'Tain't mine, then." Will favored loud shirts, just as he favored skimpy sleeveless undershirts and frisky short drawers. Rest preferred garments of more dignity.

Will went on reading his Los Angeles newspaper, one of a stack he had bought at Winnemucca at an old-horse-express sale. Will had been devouring these old newspapers, one a day, in calendar order for a month now.

"My, my!" said Will, savoring as he read. For a man past fifty, he could roll his tongue over the dangdest morsels—scandals and bloody murder and shenanigans in Hollywood and such.

"What's so my-my this time?" asked Rest, keeping his eye through the window on his washing at the corral fence.

"Listen to this," chortled Will. "It's an ad. 'Cavort with Me! Come to Sunny Nevada. Shed Your Cares. Shed Your Woes. Shed Your Aches. Shed Your Clothes. Sunshine and Salvation for All!'" Will looked up over the reading spectacles which he had bought at Winnemucca when he bought the papers.

"Well, well," said Rest. "What will they be claiming for our state next? Sunshine I can agree to, but who'd ever look here for salvation? It must be a fake."

Will read further: "'Buy into This Co-operative Paradise and Be a Sun Son, a Sun Daughter! Why Be Bound by Outworn Customs and Senseless Traditions? Fling All to the Four Winds! Be Untrammeled! Be Free! My Option Controls Three Thousand Sun-Drenched Acres in the Beautiful Burnt Hills Range, Directly on the Nevada Central Railroad. This Is a New Way of Life. Your Burdensome City Property or Insurance Annuities Taken in Exchange. Puissance Prouty, Box 301101, Los Angeles.'"

Will put the paper down. "Well, I'll be a—what does it call 'em?—a sun son. Such goings-on! Right in the Burnt Hills yonder."

"It's a dang big range of hills," reminded Rest. He never was too sure of Will when Will ridiculed a fad. Look how Will had jeered la-di-da shorts and undershirts when Winnemucca first stocked them, and now he owned three sets.

The whistle of the evening downbound cattle-freight-and-passenger train, two miles across the gravel flat, reminded Rest that it was time to start cooking supper. Water was low in the bucket. "One of us will have to go to Burnt Springs tomorrow."

"I'll go," said Will.

Rest turned in amazement.

"You been toting water more times than your fair share," averred Will. He looked genuinely solicitous. "Yes, sir, it's time I took the hike."

"You all right?" asked Rest. "It ain't something you et? . . . *You* Shortfuse!" he interrupted himself, dashing to the window. The burro looked up amiably, flapped his ears, and went on munching the rubbery, salty suspenders attached to Rest's work pants. It did beat all how desert beasts craved the salt of man's honest sweat. Rest rushed out, grabbed the suspenders, and managed to retrieve them.

COME morning, Will's zeal for a sixteen-mile round trip had not dried up like most of his good resolutions. He caught up the burro by offering a hatful of potato peelings, slung the four empty water cans over the packsaddle, and virtuously set off up the Slate Ridge Spur that led to the far Burnt Hills. Orestes, not wholly believing until he saw, watched man and beast strike up the clinkery trail. Will should reach Burnt Spring in three-four hours and, allowing for a lengthy midday lay-around, should be back by dusk.

Will's shirt was a faded but once nifty checkered number that he'd fetched home from Winnemucca the last time he went to town. Rest watched it merge with the dun of the ridge. He wiped the breakfast dishes off with sand, thumped them on the doorstep, rinsed them with the last of the water, and went to his dutiful two-hour stint in the mine tunnel that provided their living.

In the ensuing nine hours the vacant stretch of sand and rock surrounding Rest and Will's Old Gopher Mine and cabin turned 135° on the earth's axis, and Orestes Callum moved possibly a hundred feet. The evening train on the Nevada Central's distant tracks tooted Engineer Hunnaker's customary greeting. Some months ago the train for a while had been running quite heavy—a development somewhere in the far reaches had made extra freight. But in recent weeks it had dropped back to the usual two cars. The boom camp, wherever it was, must have flattened out. At the whistle, Rest stirred from his seat at the doorstep and went for supper firewood.

SUNSET turned the Burnt Hills in the east to a corn-bread yellow and the Confusion Mountains in the west to a baked-bean brown, and Rest poked up his fire in the stove and waited for Will and fresh water. He went outside and strained his eyes up Slate Ridge Spur. No Shortfuse hove in sight, and no trudging Will Holt. The stars came out. They came out big as dimes and quarters, with some four-bit pieces. They came out till they looked like all the silver in the Winnemucca bank. Dry-mouthed, Rest ate his share of the supper. Whatever was a-keeping Will?

By eight o'clock, as well as he could guess the hour, Rest was worried. By nine, after he had stood outside and yah-hooed himself hoarse, a brave jingling of water cans and scrabbling of hoofs told him Shortfuse was coming down the trail. Rest grabbed the jack in both arms, unlashed the cans, drank deep, and turned the beast out to forage. But still no Will.

Rest hollered, even using his partner's full name, which seldom happened since Will's mother shrilled it at mealtimes half a century before. "Wilmont Holt! *You* Wilmont!" By ten o'clock Rest gave up, and by eleven he turned in.

The Burnt Hills were a sourdough gray and the Confusion Mountains a sowbelly pink when Rest stuck his rust-colored whiskers over the blanket's top, lifted his head, eyed Will's empty shakedown, and leaped up, fully dressed except for his hat. He put the hat on, ran to the door and looked out. Anything moving down the trail would have been as plain as bananas on a screw-bean mesquite tree in that hard bleak light.

But nothing moved.

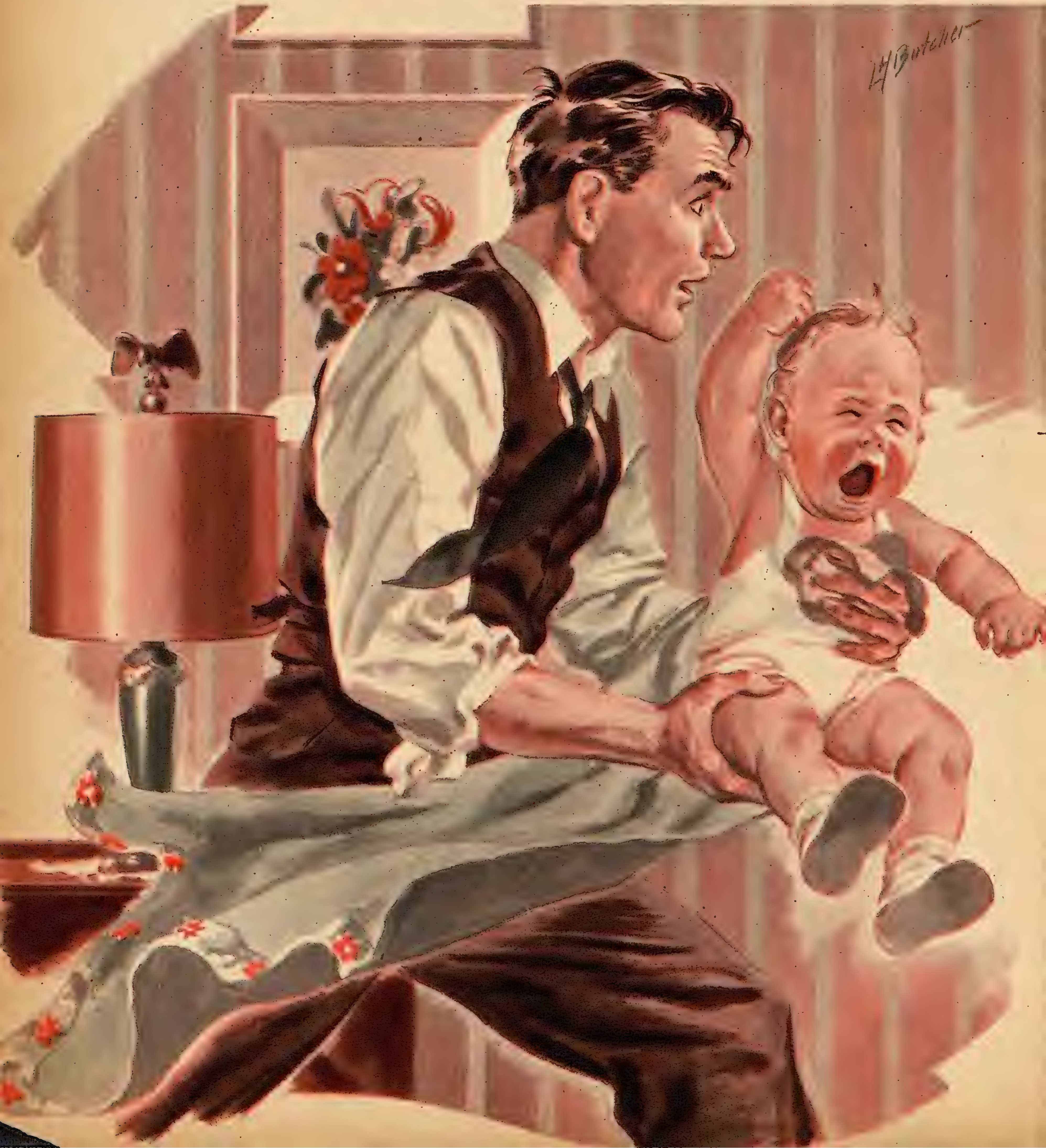
(*Continued on page 74*)

The Throb

BY

WILLIAM FAY

ILLUSTRATED BY LAWRENCE BUTCHER



The bell rang with sustained insistence. Harry, with baby, raced to the door eagerly.

Harry's rendition of I'll Bleed for You produced sympathetic anemia in a million high-school girls—but even for five grand a week, how long can a man go on being an emotional blood bank?

HARRY BLAKE, the vocalist, was coming home; in less than a year, "warbleissimo, a new technique," had made him as famous, if less deserving, than penicillin, and now six tugs were pressing his ship to its Manhattan pier. Home-coming soldiers swarmed at the rails to shower the people below with foreign coins and chocolate bars and cookies and empty boxes. A military band blew fancily.

"Wait'll the dames see you," said Milton Feeney, Harry's manager, a small jet-propelled man who occupied an adjacent porthole.

"Can you see my wife, Milton?" Harry asked. "Keep looking, will you? She wrote she'd be wearing a red hat and a white flower on each shoulder. I don't imagine she'll bring the baby, though."

"The baby?" said Milton fiercely. "I certainly hope she doesn't bring the baby. Though it's not a secret, I wouldn't like the public to see you with a baby, Harry. Might kind of spoil that college-freshman aura about you that dames find so attractive."

"Do you mean aura or aroma?" Harry said. "Listen, Milton. I'm thirty-four years old. I—" He checked himself. He meant to be merry as bluebirds in this world of peace to which he was returning. He shouldn't be angry with the energetic man who promised him annuities some day.

He kept looking for Janice. Of course the pier was crowded, and the angle was difficult, and a huge shed covered the bulk of welcomers below. "Maybe," said Milton matter-of-factly, "you could sing them a little tune?"

Harry said, "Look. I'm one passenger. There are fourteen thousand other guys in this show. Besides, my throat is sore."

"Much as I don't like to admit it, Harry," said Milton, unperturbed, "you sing better with a sore throat—no?"

Harry wasn't listening. Janice, he thought; it will be so fine to see you, Janice. Six months was a long time, wasn't it? The baby must be big as a leg of lamb. We're lucky kids.

He had enjoyed his chores with the USO. If he hadn't always killed them with his act, the G.I.s had been good enough not to kill him. They had endured the old warbleissimo—even seemed to enjoy it, though he wondered why.

If, as he told himself, he was satisfied with fame, he was still self-conscious about it. It annoyed him when people or publicists referred to him as The Throb. He never objected outwardly, having too much sense—well aware that if people paid money to hear him, they were entitled to make up names.

Of course, too, he had long been familiar with fame as a commodity. Until eighteen months ago, he had been an advertising man and a good one—a rising star in the firm of Willow and Woods; vice-president, in fact, in charge of the Casey Soap account, and author of their well-known commercial.

HARRY was a student of mass psychology and radio technique. It was while a vice-president of Willow and Woods that he had risen at a company dinner to demonstrate to other alert executives how Rudy Vallee had once anesthetized the public and how Sinatra did it now. His clinical interest was so strong and his native talent so uniquely, if unsuspectedly, suited to the modern trend, that he was signed by a radio executive to do a fifteen-minute sustaining program during his lunch hour every day. It began as a gag, and also because he could use the modest money they offered him. It ended—well, who knew just where it would end? He was Milton Feeney's golden goose. There had been a year of triumph and swollen income at home, then six months with the USO. Now home again; now Janice and the baby. "I didn't hear you, Milton," Harry said. "I was thinking."

"I said we're getting off the ship," Milton repeated. "We got a squad of cops to take you through the crowd."

Harry followed Milton. He shook hands with the captain of the great British ship and with the myriad pals he had aboard. The cops stood on the pier at the base of the gangplank. Harry was all but run over by a phalanx of WACs with pencils and things to be autographed. "It's the same ol' warbleissimo," said Milton.

"Wait a minute," Harry called. "I don't see Janice! Find her, Milton!"

"I'll take care of everything."

They were shoved into a waiting cab. Photographers kept snapping at him as though he were a newly commissioned ship. The cab got under way behind a motorcycled escort. Harry stopped biting his knuckles. He tried not to be upset. "I guess Janice is waiting at home," he decided. "Probably couldn't leave the baby."

He relaxed. He began softly to sing, for free. "Don't ever waste it," said Milton, "please." Harry gazed through the window of the cab, then stopped his singing. He said, "Hey! Which way is home?" Then he turned to Milton. "You've got a guilty look."

"The look," said Milton, "is hereditary on my father's side. Quiet, Harry; no scenes. I want you to know this is all for your own good." The cab stopped at one of New York's more famous and glittering hotels. "A little good-will reception will do you no harm."

Harry, about to assault his manager, was poked in the nose by a high-school girl who reached through the door of the cab to steal a lock of his hair. The cops pushed her off and whisked him inside.

Milton's good-will reception to the press and selected public was not designed to leave people hungry. The caterer, a sort of Michelangelo with mayonnaise, had sculptured, in chicken salad, something that looked like a man. Could that, Harry thought with horror, be me? He found his way to a phone booth and tried to get Janice on the phone. The phone was busy. He called again and got a grocery store.

"HARRY," said Milton, "I want you to meet George Chambers."

"I've met George Chambers," Harry said. "I've known the guy ten years. Used to work with him. He never liked me. I want to see Janice and the baby."

"Be reasonable, Harry," said Milton. "We'll be working for 'im now. George Chambers is your new boss."

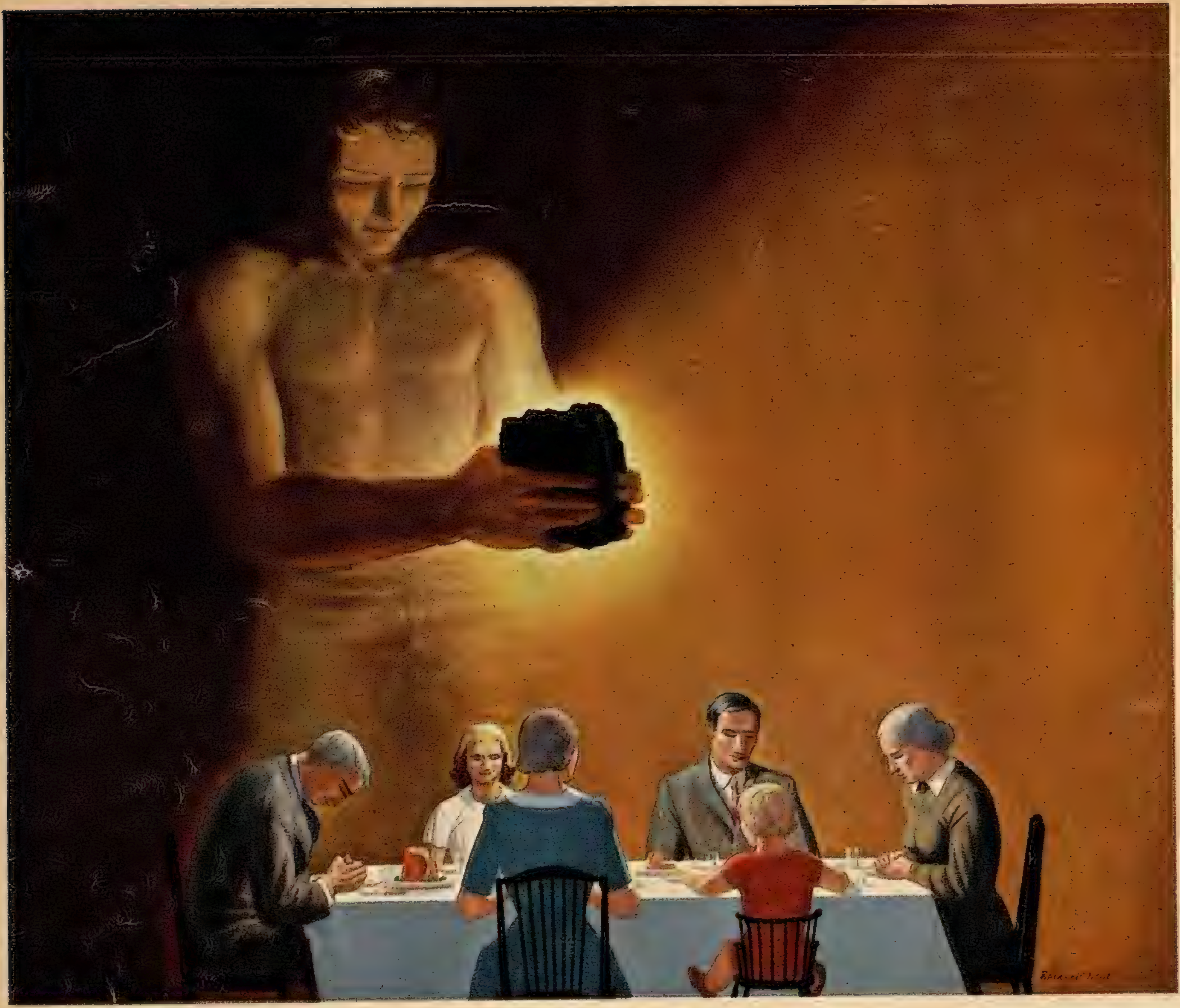
"George—Chambers—is—what?"

"George," said Milton, "has his own firm now—Chambers and Bliss. They've got the Tooth Tonic account. Tooth Tonic is your new sponsor, Harry, at a fortune a week. You can afford to be nice."

"Well, advertising was my business, too," Harry said, "Listen. I was in charge of the Casey Soap account when George was stealing his ideas from the office boy. He used to send mash notes to my wife when she worked there, and it wasn't so long ago. I won't stand for it, Milton."

"Harry, you're not being jealous

(*Continued on page 64*)



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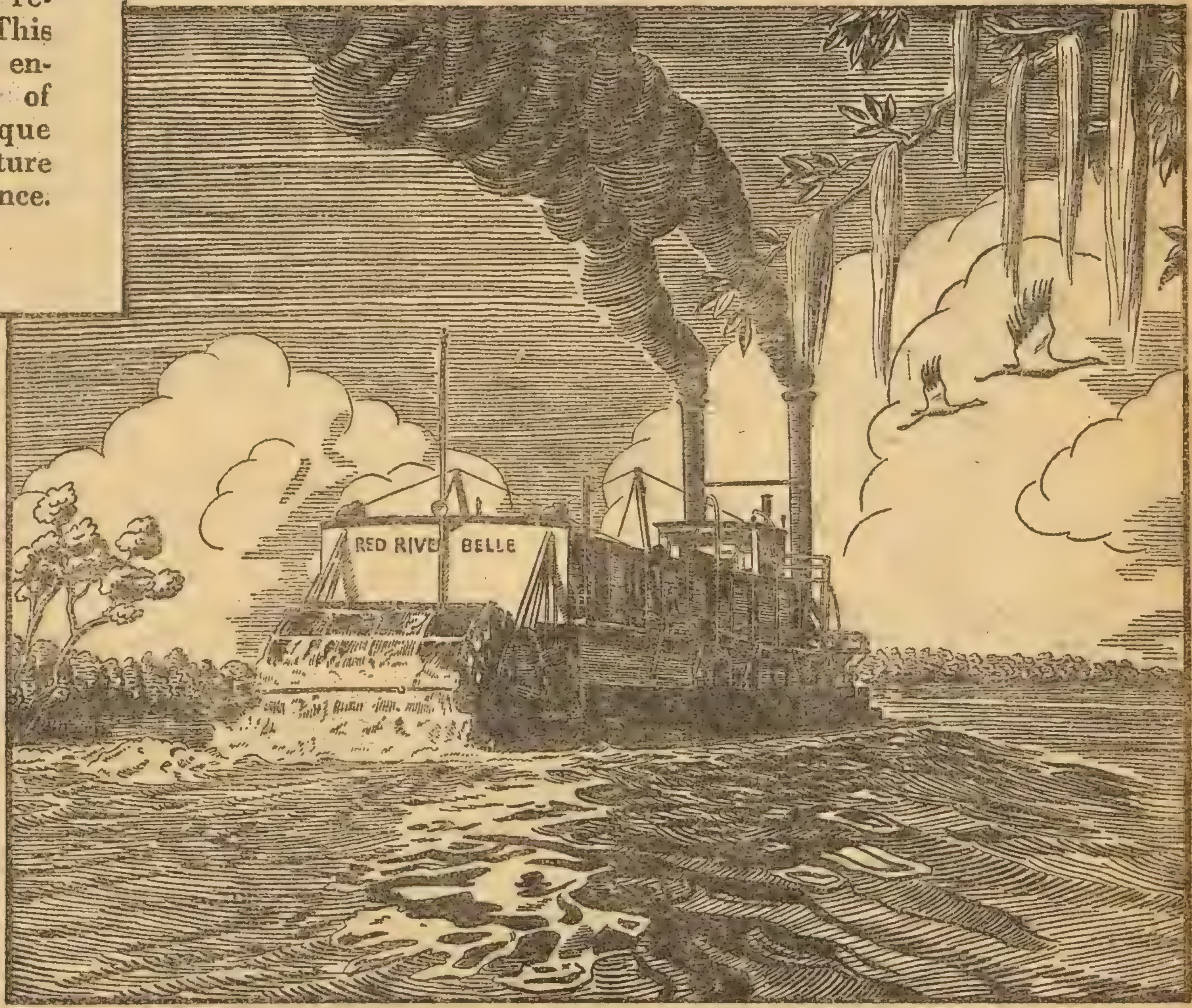
ROOSTER CROWS for Day

BY BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

When Little Doc, a young Mississippi pilot, heard that a river boat was being shipped to Africa, not even the wistful eyes of Princie Jo could restrain his wanderlust. This novel, one of the most enthusiastically received of the season, is a unique blend of exotic adventure and homespun romance.

A Liberty BOOK CONDENSATION
READING TIME ONE EVENING

ILLUSTRATED BY
MARTIN GULSER



"IT ain't the world that's wrong. It's the people in it."

"It ain't the people. It's the world makes 'em that way." The two old men sat on the fish docks chewing tobacco, and argued stubbornly.

The face of one was round, choleric, and set beneath a vast expanse of mirror-like bald head. The tart, wrinkled countenance of the other was half hidden beneath a snowy beard.

On a box near by a bright-faced youth of twenty-two was seated, painting a scene on the river before him.

The bald-headed old man turned to the painter and spat wrathfully. "What you figure about it, Little Doc?" he demanded. "Everybody says you're the smartest young fellow in Cotton Valley."

The boyish face grew thoughtful. "That's a mighty big question you're a-asking, Efe. I sure don't know the answer. Sometimes I figure it's one way and sometimes I figure it's the other." He wiped his ragged brush on a leaf. "If things come out like I'm hoping, I'm going to start traveling mighty soon. Then maybe I can answer you better."

A few moments later he put his brush and cheap paintbox into his pocket, and moved to the edge of the wharf. A battered little fishing boat was lying alongside. He climbed aboard and took down from a nail a shabby cap with a cracked patent-leather visor. On it was printed in faded gold letters the title "Pilot."

A steering wheel set on a low platform showed before a scratched window. Near it a huge shape in blue overalls was vaguely visible through an open trapdoor in the deck, adjusting the gas engines.

The youth called out. "Pretty near ready, Poppy?"

The half-hidden figure rose from his dark cavern. "Raring to go, Little Doc."

The young pilot took his post at the steering wheel.

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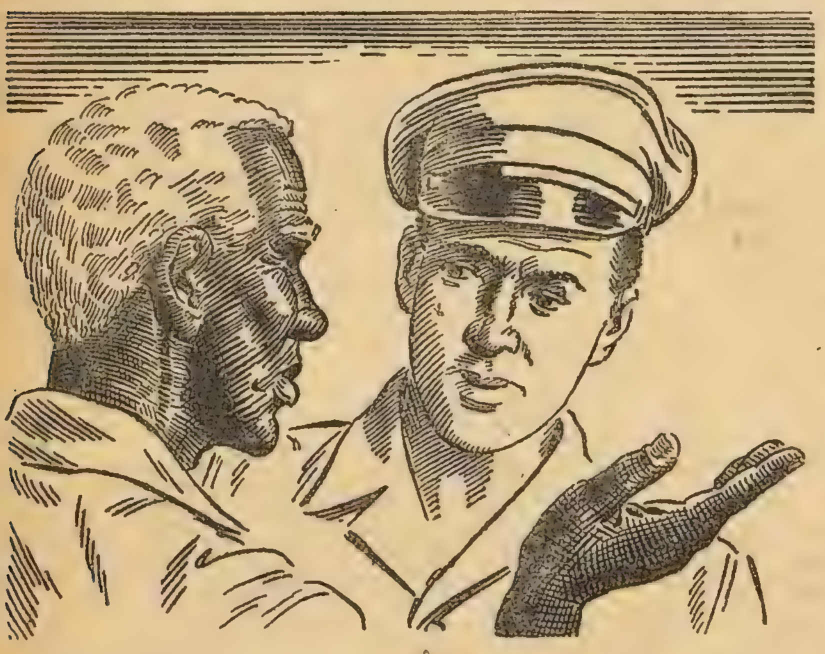
The giant Poppy started the engines. The boat began to move slowly through the water.

They neared the end of the narrow bay, and saw one of those odd craft known to rivermen as a doghouse, a rickety structure made of scraps of tin set over the hull of an old shantyboat. In it a white-haired old Negro sat on a broken stool, staring with bleak eyes at the water.

Little Doc stepped aboard the dilapidated dwelling. He looked about in astonishment. Instead of the usual oars, tarpots, and nets which always crowd a shantyboat until more than a single step in any direction is impossible, there was nothing. The little craft was naked as a tree stripped of its leaves in a storm.

The youth's gray eyes grew angry. "Who done this to you, Uncle Clay?"

The old Negro came forward with shaky steps. "It's the hardware store, Captain Doc. Things has been mighty kind of poorly. I kept a-going down to the hardware store and gitting the tackle and tar and things I was needing, like I always done. But seems like they got a new fellow running it, says he ain't going to do the way they done before. He's got a big kind of black book and he makes you sign a big cross for your name, jest like you sign your name in the Lord's Book on Judgment Day. That ain't no way to run no store, Captain Doc. The Lord's sure a-going to strike him down. He kept a-asking me for money, money all the time. And I couldn't git it. So today the sheriffs come and took everything I had away."



Little Doc's reddish eyebrows grew taut as his anger deepened. "They took your nets and everything? How they expect a fisherman to live if he ain't got any nets?"

The old Negro looked with forlorn eyes at the tar marks left by the vanished fishing gear on the shanty walls. "The sheriffs said they wasn't my nets. They belong to the hardware store now, they said."

Little Doc hurried off to the fishboat and returned, dragging some bulky burdens behind him. "These here's my two best nets, Uncle Clay. There ain't any better nets on the river. You keep 'em for a while."

He added some tarpots and the other equipment vital to a river fisherman, then hurried aboard the fishboat to avoid the other's thanks. The vessel sped from the pine-girded cove into the river.

They stopped for the night where half a dozen shantyboats were moored near a long sand bar.

Little Doc picked up a newspaper. Poppy took a Western story magazine from a pile on a table. For some time they sat without speaking. Little Doc looked up from his paper reflectively. "Just full of people fighting and stealing and killing. Life's sure funny, ain't it? How do you figure it, Poppy? Is it the world that's wrong, or the people in it?"

The engineer's hairy face grew troubled. "You're sure getting ready to go away again, ain't you, Little Doc? I seen you get them thinking spells too many times, trying to figure out about life and things. And next minute you're gone, quick as a coon down a hole . . . Why you always want to be traveling?"

"I want to get out and see the world and learn things. You can't learn just a-running a little fishboat. I'll be twenty-three next September. I'm getting old. I ain't been anywhere. And I want to know about life and things before I die."

"Where you figure on going this time? Up to Minnesota again?"

Little Doc spoke, slowly. "I'm a-going . . . to Africa."

The cigar end in Poppy's mouth glowed for an instant with a dazzling brilliance that vividly lighted his face. It grew dull again. "You're fooling, Little Doc, ain't you? You always likes to fool with me."

"I ain't fooling, Poppy. I've been thinking about it a mighty long time. Every time I've seen 'em putting a riverboat on a big barge, or taking it all apart, getting ready to ship it way off somewhere the way they do, I've wanted to go with it.

"Last week when we was down in New Orleans I met some fellows who told me about a riverboat they were going to send over to Africa to run on one of them rivers. They're sending Mississippi boats everywhere nowadays. They said I could get a job on her easy 'cause they were needing men bad. When we get to New Orleans with the fishboat I'm going to talk to 'em. If they'll have me I'm sure going to take the job."

"What you going to do about Princie Jo?"

The youth hesitated. "Princie Jo don't care nothing about me. And I ain't interested in any girls. Me and Princie Jo's just friends."

From a shelf crowded with books and magazines, Little Doc took down a stray volume of an encyclopedia marked "M to MU" standing like an orphan without any of its fellows. He began to pore over the tattered pages.

Poppy watched glumly. "It's them fancy books and papers you're always reading that spoils you. Just gets your head so full you can't stand it. There was a fellow up at the Busy Bee one night said all this reading is what's the trouble with the world today. He said a brain ain't got but so many spaces, and when you get the spaces all filled up, you can't put in nothing else. He said when people start reading too much it packs the spaces too tight, and breaks 'em. And after that, they want to keep jumping around all the time, like grasshoppers. And there ain't no peace for 'em anymore."

They prepared for bed. A golden moon rose over the river.

They awoke long before dawn, and eating a hasty breakfast, set off down the dark water. They halted in front of a floating store shadowed in the mist.

The sleepy-eyed proprietor brought out some cans of gasoline.

Poppy watched the merchant pour the fuel into the tank at the stern. "I won't be buying gas from you much longer, Mace," he said proudly. "Me and Little Doc is going to Africa."

IT was nearing dusk the next day when beyond the darkening willows they saw the steeple of the Baptist church that marked Cotton Valley. Quickly they landed, and walked across the fish docks to a shabby frame building where a sign proclaimed: "Busy Bee Restaurant—A. Tazey, Proprietor."

The restaurant was almost empty, for Cotton Valley ate its dinner early. Little Doc and Poppy sat down. They had been waiting a moment when a girl emerged from the rear carrying some dishes. She possessed the quiet classic beauty which so often startles the traveler in the rustic areas of the South. Her hair was a lustrous black, parted in the middle, and was knotted simply at the back of her shapely head. Her skin in sharp contrast was pale. It was her eyes, however, large, and dark like her hair, which at once struck the beholder. Gentle, thoughtful, they were faintly touched with sadness.

She gave the newcomers the thumb-marked menu.

"I'll take the chicken, Princie Jo . . . and I'll take the chocolate pie," said Little Doc.

The giant Poppy spoke in agreement. "Ain't nobody on the Mississippi can cook a chicken like Princie Jo."

The girl walked to the rear, and returned quickly. She put a steaming dish at Poppy's place with politeness. But Little Doc's portion she set before him with tenderness.

The visitors ate with appetite. The girl took a coffee pot and began to fill their cups.

Little Doc grew reflective. "I guess I won't get chicken and coffee like this much longer, Princie Jo."

Her small hand holding the coffee pot grew tense. "You ain't going away again, are you, Little Doc?"

"I'm going to Africa."

The brown stream flowing into the youth's cup wavered but did not spill. She stood silent, her luminous face suddenly dull, lifeless.

The coffee poured in a steady stream again. She set the pot on the counter. "You going . . . soon?"

"Soon as I can."

Her dark eyes grew sad. "People in Cotton Valley are going to miss you, Little Doc."

His voice became troubled. "I'm sure going to miss them, too. It's a wonderful town. Before I start to Africa I'm going up to the Commerce Club and get some of them little booklets, so wherever I am, I can tell 'em about Cotton Valley."

Princie Jo cut two great wedges of creamy chocolate pie, taking scrupulous care to make the two slices equal; but in spite of herself that of Little Doc proved the larger.

When they had finished eating, Poppy left to call on some river friends. Princie Jo put on her hat and locked the door. With Little Doc she walked down the road.

A carnival was playing at the edge of town. They sauntered toward it. They saw the dazzling glow of the lights on the pygmy roller coaster, heard the wheezy music of the mechanical organs and the raucous voices of the barkers.

They moved to a booth where some clay milk bottles were piled in a pyramid before a canvas curtain. With a single expert throw of a baseball Little Doc sent them all spinning to the ground. Proudly Princie Jo took the huge purple doll he won as prize. "I guess that's the way you'll do the wild people if they come at you in Africa," she said.

They remained till the carnival began to close for the night, and sauntered with the last stragglers through the shabby entrance. They walked to her home, fragrant with its spreading honeysuckle. The youth bade her good night and strode off toward the river.

The girl stood with the great doll pressed close against her dress, and watched till he was out of sight.

SEVERAL weeks passed while Little Doc went about in a rapturous trance making his preparations for the journey. Everywhere he went, the local citizenry offered some comment.

He visited the drugstore, where Jeff Hawkins, the sallow pharmacist, stood behind a cracked counter. "You make good when you get there to Africa, Little Doc," remarked Mr. Hawkins. "Cotton Valley'll be watching you."

Little Doc grew earnest. "That's one reason I figure I want to go away, Mister Jeff. I want to do big things so Cotton Valley'll be proud of me."

He passed the clothing store where Todd Ramsay, the fat, slightly pompous proprietor, was standing, watching the drowsy panorama of Cotton Valley's main street at noon. "You make a name for yourself over there in Africa, Little Doc," Mr. Ramsay uttered solemnly. "I'm vice-president of the Commerce Club. You know we gave you that Cotton Valley pennant at the Fair, because you was a good Cotton Valley boy we were sure was going to be a big success. Boost Cotton Valley—We Must. That's our motto. Don't you ever forget you came from Cotton Valley, no matter how big a man you get to be in Africa. You make good, and when you get back we'll have the Club out parading for you. And we'll make you a member of the Boosters Club, too."

Little Doc's red brows arched with excitement. "Golly. That'd sure be something, to be in the Boosters Club. . . . I couldn't ever forget Cotton Valley, Mr. Todd."

THE time fixed for their journey arrived at last. They climbed aboard the fishing boat for the final trip to New Orleans. A little crowd was assembled at the wharf: a few of the overalled shantymen from whom Little Doc purchased his fish; Princie Jo, wearing a cheap, bright-flowered dress bought for the occasion and a hat with a single blue feather. Near by the two patriarchal philosophers were sitting on some bags of feed, arguing stubbornly.

Poppy, tuning the motor, started the engines.

Princie Jo grew pale. She picked up a basket and reached it across to Little Doc.

"I hope you like what's in the basket. There's deviled eggs and there's a coconut layer cake, and some other things I thought maybe you'd like. . . . Maybe when you get back you'll be so rich you won't ever come to eat in the Busy Bee any more. Maybe you won't eat anywhere but the fancy restaurants in New Orleans."

He hastened to protest. "There ain't no cooking better than what you cook, Princie Jo."

She smiled gently.

The water became a murky brown with the churning of the propeller. The boat began to move from the shore. Princie Jo raised a pink handkerchief and waved it slowly. Little Doc took off his pilot cap and swung it back and forth in gay salute.

The handkerchief grew smaller and smaller until it was like a colored leaf fluttering in the wind.

IN New Orleans Little Doc turned the vessel over to the young pilot who was to be his successor, then set out for the freighter which was to take them on their voyage.

They reached the wharf where the rusty tramp steamer lay moored, with clouds of smoke erupting from her dented funnel.

They hurried aboard. Lashed to the deck were long sections of the smokestacks which had once risen majestically from the *Red River Belle*, a Mississippi steamboat. Here and there lay huge pieces of machinery from the riverboat's dismantled engine room, grotesque, mysterious under heavy tarpaulins.

The whistle of the boat blew hoarsely. Two impudent tugs began to pull at the bow and stern. Slowly the vessel wound its way through the erratic water traffic along the wharves, then steamed faster as it reached the open river. Orange groves appeared along the shore. The fragrance of the golden fruit hung heavy as mist over the water.

The horizon flattened. The banks grew lower and lower. On every side there were now only desolate green marshes, hazy, endless.

The color of the river changed to green. The water divided into countless arms, spreading out like the ribs of an emerald fan toward the dreamy distance.

Then the water grew bluer and bluer, streaked here and there with long ribbons of brown, as though these were fingers of the great river, reluctant to abandon their hold on the escaping ship. The beautiful clouds of the Gulf piled in great white masses on the horizon, like range on range of snow-covered, iridescent mountains.

The ship plunged on toward the shining cloud mountains. The prow began to sway gently. They were at sea.

DAY after day the boat steamed endlessly over the blue water. The air grew heavier, hotter. The ocean, clear as glass, seemed alive with fish of all the colors of the rainbow. Sharks dived at the stern in gray, close-packed schools, quarreling for the remnants of food the cook threw into the water. Sea gulls drifted overhead, mewing sadly.

Little Doc wandered with Poppy to every corner of the ship, from the bridge where the spectacled captain pored over his charts to the thundering boiler room where blackened firemen tossed coal into the furnaces, like condemned souls toiling for their sins in some gloomy inferno.

Each day Little Doc brought out his shabby paintbox, and recorded some new scene of the voyage.

"Things are starting out wonderful, ain't they, Poppy? We ain't even got to Africa yet, and look at all the things we're seeing and learning."

Poppy's voice was dubious. "I guess things are starting all right. But what's a-worrying me is what it's going to be like when we get over there. I was sure glad when they told us in New Orleans that Captain Dicey, used to be mate on the *Red Belle*, went ahead of us a month ago to start things and run the boat."

Day after day the propeller churned through the blue ocean. The gulls lessened till only a solitary bird hovered over the foamy wake. It vanished. The sky and the sea were empty.

Then finally the blue of the ocean changed to a murky brown, as though they had in some strange fashion come again into the mouth of the Mississippi. Through the rain a dark green thread showed below the horizon, growing wider and wider as the vessel advanced. Soon it became a towering wall of trees stretching mistily into the distance.

The water grew browner, thick with mud. Floating islands of reeds rose and fell lazily with the swells. A huge crocodile lay on the bank, crawling off as the vessel drew closer.

The boat anchored to unload cargo on lighters. Toward sunset a vessel came to take off the travelers. The craft was manned by a crew of tall, somber Negroes.

Occasionally a parrot flew overhead in a flash of vivid emerald. At times they could distinguish a crocodile mounting a gloomy guard along the shore. Native dugouts glided near. There came a sound of hushed chanting as the black men sang in rhythm with the strokes of their paddles.

Little Doc studied the eddying surface. "The Congo ain't going to be a easy river to run. One minute she's so deep you can't find the bottom and the next there ain't a foot of water. But I bet Captain Dicey knows the trip we have to make already. He'll help me get started on her."

They reached a picturesque town built high on a rock rising from the water, where they spent the night in a pleasant hotel, then arose early and climbed aboard a coach attached to what at first glance seemed a toy freight train waiting for its childish master.

All day the train bumped and rattled across the countryside. The engine steamed into the white station of Leopoldville, busy capital of the Belgian Congo. The two travelers collected their baggage, and moving to the end of the coach, prepared to descend.

Little Doc's face was gay. "I guess in about half a minute we'll be talking to Captain Dicey."

THEY stepped onto the concrete platform. Little Doc looked about the crowd of helmeted white men and smartly dressed young women. To his surprise he could see the captain nowhere.

His spirits sank lower and lower. He was trying to decide what course to follow, when a luxurious automobile drew up outside the station. From it stepped a blond, supercilious young man dressed in faultless tropicals and carrying a cane. He saw the waiting travelers and sauntered forward. "You are the gentlemen from America?" he asked.

When Little Doc nodded eagerly, the newcomer introduced himself. "I am Scheer. The agent of the Company."

His English was excellent, though touched with the stiffness of a foreigner. His voice was cool, indifferent.

Little Doc shook the other's limp hand with enthusiasm. "We're sure mighty glad you come, Mr. Scheer. We were getting kind of worried. I guess Captain Dicey's busy up at the office, ain't he?"

The newcomer led the way to the car where a black driver sat waiting. He took a lackadaisical puff of a cigarette. "I am afraid the news I have about Captain Dicey is not good. Captain Dicey was stricken with the fever. The Company sent him back to America. Three days ago."

Little Doc halted on the sidewalk. His face was pale with dismay. "Golly, Mr. Scheer . . . That's mighty bad, Mr. Scheer."

The other shrugged his shoulders. "It is Africa. One learns to expect anything in Africa."

They climbed into the car and began to move through the city, with its buildings, despite the climate, often perfect replicas of the houses belonging to the rich burghers in some Belgian town.

The agent traced a pattern with his cane on the carpet of the limousine. He glanced at Poppy in cold appraisal. "You are the pilot, I presume?"

The hairy giant shook his head. "It's him that's the pilot. He's the best on the Mississippi."

The agent studied Little Doc closely. His lips tightened. "We will try it. I think it will probably fail. But to put this vessel together, and to get it started on the river, I need someone who knows these American steamboats. You are very young. But you come highly recommended. I will make you captain."

A quick parade of emotions swept across Little Doc's face: joy, incredulity, worry, pride.

"Golly, Mr. Scheer. You mean I'm going to run the *Red Belle?*"

The agent leaned back on the cushions and took a languid puff of his cigarette again. "I have no other recourse. The Congo is very active now, and there are no rivermen of any kind available. We will try it and see what happens. . . ."

A fly hovered around his immaculate helmet. He brushed it away irritably. "I will come to the point at once, so there will be no errors, no misconceptions. Your boat will operate in the back country to bring rubber from our plantations. I want no sentimentality about the Negroes, no foolishness. I want only efficiency, and the rubber brought here on time."

IN the morning they moved down the docks to where some half-naked Negroes were toiling, carrying heavy timbers to the water's edge. Some sections of the dismounted riverboat had arrived a month earlier with the stricken captain. The ghostly-ribbed hull was already silhouetted against the sky, like the skeleton of some prehistoric monster.

Little Doc took charge of the construction. He arrived before the workers early one morning to prepare for the day's projects, when he saw a Negro he had not previously noticed, dozing on the bank.

He was a gnomelike old man, wizened, dwarfish, his cheeks and chin fringed at regular intervals with tufts of white hair. His childish face was wan and anxious. He saw Little Doc and, picking up a gnarled stick that served as a cane, came limping forward. He spoke in a quavering tremolo, a little like the uneven whistling of a teakettle.

"You ain't got a couple of them pieces of money they calls Big Franks, has you, Captain?"

His words bore the unmistakable accent of the South.

Little Doc gazed at him in astonishment. The Negro sensed the youth's surprise. "I'm one of them darkies done come over with the Black King, the man who said he was going to start a new country for us in Africa. I comes from New Orleans. Whizzy Dick they calls me, account of the way I whizzes."

Little Doc's red eyebrows quivered with delight. He put some coins into the wrinkled hand. "Golly, I'm sure glad to see you, Whizzy Dick. The Black King's took you a long way from home."

The old Negro shook his head forlornly. "Seems like a old nigger like me don't find nothing but trouble. . . . Thank you a-mighty for them Big Franks, Captain."

He limped off to a tall black who was stirring a pot over a fire, and bringing back an earthen bowl, began to eat hungrily.

Little Doc gazed with sympathy at his tattered clothes. "Ain't you been doing so good over here, Whizzy Dick? Did the Black King steal your money?"

The old man wiped his mouth with a bandanna. The lines of his withered face relaxed. He grew talkative. "I guess this here Black King was jest a notion. . . . I'd mighty like it, Captain, if you could give me a job. I know this river good. And I can white-chalk your helmet pretty. And I ain't no bother much, unless you minds my whizzing. . . . Them pants of yours needs pressing mighty bad."

A few moments later he was limping about briskly in his tattered uniform. Borrowing an iron in some mysterious fashion, he set about restoring the proper creases to Little Doc's wrinkled costume. This finished, he chalked the youth's helmet, then went among the laborers, and full of importance now, began translating the young captain's orders.

By nightfall he had attached himself so firmly to the two Americans, that there was no thought of his departure.

THE last piece of machinery was installed in the boiler room, and the great wheel revolved in a final test. The white-painted vessel was ready for her voyage.

Little Doc stood on the bow, gazing proudly.

There was a stir among the spectators. Mr. Scheer appeared and sauntered up the gangplank, twirling his cane. He stepped onto the deck and looked about in languid appraisal. "Not too bad, Captain. Not too bad. You have quite surprised me."

A spider was spinning a web on the railing. He stabbed at it carelessly with his cane and cut the strands free. "There is only one instruction, as I have already told you. Bring back the rubber and bring it quickly."

Little Doc's boyish face was glowing. "Don't you worry, Mr. Scheer. She's an old boat. But I'll get her back so fast you'll think she's flying."

The agent lit a cigarette. "We will see. We will see." His bored voice was noncommittal. "You will hear talk that your round trip should require some fifty days. I have investigated the matter carefully and find that this is preposterous. The trip can be made in half that time, or less. I shall expect you back in twenty-five days. Or sooner."

He gave the youth a limp hand and moved down the gangplank. Little Doc climbed to the pilot house. He stood a moment, tense with excitement, looking across the tree-girded valley, then pulled the whistle cord. A sonorous blast echoed over the water.

He moved to the wheel. The white-haired Whizzy Dick took a place beside him. A bell in the engine room tinkled. The great paddles at the stern began to churn the water into a frothy sea. The vessel swung into the channel.

All day they traveled under the scorching sun. The pilot house became a fiery prison cell. The steering wheel was so hot it almost burned Little Doc's fingers. On the deck below, the roustabouts sat singing.

A swift current caught the vessel and sent it speeding toward the land. Little Doc spun the wheel.

For a moment he struggled while the vessel resisted all his efforts. It yielded suddenly, and resumed its course.

Little Doc breathed with relief. "Kind of tricky river, ain't she, Whizzy Dick? Looks like we're going to have to fight her all the way. But we'll make it all right."

The old man blinked under his ragged fez. "We ain't going to make it in no twenty-five days, Captain Doc. That Mr. Scheer's just plain crazy. If we does it in fifty days we'll be mighty lucky."

Little Doc's brows puckered in a frown. "We're going to get there and back the way he says, Whizzy Dick. This here's the first big job I ever had. And I ain't going to fail."

The vessel steamed onward. Little villages appeared on the bank, a few huts of straw where half-naked blacks stood casting nets or digging in a grove of papayas.

THE sun dropped toward the horizon. The water changed color and grew shallower. Whizzy Dick spoke to Little Doc quietly. They prepared to take soundings.

Two natives took posts at the bow, one a dwarfish little man, almost a pygmy, the other a fat Negro with a body reminiscent of the gasoline barrels piled on the deck. The black leadsmen began thrusting long measuring rods into the river. Their voices floated over the water.

"Motoba," cried the fat man.

The pygmy echoed the call softly. "Motoba."

"Six," called Whizzy Dick.

"Sambo," moaned the fat leadsman.

"Sambo," lamented the pygmy.

"Seven," murmured the old man at the young captain's side.

"M'Sato," called the fat one. His voice was sharp with warning.

Whizzy Dick grew taut. "That's three, Captain Doc. Getting mighty shallow."

The speed of the boat slackened. They moved slowly toward the middle of the river.

It grew late. The sun became a molten ball. It dropped suddenly into the river, so huge, so close, it seemed they could almost hear it hissing. Darkness swept over the vessel.

Occasionally an ugly tin shed with a broken wooden platform appeared at the river's edge, marking one of the company's plantations. Little Doc would ring for a stop and blow the whistle. When the black boss, sometimes with a bone ornament in his nose or ear, arrived, the deck hands would begin to roll drums of gasoline upon the wharf.

At times Little Doc would be touched by loneliness. "Ain't there any Americans around here, Whizzy Dick?" he asked, as he swung the boat around a bright-flowered island.

"There ain't no Americans as I know of, Captain Doc. But there's a fellow from Canada they calls Mister Jock. He's a fine man. We'll git to his place in a couple of days."

Several afternoons later, as Little Doc landed the vessel at a bleak company station, the old Negro pointed to a pleasant house with wide-spreading verandas set on a low rise above the river. "That's where Mister Jock lives, Captain. Stays there with his little girl. She ain't his real girl by rights. Jest adopted her, they says. Her people was missionaries, come from away off, England or somewheres . . . That's them coming down the bank."

He pointed again where two figures came walking toward the boat. The man was brawny and over six feet tall, wearing khaki riding breeches and a white sombrero. His face was ruddy with drink and good nature. Over his mouth swept great sandy mustaches. As he reached the boat, he took off his hat, revealing a mass of sandy, graying hair. His whole appearance was that of one of the amiable, slightly moth-eaten old lions sometimes seen in a circus.

Beside him, in vivid contrast, walked a golden-haired girl of perhaps seventeen, wearing a plain gray dress with a starched white collar like the uniforms sometimes worn by girls in mission schools. At her heels followed a gazelle. Despite the severity of the girl's costume, there seemed a close kinship between mistress and animal. Her eyes, like those of the gazelle, were wide, dreamy, and full of wonder. She greeted the visitors shyly.

Mr. Jock shepherded the newcomers off toward the house on the hill. He led the way across a cheerful veranda, and into a living room a little too crowded with furniture. "Termites took most of my chairs. Sit down on the softest they've left me," he rumbled. "Haven't seen an American for ten years, I guess. Used to get across the border pretty often when I was in the Northwest Mounted."

Little Doc glowed with pleasure. "It's a wonderful country, Canada."

The gazelle entered the room, followed a moment later by a mouse deer, so small, so like the larger animal, it appeared almost as though the gazelle were walking with its double, shrunken by some curious magic to the size of a doll. The girl caressed the animals with her fine-chiseled hands.

The host boomed out some orders to the house boy, and turned to the guests. "I'll try to fix up some kind of dinner for you. Won't be New Orleans cooking. This is the Congo. Liillu here and I do the best we can. Crazy establishment. Nobody but a crazy man would settle in this jungle. I'm part Scotch. Supposed to be a good manager, and all that sort of thing. But something went wrong in my ancestry somewhere. Gold mining, oil business, Northwest Mounted, Australia, Nigeria, now here in Equatorial Africa. Next time God knows where. I'm a mad hatter Scotchman."

Poppy gazed at him with reverence. "That's sure something, to have been in the Northwest Mounted. I've read about that plenty in my Western stories."

A little later they made ready for dinner. The girl appeared, completely transformed now, her dull gray costume replaced by an old-fashioned dress of soft blue, trimmed with many ruffles. About her neck was a thin gold chain with a filigree locket. She gave a little the effect of stepping from the faded miniature hung on the wall in the living room.

They sat down to eat, a vast meal of many courses. The conversation drifted to steamboating.

Mister Jock grew grave. "Never will do it in twenty-five days, Captain. This time of year, with low water and all the stops you make, Noah himself couldn't manage in less than fifty. Scheer's a fool. Want to warn you about Scheer. Bad character."

"I been getting along fine so far, Mister Jock."

"Lucky, that's all. Lucky. But luck doesn't last long in Africa. Here twenty years now."

They finished eating, and adjourned to the living room. The girl moved off to a small piano which stood leaning oddly in a corner, and sat down on a bench before it.

Mister Jock lifted the cover. "Only piano on the Ubangi. Birthday present for Liillu four years ago. Pretty near gone now. Termites eaten the legs so it stands like a gold miner at a bar. No way of getting it tuned. But still it's a piano."

She struck the keys. Dust rose up from the shadowy interior. The strings clanged harshly.

She played some simple songs of England, singing in a sweet, childish voice. They listened with rapt attention. At Mister Jock's request Little Doc and Poppy went off to the boat, returning with the mandolin and the ocarina. They played and sang until late. Liillu's shyness lessened with the music.

They left the house at last. Little Doc was exuberant as he walked to the boat. "They're sure wonderful people," he murmured. "Them people could be Americans."

UP the river the vessel steamed, into the wilderness. They took on a passenger, a French army doctor. He was a man of perhaps fifty, this Major Roget. Burned almost black by the sun, his lean, smooth-shaven face was typical of one variety of cultured Frenchman, keen, slightly quizzical. He walked with a slight limp that made apparent an artificial leg.

To Little Doc's joy, he spoke English with fluency. He sat in the pilot house with the young captain, talking of the scenes they were passing.

They halted at a little settlement. Word spread that the doctor had arrived. The natives came flocking. He treated the sick swiftly, efficiently, with a friendly, cheering word for each frightened man or woman and a kindly pat for each shivering child, then back on the boat quickly relapsed into his quizzical, dryly humorous self.

Late in the afternoon next day, when the doctor was busy in his cabin making out reports, they neared a village where they were to pick up the usual supply of wood.

From the shore rose up the sound of tom-toms, beating a troubled tattoo.

Little Doc brought the vessel to the bank. Beyond some bushes he could see the village, a long row of huts set in a clearing. At one end was a straw building somewhat larger than the others, painted a vivid scarlet. Surrounding this was a circle of bamboo poles, on each of which was set a grotesque mask.

Here the entire population of the village was assembled, dancing to the rhythm of a score of glistening black drummers.

Whizzy Dick's cotton-tufted face grew anxious. "There's something going on, Captain Doc. And I bet it ain't nothing good, neither. This here's what they calls the country of them big gods now."

Little Doc searched the shore for the usual piles of logs. Seeing them nowhere, he went off with Whizzy Dick to make inquiry.

They neared the hut of painted straw and saw the dancers, old men staggering along with the aid of sticks, and babies scarcely old enough to toddle, weaving back and forth in complicated patterns.

The chief of the village, in ceremonial dress, sat watching the performance. He arose as Little Doc approached, and greeted the visitors solemnly. He was a tall, stately figure, with a long thin face.

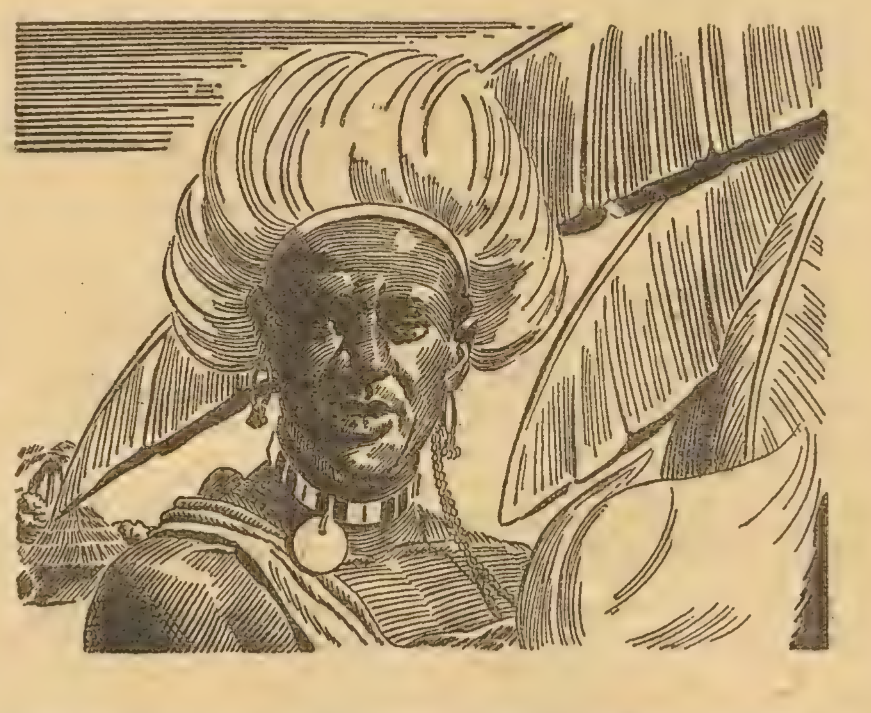
Whizzy Dick spoke to him in Bengala, the master language of the region. "He says they can't cut wood for four days, Captain Doc. They're having a celebration for the big god here. And if anybody cut wood or done any kind of work while they're having it, the big god'd strike 'em dead."

Little Doc paled. "They just got to cut the wood, Whizzy Dick. We can't wait here for no four days."

Whizzy Dick spoke to the chief again, without result.

They hurried back to the steamboat. Little Doc went to find the French officer in his cabin.

The Major listened to his recital and hurried off to the village. When he returned toward sundown, his deep-tanned, quizzical face was pessimistic. "This is a very powerful god, Monsieur. It is impossible to persuade the chief to cut as much as a twig. But we can cross over in the morning to the village on the other shore. I am not without influence among the gods there. The local chief eats so much he is given to stomach-ache, and I always cure him."



The hour was growing late when a dugout glided swiftly from the darkness. A grizzled white man in the uniform of a French sergeant disembarked and hurried to the Major. They talked a long time in French.

The Major turned to Little Doc. He gave an expressive shrug of his shoulders. "It is the grand lottery, my friend. I am afraid I must desert you. There is a very serious outbreak of fever in the back country."

He went off to his cabin. Little Doc gazed after him with sinking heart.

The officer reappeared in a few moments. His black attendant followed, with the officer's baggage on his head.

The Major moved to the dugout where a half-dozen black paddlers waited in the shadows. He made some signs on a scrap of paper and gave it to Little Doc. "Show this to my friend of the stomach-ache in the morning. I think he will recognize the signs."

The dugout glided into the night.

As dawn streaked the sky, Little Doc set out in a canoe and crossed the river. Arriving at a little settlement dozing under some giant mahogany trees, he found the chief of whom the doctor had spoken, and after involved argument induced him to send the villagers into the forest with their crude axes. In a few hours the logs were piled in neat mounds along the bank.

Back on the steamboat, Little Doc mounted gaily to the pilot house, and prepared to take the vessel over to the new village for its precious fuel.

He rang the starting bell.

To his surprise there was no answering sigh from the smokestacks, no swishing of the great paddles.

He was about to send Whizzy Dick below to investigate, when Poppy came running up the stairs to the pilot house. His hairy face was ashen.

"I can't get her started, Little Doc," he panted. "Somebody's stole the governor off the engines." His lips were grim. "We got to find it, Little Doc. I can't run the engine without no governor."

Little Doc and Whizzy Dick hurried up the bank. They saw the stately chief, still clad in his hooded cape of leopard skin, eating manioc from a pottery bowl. The youth presented him with a bag of salt. He touched a finger to the gift, and tasted it in delicate appraisal, as a wine buyer tastes a rare and costly vintage. He spoke in sentences that flowed like running water.

Whizzy Dick listened. "He says he'll look for it, Captain Doc."

They returned to the river. The hours passed slowly. Noon came and afternoon. The sun began to descend toward the horizon. Still there was no trace of the lost machinery.

They went off to the chief again. They found him talking in stern tones to the tribal elders standing meekly at the edge of his mat.

At his request the Americans followed him off to a distant section of the village where groups of black men sat around crude forges, beating out metal ornaments for the festival.

The chief's thin, statuelike face flashed under his conical hood. He questioned the workers harshly.

He barked a command. They assembled in an uneasy circle about him. He took some dry native bread from a woman preparing a meal, and broke it into many pieces. Mumbling unintelligible phrases, he gave a fragment to each of the staring black men.

One of the Negroes spoke. "He is going to hold a trial, Captain Master. He will make these black men eat of the bread. And he who is the thief will choke. If he does not speak, the great god will cause him to die."

The chief grunted a new order. The Negroes hesitated, then, stiff as automatons, put the pieces of bread into their mouths and began to chew.

Among the Negroes in the suspected circle was a wrinkled old man whose face and body were decorated everywhere with raised circles made by setting colored pebbles under the skin. Gradually the movement of his jaws grew slower. His black face assumed a curious greenish hue. Suddenly his jaws clamped shut as though jerked by a string. His body rocked with a violent spasm of choking. He dropped to his knees before the chief, his arms upraised in supplication.

The chief uttered a stern command. The old man led the way to a bleak little hut. He entered and, moving to a crude pallet made of branches, scattered the straw which formed the mattress. Beneath lay the governor, the brass balls which formed it polished until they glowed like huge yellow jewels in some gaudy royal crown.

The chief upbraided him fiercely and, returning the bright metal to Little Doc, spoke with grave formality.

Whizzy Dick interpreted. "He says he's mighty sorry, Captain Doc. He says this here's jest a poor old man don't know no better, ain't got no money or wives or nothing. He says this here's the night they got to give presents to the god. The old man didn't have nothing. So when he seen the governor on the boat yesterday he stole it."

They hurried back to the boat.

LITTLE DOC waked with the dawn. It had rained during the night. The air was fresh, invigorating. He mounted to the pilot house and steered the boat across the water. The vessel drew alongside the fragrant piles of new-cut wood.

The task of loading the wood was finished quickly. Little Doc's face was bright. "We just lost a day, after all, Poppy. That ain't quite three days late. And we can make that up easy."

The smokestacks panted thunderously. A curtain of foam shrouded the whirling paddles.

Toward afternoon there was a distinct change in the color of the water. Little Doc studied the rippled surface. "She's getting mighty shallow. Looks like it ain't rained up here at all."

Little Doc rang the engine room. The paddle wheel ceased its churning. The prow scraped bottom.

Little Doc signaled the engineer again.

The boat shuddered, and slowly backed away.

Little Doc swung off farther from the shore, and once more drove the vessel forward. Again there came the warning sound of the hull scraping sand and mud.

Whizzy Dick lifted his scarlet fez and wiped his streaming head with a bandanna. "Ain't no use, Captain Doc. You can't move her up or down. Way the river's dropping she won't be deep enough tomorrow to float a skiff. We jest got to wait till they git rain up the river. We're stuck in this jungle mighty bad."

HOUR after hour the boat lay motionless, while the water dropped lower and lower. Dawn came and a new fiery sun beat down upon the decks, searing the boards until the paint blistered.

A second and a third day passed. Little Doc's face grew drawn.

On the fifth day they noticed clouds, spreading slowly and circling in smoky masses around the horizon. The fiery sky overhead grew gray, mottled. With the approach of darkness, lightning began to flash in the distance.

There was a change in the hushed murmur of the river. The water began to lap musically about the imprisoned hull.

Little Doc listened. He hurried to take soundings.

His face brightened. "She's rising fast. I guess it's storming hard up the river. Looks like we'll be getting it here pretty quick."

There was an odd trembling of the deck. Little Doc grew jubilant. "She's floating," he said.

Long before dawn they were under way again. More green-forested miles sped behind the churning wheel.

They came in sight of the bleak, tin-roofed lean-tos that marked the terminus of their voyage, where the rubber was brought from plantations deep in the forest.

Little Doc blew a gay blast of the whistle. "We're going to start making up time sure enough now. There's a white man here, and we'll get the rubber loaded quick. Won't take more than a couple of hours, so we can start down again this afternoon. We're eight days late. But it ain't our fault if we get stuck when there ain't any water in the river. Mr. Scheer ain't going to blame me for that."

The boat touched the wharf and Little Doc moved to the railing. A white man, obviously the manager, walked slowly down the bank.

The newcomer came aboard, a thin, listless Belgian whose chalky face bore the tell-tale marks of malaria. His once white tropicals were smudged and badly in need of a creasing. His helmet had not been chalked for many months.

He shook Little Doc's hand in mechanical fashion. "Got any beer?" he asked. His voice trembled with anxiety.

He took the bottles Little Doc set before him in the cabin, and opening one with a shaking hand, drank it in a single gulp. He opened a second bottle, and turned with absent eyes to Little Doc. "The rubber? It hasn't arrived yet."

The freckles in Little Doc's cheeks stood out vividly as the skin about them turned pale. "They told me it'd sure be ready. Ain't you got no idea when it's going to come?"

"The rubber might get here tomorrow. Next day. A week. Two weeks maybe. The managers do the best they can."

The rubber arrived several days after, in a long procession of dugouts manned by chanting Negroes.

When it was loaded, Little Doc swung the vessel from the shore. The shabby manager, dozing in a chair on the bank, wakened. He called out dazedly, "Next time bring more beer."

Little Doc looked at the worn calendar tacked on the wall of the pilot house. "We're eleven days late, Whizzy Dick. I'm mighty scared we're going to lose our jobs."

THE engines, which had been performing without fault, began to fail. Their frailty was accentuated by a new disaster. A green funguslike growth covered the water. The vessel plowed mile after mile through a gluey scum. Soon the boilers were blocked hopelessly. The boat breathed like a stricken animal, struggling to reach its home to die.

They were fifteen, eighteen, twenty-one days late! Little Doc grew desperate again.

They reached the company plantation adjoining the house of Mister Jock, and stopped again for dinner, while the black men loaded the rubber. Little Doc forgot some of his cares in the presence of the jovial, lionlike host, and the shy, gray-clad Liillu.

The Canadian and his foster daughter were going to visit Leopoldville, and were to be passengers on the steamboat. In the morning when the loading was finished, Little Doc brought them aboard.

"Don't mind Scheer," boomed Mister Jock, as he sat in the pilot house, watching the youth struggle to get some speed from the engines. "Can't possibly expect you in twenty-five days. Or else up to something. Slippery character."

They lost another day, and another. Little Doc found more and more relief from his worries in the presence of the visitors. Often Liillu would come with her knitting to the pilot house, and sit on the stool beside the creaking wheel.

The jungle faded. They were in the low rolling hills once more. Signs appeared of the towns they were approaching—tugs and barges, and dugouts filled with ivory for the markets of the white man.

They saw the gaunt red tower of the radio station at Brazzaville, and the wharves of Leopoldville on the other bank.

Little Doc turned to the engineer, who had come up to the pilot house for instructions about the landing. "We done it, Poppy." His freckled face was radiant.

He spun the wheel to avoid a dugout piled high with golden papayas. "I've worked at a-plenty of things before. But I never knew till now what I wanted to be doing. Running a steamboat in Africa's the most wonderful thing there is."

He blew the whistle to announce their arrival.

He was touched with anxiety a moment. "'Course it took us forty-four days. That's nineteen more than Mr. Scheer said. But every bit of that was waiting for the rubber. Mr. Scheer's sure going to understand."

The boat touched the Belgian shore. Mister Jock and Liillu collected their baggage and, arranging to meet Little Doc after dinner, went off to the large hotel on a bluff overlooking the water.

Little Doc's face lighted as he saw the agent with his twirling cane, walking languidly down the wharf. Little Doc greeted him with enthusiasm.

The other barely touched the extended hand. The coldness of his face had intensified. He put a cigarette between his thin lips. "You are nineteen days late, Captain." His words were cold, metallic.

Little Doc's enthusiasm faded. He began explaining the delay.

The agent took out an expensive lighter and brought it to his cigarette. "There is no possible excuse for nineteen days."

"I don't think anybody could have brought her in any quicker, Mr. Scheer. It always takes a little while to learn a new river. But it'll be easy now. Next time I can do it a lot faster, sure."

The agent bent over the lighter and dug at the wick with a pin. "There will not be a next time, Captain. You have made your last trip for the company."

Poppy had been sitting bewildered, chewing the end of a cigar. He spoke now, in dignified protest. "You can't do Little Doc and me this way, Mr. Scheer. Here we come all the way to Africa, and now you tell us we ain't got a job. Little Doc's the best riverman there is anywhere. He ran that boat wonderful, everybody says. And besides, we got a contract."

The agent's eyes flashed angrily. "I am quite aware that you have a contract. I suggest you read its details. We agreed merely to guarantee your passage back to America when your employment ended. There is a boat sailing from Matadi next Friday. I suggest you take it."

He strode away. His twirling cane vanished in the distance.

Little Doc plodded with Poppy to the shore. Long streamers of mist were drifting everywhere, like shrouds. Each tree was almost hidden by a long funereal veil.

They arrived at the café of the hotel, crowded with fashionably clad Belgians and deafening with the music of a raucous radio.

They saw Mister Jock and Liillu at a table.

The Canadian had already heard the news by the mysterious African underground which travels faster than the telegraph. "Damned outrage. Scheer's a swine. Just heard why he let you go. No shortage of rivermen now. Big rubber company stopped running steamboats. So a lot of poor devil Portuguese boatmen out looking for new jobs. Scheer's hired some of 'em. Ten of 'em work for what he paid you. You get the boat assembled and started. So he gives you impossible job to have excuse to fire you. Nice fellow, eh?"

The youth and Poppy walked into the street again. Through the town they trudged, past other cafés where lean bank clerks and fat shopkeepers sat drinking, past the little freight yards where toy engines tooted shrilly. They reached the native village with its rows of huts stretching off endlessly into the shadows. Black men and women sat in circles around smudge fires to avoid the swarms of droning mosquitoes.

A long time they wandered. The road brought them to the river. They were on a low bluff now. The water lay below them, dreamy, mysterious, still shrouded by drifting veils of fog.

Little Doc looked down the ghostly valley. "I lost my job, Poppy. And I made you lose yours, too. I ain't ever lost a job before."

The other did not answer.

"I guess there ain't going to be no big steamboat line, or no parade or Boosters Club or nothing. . . . I can't go back to Cotton Valley any more."

LITTLE DOC awakened on the steamboat with a feeling of great weariness. He arose numbly and, eating a little of the breakfast Whizzy Dick set before him, began to collect his meager possessions.

They were about to start on a tour of the town to look for work, when there was a knock on the door, and Mister Jock entered. They moved outside to the little café that occupied the hotel veranda, and sat down at a table.

Mister Jock began to smoke his volcanic pipe. "Had idea in the night," he rumbled. "Maybe you'll like it. Giving up my place on the Ubangi. Bank's got it from me. But this time have something can't fail. Arranged the money this morning. Money makes the mare go. Eh? . . . Waiter, bring me a whisky. In a hurry."

He drank the liquor quickly. "Bought a fine plantation back in the Sanga country. Raise different kinds of bananas. What do you and your friend Poppy think of coming along?"

The spoon with which Little Doc was stirring his coffee struck against the side of the cup sharply. His drooping red brows began to lift with incredulity. "Golly, Mister Jock. Golly."

He could say no more.

The Canadian nodded with pleasure. "Be expecting you, then. Boat leaves day after tomorrow."

A FEW weeks later they were settled on Mister Jock's banana plantation.

The Canadian stopped with Little Doc one afternoon to gaze at a row of towering plants where here and there showed the flower buds that later would grow into the fruit.

Mister Jock was in one of his rare moods of seriousness. He turned to the youth thoughtfully. "Fooled the banks this time. Eh? Everything flourishing. Looks like my luck's changed. Good thing, too. Couldn't borrow another nickel."

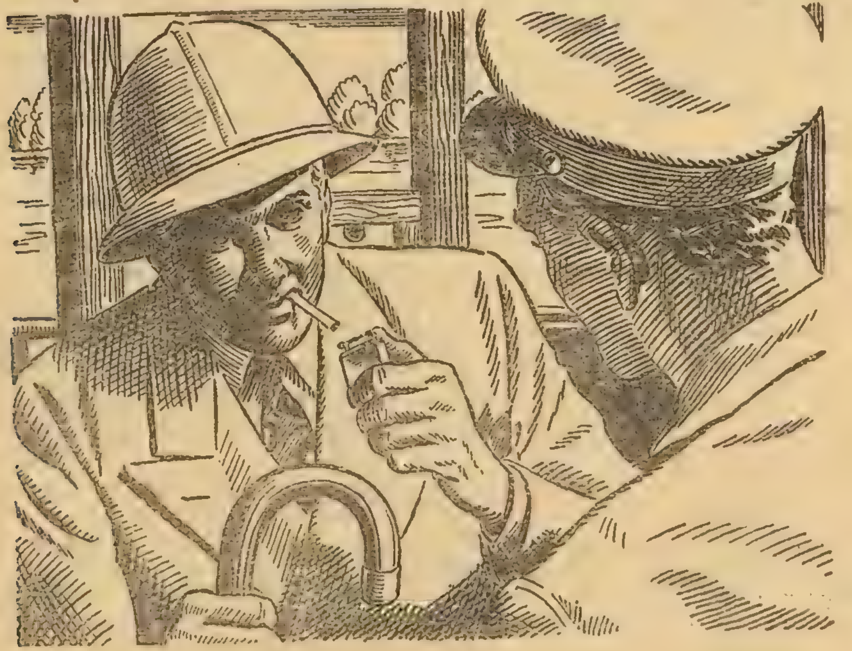
Little Doc nodded eagerly. "Your luck sure has changed, Mister Jock. Everything's going wonderful."

Mister Jock's thoughtful mood continued. "When money starts coming in, going to make you and Poppy part of the firm so you share in the profits. Eh? Don't believe in being a hog."

Little Doc's varied tasks took him everywhere about the plantation. But he was happiest when he sat at the helm of one of the gas boats, piloting the craft up the dark water-courses that cut shadowy canyons everywhere through the forest.

IN the weeks that followed, Little Doc and Liillu were constantly together. On Sundays when the plantation hands were resting from their labors, they would walk along the riverbank, watching the hippopotamus playing in the dark water, and the flocks of gorgeous herons in the sky. Little Doc would talk of the great river where he had spent his life.

He was sitting with Liillu on the riverbank one afternoon, taking a momentary respite from his labors, when his freckled face grew thoughtful. At the water's edge some herons were stepping delicately, like timid young ladies afraid of wetting their feet. A short distance away a trio of black carpenters were squatting on top of an unfinished boathouse they were building, nailing down boards to form the roof. Another Negro stood on the ground below them, cutting long planks into sections.



"If you was building a house, Liillu, and you could have anything you wanted in it just for asking, what you think you'd ask for maybe?" asked Little Doc.

She spoke slowly. "I think I would ask for a stained-glass window. Once when my mother was a little girl in England, there was a church with such a window. When she sat in the church each Sunday she always looked at the window. She said it was very beautiful."

A butterfly flew to some brilliant wild flowers that covered the bank in a vivid tapestry. The girl's eyes followed its flight. "One day there was a storm that broke the glass and men came to put in a new window. The pastor knew how my mother had loved this window and gave her some of the pieces. There were many colors, red and blue, she said, and green like the color of the sea. She kept the pieces always. And when she came with my father here to Africa, she asked him to put them in the window of the church they built in the jungle. But my father would not do as she wished. He said it was idolatrous."

The youth's voice grew reflective. "A stained-glass window is sure mighty pretty. There's a stained-glass window in the Presbyterian Church in Cotton Valley took a hundred people ten years to make, they says. . . . What else would you like in your house?"

She sat a long time in meditation. Her dreamy face suddenly grew bright. "I would like a piano stool that turns. Not like the one in the plantation house which is like a chair. But one which winds and winds. My mother told me once when she was a girl she sat on such a stool. She said it was like riding a cloud in the sky. If I had such a stool I would sit upon it and turn and turn all day."

Their talk was interrupted by the arrival of Whizzy Dick. They started back home, taking a seldom used path, and had not proceeded far when they saw a pygmy camp.

They approached the camp and saw at once that some forest tragedy was occurring. Before a tree sat the chief, an old man with a shriveled little face resembling one of those grotesque oriental heads sometimes carved from peach stones.

About him stood a score of the Little People, watching gloomily.

The reason for their melancholy was apparent when Little Doc caught sight of a dead viper stretched out in the clearing, and saw the marks of its fangs in the chief's withered leg.

The pygmies had encountered white men before and made no resistance when Little Doc took out the snake vaccine he constantly carried and prepared to inject it into the flesh near the wound. They chattered like eager children as the serum began to take effect and the old man's face brightened. Soon they were dancing in jubilation.

They ceased their dances to express their thanks to Little Doc in stately Bengala, with Whizzy Dick acting as interpreter.

They were shy but friendly little creatures, with great beautiful eyes like deer, and soft, musical voices.

There was a pause in the speech making. An old woman and a young girl approached Little Doc timidly and stood before him with bowed heads.

Whizzy Dick began to argue with the chief heatedly. "He wants to give you these here women, Captain Doc. I told him you didn't want no women. I told him if he wants to give you a nice present, to give you some ivory."

Little Doc flushed with embarrassment. Whizzy Dick grew vehement.

The woman and the girl stole away.

A moment later some pygmy men came forward, bearing four great tusks of ivory, perfectly matched, flawless. Followed by the tribe, they carried the precious burdens to the river, and laid them on the floor of a dugout.

DOWN the river the vessel glided into the setting sun. Golden-crested birds drifted overhead, with long jeweled tails floating behind them, like the trains of queens at a coronation.

The sun dropped suddenly into the horizon. The blue dome of the sky seemed to change to a cone of dull black metal, as though some god, angry at humanity, had covered the earth with a monstrous candle-snuffer. The stars appeared one by one and twinkled brilliantly.

The river shone like a darkened mirror. On its starry surface fish jumped everywhere, with a noise like the clap of a hand.

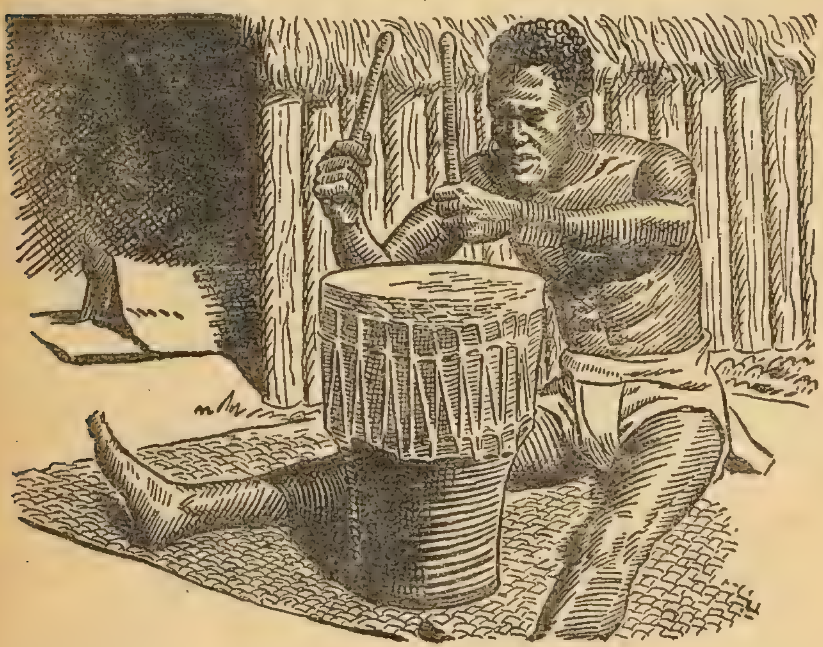
On the bank a night bird called softly, with a sound like a silver bell.

Steadily the arms of the black men rose and fell. Their hushed voices drifted over the river in sad monotony.

Little Doc and Liillu sat a long time gazing over the dark water. When he spoke, his voice was hesitant. "I used to think I was happy when I was back on the river in Cotton Valley, watching the fish jumping and the darkies singing off in the little church back of the lumber mill. I'm watching and listening now. But everything's different some way, since I come to stay . . . with . . . Mister Jock." He was silent again for a moment. "It's like . . . like you went to the Fair Store in Cotton Valley and seen a lot of pictures. All of 'em was regular kind of pictures, excepting one, and that was a wonderful picture. It was the Tower of Jewels at one of them big World's Fairs, with real diamond chips in the Tower, and flags flying everywhere, and bands playing and mother-of-pearl all over. . . . You took one of the regular pictures, 'cause of course you didn't have near enough money to buy the Tower of Jewels, and you brought the package home and opened it. . . . And then you seen it was the Tower they had give you by mistake. You stayed up all night looking at it, and took it back in the morning, feeling mighty sad. And then the girl that sold it to you called the manager of the Fair Store and he come and said 'cause you were so honest you could keep it. . . . That's the way I feel all the time now . . . like they had give me the picture. . . . Everything's so . . . kind of . . . pretty."

The days passed in pleasant succession. Mister Jock's expanding ventures made it necessary for him to be away frequently now, visiting some distant village to engage more laborers for the banana groves, or buying new supplies of palm nuts for the oil presses.

Little Doc and Poppy were sitting beside Liillu at the piano during one of these absences, holding one of their usual Sunday afternoon concerts, when Lazarus, the field boss, entered the wide doorway. His appearance was startling. Perspiration showed in ugly splotches on the white shirt he had donned for the holiday, and trickled in rivers down his gray-scarred face. He stood hesitant at the threshold, unwilling to enter. Little Doc hurried across the room.



The Negro spoke in gasps, as though he had been running. "Come to the village quickly, Master. The sickness, Master."

Little Doc paled. "What kind of sickness, Lazarus?"

The Negro was silent a moment, catching his breath. He spoke again, still panting heavily. "I think it is the yellow sickness, Master. The sickness of death. It moves swiftly, like a river in flood."

A moment later Little Doc and Poppy were dashing off to the straw building which served as a hospital. Snatching up some drugs and a medical handbook Mister Jock had purchased, and accompanied by the stoop-shouldered, owl-like old Negro who acted as nurse, they hurried down the riverbank.

They neared the settlement, and heard the beat of tom-toms. Entering the narrow village street, they saw groups of black men and women dancing in procession before the rows of huts, chanting shrilly.

The field boss led the way to a dwelling where a moth-eaten jackal dog sat. They hurried inside.

At one corner of the shadowy room, Little Doc could distinguish a bed of straw where a skinny little man lay tossing with fever. Near him squatted two women.

The old Negro nurse gazed at the sick man, and blinked his owl-like eyes in solemnity. "It is truly the yellow sickness, Master. I have seen it when I was with the English doctors in Nigeria. It was this sickness which killed my father, Master."

Little Doc studied the medical handbook with care. The language was technical, difficult.

A wave of helplessness swept Little Doc. From cabin to cabin he moved, seeing always the same stricken faces.

He hurried off with the field boss to the riverbank, and halted before a huge hollow log covered with the skin of an animal. Near it a dwarfish man with a club foot and a tall boy wearing a single shell earring sat dozing in a doorway. After a conversation with the field boss, they picked up some odd-shaped sticks and began to beat the great drum in booming strokes that rolled over the water like distant thunder. The Negroes ceased, and with sticks upraised looked in expectation down the valley.

There was silence for several moments. Then from the green horizon there came what seemed a muffled echo, repeating each stroke in exact interval and tone.

Again and again the drummers plied their sticks, always with the same faint answer.

The club-footed man made a long formal oration.

Lazarus interpreted. "He says he has sent both the drum-talkings, Master. One to the village where the Boss-Master has gone to buy the palm nuts, and one to the Monkanga Mokenge, the chief of the white witch doctors at Mabele. He has asked them to come fast as the flight of the deer before the hunter. He says he has made good drum-talkings, Master. For he knows the white masters will bring the witches in the little bottles, and the little guns that shoot the magic water into the flesh."

Little Doc returned to the village street. He studied the medical book, and conferring again with the old nurse, brought some drums of oil from the plantation. He began to spread the oil over every stagnant pool. Soon after, he assigned crews of Negroes to collect refuse from all parts of the village, and, assembling the debris in piles along the road, set it ablaze.

Night fell. New fires glowed before the shadowy huts. A thick, choking smoke lay over the village. Through it masked figures, escorted by torch bearers, marched in a bizarre parade. Behind them came a long procession of natives, beating tom-toms in a curious, staccato rhythm. The sound was harsh, irritating.

Lazarus spoke in somber tones. "They beat the little tom-toms for the sick, Master. So that the sick will not hear the great tom-toms of the gods. When he who is sick hears the great tom-toms, he sleeps the long sleep, Master."

Several times the youth went down to the riverbank to make inquiries of the club-footed drummer. Again and again he paused in his labors to listen as he thought he heard a muffled echo in the distance that might be a response to his messages.

His inquiries and his listening were in vain. There was no answer.

He returned with Poppy to the plantation long after midnight, to find Liillu waiting. The servants had gone some hours before. The girl hastened to prepare a supper. The two Americans ate with the appetites of starving men.

Liillu finished serving the meal and sat knitting, gazing at the others with dreamy eyes. "In the morning I am going to the village also," she announced.

Little Doc shook his head.

The clicking of the needles grew determined. "I cannot catch the fever. I was born in this forest. When the fever came, my mother always nursed the sick. I shall nurse them, like my mother."

LITTLE DOC went off with Lazarus to the hospital for a new supply of medicines and hurried toward the settlement once more. All night he labored, returning wearily at dawn. When he set out again, despite all his protests, Liillu walked at his side. Noiselessly she entered the huts where the sufferers lay, and speaking a few soothing words, left some little gift from the plantation. The pain in the fevered faces seemed to lessen for a moment.

Toward midnight a gas boat sputtered on the river. Soon after, Mister Jock came dashing from the wharf. "Heard the news this morning," he panted to Liillu and Little Doc, who had hurried down the path to meet him. "Racing ever since to get here. Thank God you're all right."

He set to work at once, improving the measures Little Doc had begun.

A new morning dawned. The fever spread farther and farther. Soon it invaded the plantation house. Four of the servants were stricken. The black men carried them off to the little hospital.

Mister Jock paced up and down the veranda like a worried lion. "Try to get the doctors at Mabele again," he rumbled.

The great drum boomed out a message once more.

Lazarus translated the muffled answer. "They have found the chief of the white witch doctors, Master. He is at Locomi, where there is also the sickness. He is coming now. But he does not have the iron birds to carry him. And Locomi is far away."

Though Mister Jock grumbled constant objection, Liillu had insisted on coming with him to the village. Toward sunset Little Doc escorted her back to the plantation.

They were walking along the river, when she halted suddenly in the road. "I think I will rest," she said in a quiet voice. She took a seat upon a log.

A cool breeze blew off the river with the approach of evening. Liillu picked up a fragment of palm branch lying near by and began to use it as a fan. "It is very hot today," she said.

Little Doc looked at her in wonder.

A moment later the girl rose to her feet. She stood an instant, an odd expression about her lips, then swayed dizzily. Little Doc caught her arm.

They walked along the road, Liillu leaning on the youth heavily for support.

Little Doc sent a passing native to find Mister Jock. The Canadian came at once. Together they brought her to the plantation.

Mister Jock took Liillu off to her room.

Little Doc came in soon after and saw her lying peacefully in bed, her golden hair scattered over the pillow. He took a seat beside Mister Jock. They talked cheerfully to conceal their anxiety.

Liillu slept.

AGAIN and again Little Doc went down to the river, looking vainly for a vessel that might be bringing aid from the world outside. Whizzy Dick took a post on a rise where the valley with its myriad brown watercourses lay stretched out below him. Here he could watch the approach of any strange craft from the moment its dark prow lifted above the hazy horizon.

The night passed slowly. Little Doc sat dozing on the veranda. Dawn broke through the mist shrouding the valley. A tom-tom sounded faintly in the distance.

Soon after, Whizzy Dick hobbled up the path. "There's a big canoe coming, Captain Doc. She's packed full of people, like mice a-hiding in a cornsack."

The youth hurried off with him to the village.

An immense dugout was speeding up the river, propelled by perhaps thirty glistening black paddlers. The brawny shoulders of the boatmen dipped in unison with the swaying of a dwarfish, red-capped Negro, who sat in the bow beating a drum. As passengers in the huge craft there were riding a number of black soldiers wearing the brilliant red and blue uniforms of the French colonial army. In their middle sat a white man, clad in khaki helmet and tropicals, with an officer's insignia gleaming on his shoulders.

The great canoe swung to the wharf before the plantation. The white man leaped ashore.

It was the French army doctor, Major Roget.

The officer's long, quizzical face was leaner than ever. His cheeks and chin, once clean-shaven, were hidden by a heavy, unkempt beard. His eyes were encircled with deep black rings of exhaustion. But his energies seemed to have increased rather than diminished, as though it was in such emergencies that his talents found their opportunity.

Little Doc spoke a few anxious words. The doctor gave some instructions to the heavy-spectacled Negro sergeant who acted as his assistant. The dugout continued on toward the village.

The doctor hurried with the youth to the house. Mister Jock met them in the doorway and led the officer off to Liillu's bedroom.

They remained a long time. The officer rejoined the youth on the veranda.

His usually quizzical face was grave as he replied to Little Doc's hesitant questioning. "We can only wait, Monsieur. There is little we can do. Good nursing, something to induce sleep, something to make the body resist. It is at such moments that a doctor feels his helplessness."

TOWARD evening Little Doc came into Liillu's room for a visit, bringing with him some steaming broth. She drank it, resting against the pillow.

The usual supplies had arrived on the steamboat. Little Doc brought in a bulky package, and setting it on the floor, began to remove the wrappings. "It's something I asked them to buy for you in Brazzaville," he announced mysteriously. Liillu sat up straighter, watching with eagerness as the wrappings fell away.

She gave a faint gasp of joy. "It is a piano stool," she murmured.

Entranced, she caressed the polished surface with her delicate fingers. She gave a little sigh. "Will you sit and turn upon it? Slowly. Till it winds to the bottom."

He obeyed, a little sheepishly.

"Now till it winds to the top."

Round and round he turned, until he was dizzy.

Liillu's face grew radiant. "It is the way my mother said. It is like riding a cloud in the sky." She lay back in the bed and slept.

Soon after Mister Jock came to resume his vigil. Little Doc tiptoed out the door.

The youth lay down in his room to snatch a few moments' sleep before joining the doctor in the village. His exertions of the past few days had exhausted his vitality; when he awakened and looked at his watch, he saw that the hour was nearing midnight. He jumped from the bed, conscience-struck. With that odd sixth sense the white man often develops at the Equator, he quickly felt about him the presence of something unusual.

Outside the house tom-toms were beating in a harsh staccato as they had beaten constantly before the huts of the natives. Voices were chanting in melancholy.

There was no moon, and the stars were hidden.

Little Doc took his flashlight and shone it through the window. The rays disclosed a score of black figures beneath the trees, dancing in solemn measures. The youth recognized the faces of some of the household servants and the field hands.

The beat of the drums became muffled. The chant changed to a moaning, hushed, despairing. Little Doc started outside to ask the dancers to move farther away. He heard a murmuring near the veranda, and turning the flashlight, saw Whizzy Dick sitting with the field boss on the wooden step. They were talking in low voices. He moved forward, and spoke to them questioningly.

The wide earrings of the field boss twinkled in the obscurity. The Negro looked off toward Liillu's room where some figures were moving about, vaguely silhouetted against the drawn curtains, then turned to gaze at the dancers starkly outlined again in the rays of the flashlight.

He averted his scarred face, and spoke slowly. "The tom-toms will not trouble the little mistress, Master. The mistress listens to the great tom-toms of the gods."

AS if in a trance, with lifeless steps, the youth wandered into the house, and halted outside Liillu's bedroom. He waited at the door. The doctor emerged and spoke in hushed tones.

Little Doc turned away, and moved outside again. He stood before the veranda, rigid once more, staring off into the blackness.

There was a faint patter of feet and the gazelle emerged from the house, its body taut, its nostrils quivering. The dancers gave a sudden dismal cry. The tom-toms, changing their rhythm, beat thunderously.

The gazelle leaped high into the air, and bounded in panic toward the river. Little Doc gazed after it with hypnotic eyes. As though he were an automaton, set in motion by the animal, he began to follow.

The gazelle reached the bank and began crashing through the canebrake along the water toward the village.

The youth plunged numbly after. The village showed before him, the peaked straw huts weirdly silhouetted in the glow of the crackling fires.

The gazelle vanished.

The village streets were crowded with black men and women carrying their meager possessions from their huts and piling them in a clearing. Near by, the doctor's spectacled assistant was supervising the black soldiers as they transferred the last of the sick men and women to the hospital tents.

"They are going to burn the village, Captain Master," one of the Negroes said.

A soldier tossed an oil-soaked torch. A straw hut blazed, then another and another. The flames leaped across the narrow lanes in sudden bursts, as though some evil giant stood near by, blowing his fiery breath to speed the conflagration. The village became the mouth of a volcano, constantly breaking into new explosions and sending up showers of glowing cinders.

Quietly Little Doc walked with the two Negroes past the glowing embers and retraced his steps along the river. The smoke from the dying village billowed after them in thick, choking clouds.

They reached the plantation. Little Doc halted at the minute wharf where he had spent so many hours with Liillu, and sat looking out over the water. The clouds in the sky vanished, leaving the moon in golden majesty. Occasionally when a gust of wind swept the river a new shower of sparks floated up from the village, forming a faint starry curtain.

Poppy came searching for the youth, and took a place on a near-by log.

Little Doc spoke quietly. "I'm going away from here, Poppy. . . . I don't know where I'm going. . . . But I can't stay here no more."

LITTLE DOC awakened with a curious murmuring in his ears. He looked about in a daze. Beyond him, there was a row of glistening white beds, appearing to stretch off to the horizon. Vaguely he saw that in each of the beds a figure was lying. With a dull shock, Little Doc realized that he was in one of the beds as well.

A tall woman wearing a nurse's cap came forward with a sandy-mustached, elderly doctor wearing dark-rimmed glasses. The physician thrust a thermometer into the youth's mouth, spoke a few cheerful words, then moved off again.

Little Doc watched hazily.

A deep hush lay over the room. From beyond the windows came the distant sounds of the city, the faint honking of an automobile, the far-off rumbling of a motor. At intervals a bearded Egyptian attendant shuffled past the beds in leather sandals.

There was a sound of muffled footsteps outside, and two figures came down the aisle. Little Doc's pale cheeks were touched with faint warmth. He raised himself on his pillow.

Awkwardly the visitors tiptoed over the floor, as simple men unused to illness walk in hospitals.

They reached the bed and halted. Little Doc murmured a greeting.

It was Whizzy Dick and Poppy.

The visitors stood in embarrassed silence.

Poppy's clothes were neat-pressed, his face clean-shaven. He hesitated, then put his hand into his pocket and withdrew a rough snakeskin belt, crudely decorated with Egyptian coins. He laid it on the bed. "I made this for you in the jail," he said.

They talked for a time, Little Doc's cheeks growing steadily brighter.

Poppy gazed about the ward with interest. "This here's sure a nice place, ain't it, Little Doc? It's for all the English people in Cairo, and the Americans too, they says. It's pretty near as nice as the Marine Hospital in New Orleans."

Whizzy Dick moved aside a moment for the bearded Egyptian attendant, sweeping under the bed with a long-handled brush. "You sure been mighty sick, Captain Doc. Them doctors said you done had Africa bad. They was telling me you had about a hundred kinds of fever you git on them Congo rivers and in the big woods and about six kinds of fever you just gits anywhere. They said they don't know how you're a-living today."

Poppy nodded. "I told 'em you couldn't kill no Mississippi River man. They says you'll be out of here in a month or so, looks like. Then the Government people here's a-sending you and me and Whizzy Dick home."

The tall, white-capped nurse came near, and beckoned to signal that the visit was ended.

Poppy and Whizzy Dick came again the next day, and many days thereafter. With each new visit Little Doc grew stronger. His life on the steamboat and on the plantation, the chattering monkeys and the snorting buffalo, the sluggish crocodiles and the herds of trumpeting elephants, even Mister Jock and Liillu grew curiously blurred, as though he saw them now only through a hazy curtain. His mind, like his body, was at peace.

His spirits grew brighter and brighter. Soon he was able to leave the bed and begin moving about the yard, chatting with the other patients, or engaging in a stubbornly contested game of checkers with his neighbors.

Then one pleasant afternon, still a little drawn and pale, Little Doc walked with Poppy and Whizzy Dick through the hospital entrance. A taxicab was waiting outside, with a jaunty tarbooshed driver. They climbed inside. The chauffeur honked his horn and swept down the avenue. Wildly he charged through the swirling traffic, blowing his horn frenziedly, then drew up with a flourish before the railroad station. Soon the three were sitting in a crowded railway coach, rattling over the countryside, with Cairo far behind.

Another city showed ahead. They streamed in a new avalanche through a station gateway, and found another cab that took them whirling through white-walled, tangled streets that wound along the sea. They halted at a wharf where a rusty freighter was lying.

Little Doc walked slowly up the gangplank.

A sailor took their baggage. They went off to their cabins, and began to wander about the rusty decks. The ship was a noisy symphony with the sounds preliminary to departure, the shrill whining of derricks, the staccato tapping of hammers, the excited tooting of donkey engines. Most of the hatches were still open. From them, above the saltiness of the sea, there arose a heavy odor, haunting, mysterious: the smell of spice and hemp and pungent oils, the odor of dyed leather and fragrant desert cedar, the perfume of mangoes and pomegranates and exotic flowers, the smell of mud and crocodiles and steaming jungle rivers that never saw the sun—the smell of Africa.

The sailors dragged the last of the hatch covers into place and covered them with tarpaulins. Still the odor hung over the ship, like a ghostly, invisible cloud.

A tug came alongside. The anchor chains clanked musically. The freighter blew a long whistle. The turbaned laborers who had been working on the decks dashed ashore, shouting, laughing. The ship began to swing from the wharf. Slowly it glided through the busy harbor, past awkward lighters and graceful-prowed sailboats filled with long-robed fishermen. The white buildings along the docks drifted farther and farther into the distance; with the gleaming domes and minarets of the mosques beyond they seemed part of an enchanted city, built of ivory. A scarlet-painted sailboat hovered near, crowded with bright-clad Mohammedans celebrating a wedding day. Tarbooshed men sat about, smoking hookahs. In the stern a woman droned a monotonous song, and two musicians played a lute and a drum.

The ship glided onward. The harbor mouth showed ahead. Beyond it lay blue water. The ship steamed into it noiselessly. The sound of the drum faded into the beat of the engine. The tug drifted free.

The land vanished. The water became bluer and bluer, shining in the sunlight until it seemed a sheet of brilliant blue glass. The prow of the ship cut it like a knife.

Gulls began to fly in wavering patterns beyond the stern, mewing eerily. Porpoise came swimming out to meet the vessel, dancing and somersaulting alongside, sometimes forming in parallel columns before the prow, like royal escorts sent to guard the way. The decks began a gentle swaying.

Day after day the ship made its way across the blue water. Often it halted at some sun-swept port where swarthy men clad in fantastic costumes and speaking outlandish tongues swarmed aboard to load and unload cargo. Islands showed ahead where donkeys trotted before rows of pink-walled houses, and great rocks up whose sides peasant carts made their laborious way.

Little Doc improved rapidly. His old gaiety and enthusiasm were returning. Often now he was below decks with the sailors, listening to their weird adventures, or playing the mandolin and the saw. He took up his brushes again, and busied himself with his painting.

LITTLE DOC sat on the deck of the ship that was taking them home, painting an octopus with a great tentacle wrapped around a fishing boat. Near by Poppy labored with an old shoe, nailing down a loosened heel.

Little Doc wiped his brush and looked off at the horizon. "It's going to be wonderful to be back home, ain't it, Poppy?"

The other pounded noisily with a hammer. "When I get home I ain't never going to cross the street again unless I have to."

Little Doc sketched a sailor, kneeling in prayer, near the great tentacle of the octopus. "You think they'll all be the same in Cotton Valley, Poppy? Princie Jo, and the people up at the Boosters Club, and everybody? You think they'll all be glad to see us?"

Poppy smoothed down a projecting nail in the shoe with a file. " 'Course they'll all be glad to see you. I'll bet the first day you get back the Boosters Club'll fix up a special meeting and get you to come and talk to 'em."

Little Doc's face lighted. He decorated the praying sailor's breast with some tattooing. "I reckon maybe you and me has been a lot of places and seen a lot of things. Looks like you and me's pretty near kind of explorers, ain't we? They ain't never had no explorers come from Cotton Valley before. . . . You think they'll put me in the Boosters Club now?"

"They sure will. They done it for plenty of people ain't done near as much as you. I'll bet everybody in Cotton Valley's going to be chasing after you now. You'll have to get a big house pretty near, just to keep all the presents they'll give you."

The glow in Little Doc's face heightened. "It'd sure be something to be in the Boosters Club."

A trio of snowy gulls drifted out of the sky. Little Doc followed their flight. "Them gulls has come from home. Maybe they been in New Orleans."

Whizzy Dick, who had been dozing against a coil of rope near by, raised himself to look wistfully over the water. "If I was one of them birds, I'd be flying over Canal Street so fast all the people under me'd think somebody was a-singeing a chicken. But it'd jest be my wings a-scorching."

He dropped back against his ropy pillow.

Another gull joined the white-circling trio.

"Ain't going to be no time now before we're seeing Princie Jo and Ma Tazey and all of 'em, Poppy. . . . I been thinking. You figure they'll be putting me in the Boosters Club right away?"

"They sure will, Little Doc. Like you said, they ain't never had no African explorers before."

"You think they'll have the parade, too?"

The engineer nodded. "Looks to me like they'll have as big a parade as there ever was in Cotton Valley. After the parade you'll have to go to the high school and make a speech. And then at night the Boosters Club'll have the big banquet, and you'll have to make the speech again. And then they'll put you in the Club. . . . It's sure going to be a mighty big time."

Little Doc's eyebrows arched with faint pride. "I ain't no hand at making a speech. But I'll tell 'em all I can."

SUDDENLY in the blue water a long streak of brown appeared, and another and another. The streaks reached out toward the prow, like the clutching fingers of a giant hand.

Little Doc quivered with delight. "It's the Mississippi," he said.

Mile after mile the vessel wound its way up the marshy stream. The traffic thickened. The river became a yellow crescent, bordered by rows of gray wharves and warehouses. A tug came bustling out to the freighter, like a bossy little woman. With an impatient chattering of bells and whistles, it began to move the ship to the docks of New Orleans.

The hull bumped against the piling. The two white men and the old Negro gazed fondly at the long wharf littered with the bales of cotton. They started down the gangplank.

Whizzy Dick grew troubled. "There's a white fellow that's got a candy store down by the docks on Rampart Street, done owes me three packs of chewing tobacco and a nickel for putting in a load of coal before I went away. He was always a-finding some kind of reason why he couldn't pay me. If he's still got the store, I'm sure going to try to git it today."

They walked along the busy streets, then at the old Negro's request took him out to a pleasant little farm beyond the city. Peacefully he sat on the cabin porch, while a swarm of pickaninnies scrambled over him, as playful puppies scramble over a shoe.

Little Doc and Poppy returned to the river. A towboat lay at the bank, preparing to take some empty barges up the stream. They spoke to the captain and climbed aboard.

All night and almost all the next day they rode, while the life of the river swept past in colorful procession—the shanty-boats where gaunt women stood hanging up their washing, the steamboats where exhausted Negro roustabouts lay sleeping on bales of cotton.

Late in the afternoon there showed ahead the steeple of the Baptist Church that marked Cotton Valley.

Little Doc and Poppy disembarked, climbed the bank, and saw the town spread out before them. The youth's face grew tense. "We're back, Poppy."

The engineer nodded. "You better get yourself ready to start talking, 'cause they're sure going to wear you out asking questions. Looks kind of quiet now. But soon as they know you're here, there's going to be things doing a-plenty."

A rickety wagon was halted before a cottage. At the rear of the vehicle stood a lanky, sleepy-eyed individual lazily chipping a block of ice.

Little Doc's face lighted. "That's Lem Stevens, the ice man. He's the first fellow we seen, ain't he? We'll stop for just a minute and then get on, 'cause he'll keep us talking all day about Africa if we let him. He's the askingest fellow there is in Cotton Valley."

They reached the wagon. The sleepy-eyed man looked up lazily. "How's tricks, Little Doc?" he drawled. "You been away a while, ain't you? You been up in Minnesota again?"

Little Doc's red brows drooped sharply. He went on with Poppy down the road.

They saw the shabby frame building where a faded sign proclaimed: "Busy Bee Restaurant."

Quickly Little Doc hurried through the entrance. He paled. Behind the counter stood a tall, angular girl with her hair bobbed in extravagant fashion and lips rouged in a fantastic Cupid's bow. She set a cup of coffee before the single customer at the counter with a reckless abandon that sent the liquid spilling in waves over the edge.

Little Doc drew back in dismay. "Where's Princie Jo . . and Ma Tazey?"

The girl stacked some dishes on the counter with a noise like shattering mirrors. She answered in a voice at once languid and nasal. "They're over to Oak City to Ma Tazey's cousins. They'll git back tonight. The dessert's Jello."

Little Doc trudged out the door.

He made his way with Poppy to the center of the town. The weather-beaten drugstore showed ahead. Little Doc peered through the window.

He grew cheerful once more. "Mister Jeff's there all right. And Todd Ramsay that's got the clothing store's there talking to him. That's the Secretary of the Boosters Club and the Vice-President. I guess they're a-talking over something about the Club. They'll sure want to hear about Africa."

The two rivermen went inside. Mister Jeff was behind the cracked soda fountain, dipping out ice cream for a tight-pigtailed little girl wriggling on a stool. Near him stood the fat, slightly pompous Mr. Ramsay, chewing a stogie.

The druggist looked up casually as the two visitors sat down on stools next to the child, and poured some watery syrup on the ice cream. "How you getting on, Little Doc? Ain't seen you for a long time. You been a-working in the canning factory again?"

The youth's face became white, as though his blood had suddenly changed to chalk. He managed to stammer a reply. "We been to Africa . . . Mister Jeff. . . . You know I told you . . . we was going to Africa."

The druggist added a wan cherry to the confection and set it before the pigtailed customer. "That's right. That's right. You did say something about going off to Africa. But we didn't see nothing in the papers. So we figured it didn't amount to so much after all. . . ."

The fat Mr. Ramsay slowly removed the stogie from his mouth and cleared his throat with deliberation. He spoke, in a voice full of reproach. "Fact is, we heard you lost your job, Little Doc, wherever you was. And after that 'course we wasn't much interested. The Boosters Club's mighty busy. We ain't got time to think about people that loses their job."

Little Doc plodded out the door.

Slowly he made his way with Poppy to the fish docks. They took seats on empty barrels. Little Doc stared out at the river.

They were still there at dusk when two figures came down the road from the bus station, a plump little woman clad in stiff black taffeta, and a young girl wearing a cheap dress of flowered cotton. It was Ma Tazey and Princie Jo.

Little Doc sprang to his feet. His dejection vanished. The girl saw him at a distance. Her pale, madonna-like face with its great dark eyes glowed softly.

She darted from her mother and ran toward him. A sudden shyness touched her. Her steps grew slower.

They shook hands and stood in embarrassed silence.

Princie Jo spoke at last. Her voice was hushed, gentle. "I'll fix you something to eat. You must be mighty hungry, coming all the way from Africa."

Their embarrassment ended.

The mother came up and welcomed the arrivals with bubbling excitement. They all went into the restaurant.

Princie Jo threw an apron over her dress and hurried about preparing a supper. Little Doc and Poppy sat down at the counter.

The travelers ate huge portions of creamy chicken and sweet potatoes, and drank countless cups of steaming coffee. Princie Jo cut two great wedges of chocolate pie, trying scrupulously to make the portions equal. But in spite of herself, the slice of Little Doc proved the larger.

THE last diner in the restaurant departed, and Poppy took his leave as well.

Little Doc sat drinking coffee.

Princie Jo watered some odd-colored flowers growing in the box on the window ledge. She trimmed the leaves with loving care. "These here's the slips you sent me from Africa. There ain't anything like them anywhere." She began clearing the counter, looking up at him now and then in tender adoration. "Everybody's gone. Maybe you can tell me about Africa now."

His boyish face grew brighter and brighter.

He helped her close the restaurant, and they strolled through the town. Little Doc talked without ceasing.

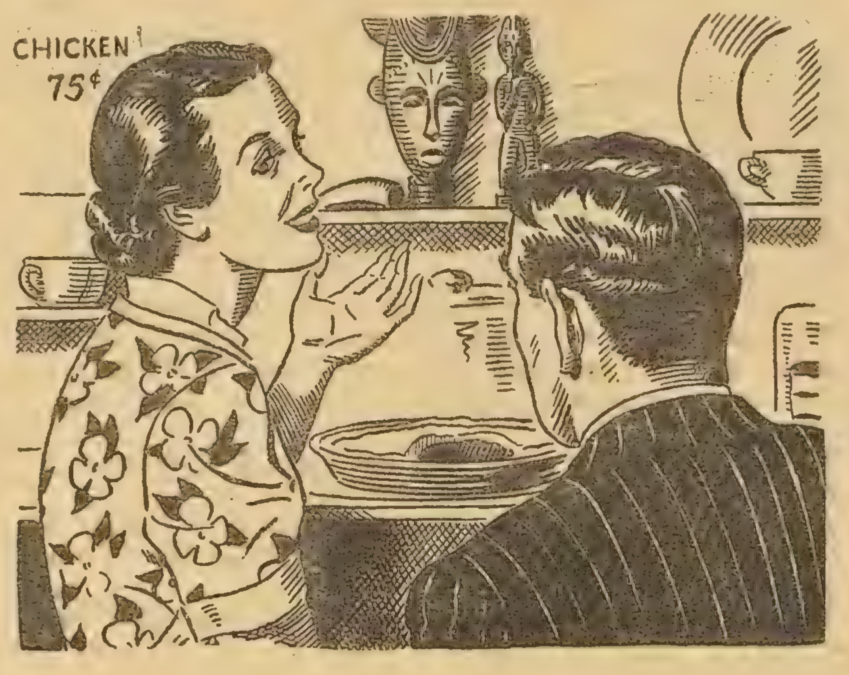
They passed the Baptist Church, on whose wide lawn stood a score of decorated booths, past which a gay-chattering crowd was moving. Bright-colored paper lanterns hung everywhere. Over the iron gateway was stretched a cloth sign proclaiming that the bazaar for the Orphans Home would continue all this week, Admission Ten Cents.

From booth to booth they wandered, watching gaudy-shirted youths buying chances on ornate fountain pens, or gazing at giggling girls having their palms read by the choir soprano disguised as a gypsy. They entered a makeshift shooting gallery, with targets of crude-painted cardboard and ten lighted candles flickering smokily. Little Doc picked up a rifle, and with ten expert bullets extinguished every flame.

Princie Jo took the paper fan he won as prize, and gazed at him in loving reverence. "I guess that's the way you'd have shot the elephants and the lions if they'd have come at you," she murmured.

He beamed with pride.

His happiness continued next morning as the fishboat arrived, and he walked aboard with Poppy to see the same scarred steering wheel, the same tiny cabin at the stern, a little more battered than before. In a cupboard he found one of his old caps bearing the title "Pilot" in faded gold letters. He set it on his head. Soon he was steering the craft up and down the muddy stream, collecting fish from shantyboats anchored in some willowed cove, and gossiping cheerfully.



He was with Princie Jo constantly in his spare time now. Always as the boat arrived at the little wharf, she would come hurrying from the little building across the street, walk with him and Poppy into the restaurant where some special delicacy would be waiting. He gave her the souvenirs he had brought from Africa, some small tusks of ivory and cheap pieces of sculptured ebony. Proudly she placed them before the mirror back of the restaurant counter, so that all who entered might see.

They drew closer and closer together. He was troubled when she was not near. Often she would come on his shorter trips to collect fish, and watch with awed wonder as he piloted the vessel between two great fleets of barges, or hold her breath in fright as he sped the craft across a swirling eddy at the mouth of a flooded tributary. Sometimes as they moved along the edge of a forest, dark, mysterious, he would be reminded of Africa and talk quietly of his life with Mister Jock and Liillu. The friendship bracelet on Princie Jo's wrist would tremble faintly.

They were returning after dark from one of these excursions, when Princie Jo, standing beside the wheel, grew suddenly thoughtful.

A full moon shone overhead, transforming the surface of the river into a rippling golden carpet. Down the valley the beacons marking the channel twinkled brightly, like newborn stars; a steamboat searchlight flashed, like the tail of a comet. Here and there paler lights appeared, marking the floating home of a shantyman or the torch of a wandering fisherman. A lantern flickered on a shadowy wagon, bumping down the near-by levee. Above the creaking of the wheels there floated up a rich Negro voice, chanting a fragment of a hymn.

Princie Jo spoke quietly. "It's mighty pretty . . . on the river."

Little Doc swung the vessel to avoid a towboat pushing some ghostly barges down the water. "Being on the Mississippi's the finest thing there is."

The towboat passed with a loud swishing of paddles. The unseen pilot twinkled his lights in salute.

Princie Jo's voice grew hesitant. "It was wonderful your going over to Africa. . . . But now you're back . . . maybe . . . you won't go away any more."

He set the vessel on its course. "I sure ain't going. I've done seen plenty. A old river and a old country's all wore out, like a old man. It's with a young river like the Mississippi and a new country like America you learn things."

Princie Jo's face was touched with a golden glow, like that of the moonlit water.

THE short river winter came to the valley. Little Doc and Princie Jo made plans to marry in the spring.

When Poppy heard the news he chewed a cigar end in disapproval. "If we'd have gone out West, maybe you'd have took a cow-girl. But I guess it ain't a bad idea marrying a girl that owns a restaurant. With a restaurant, you're always sure of eating."

Little Doc's happiness deepened. Only when he chanced to meet the pompous Todd Ramsay, the clothier, and the sallow Mister Jeff, the druggist, as they came into the Busy Bee for a bowl of chili or a piece of pie, his face would grow wistful. He would watch till they had finished and gone into the street again, then would murmur sadly: "It'd have sure been wonderful if I could have got into the Boosters Club."

He was in the restaurant with Poppy early one sunny March afternoon when the two merchants entered, escorting a stranger. The visitor sat down between his hosts at the counter. He was a short, chunky man wearing an expensive blue suit with a showy stripe, further embellished by several jeweled lodge pins glittering in his lapel. His face was heavy from too much drinking and eating. But his speech was quick, his movements electric. From his assured manner it was obvious that he was a figure of importance.

Little Doc leaned over and whispered to Poppy. "That's Luke Thrasher, they was telling me in town this morning. He's the biggest salesman in the Valley. It's him that travels for Three State Drugs, that's the big drug company in New Orleans. He makes pretty near as much money as the President, they says."

Poppy murmured in awed acknowledgment. "Golly. I sure been hearing plenty about him. He took the best room in the hotel, the one they always keeps for the Congressman. And he gives away fifteen-cent cigars just like they was matches."

Little Doc nodded. "It's sure something to have him in Cotton Valley. He don't generally go no place except the big towns, like Jackson and New Orleans."

Poppy poured some catsup over the baked beans he was eating. "He's got a eye like a fox, ain't he? He don't miss nothing."

"That's sure right. You can see just by looking at him he's a wonderful man. He's a big man in the Boosters Clubs too, all over the state. That's why Todd Ramsay's come with Mister Jeff, I guess, to talk about the Boosters Club. They says when the president of the Boosters Club down at the State Capital wants to decide something the first man he talks to is Luke Thrasher."

The stranger gulped several bites of the segment of cherry pie before him, and washed them down with coffee. He spoke to the druggist in jerks, as though his throat were connected with a spring. "Yes, sir. That's what I told 'em, Jeff. And it still stands today. It was the Three State Convention in Memphis, and they asked me to give 'em the secret of my success. Just three things, I said. Hard work. When you're going downstairs take two steps at a time, and when you're going up take four. And don't take anybody's word for anything."

The sallow druggist and the fat clothier nodded in grave agreement.

Mr. Thrasher wiped his lips on a paper napkin. His eyes rested on one of the elephant tusks lying before the scarred mirror. He spoke to Princie Jo.

She answered shyly. "Little Doc gave it to me. He brought it from Africa."

Mr. Thrasher swung round to the youth, half in curiosity, half in suspicion. "Where've you been in Africa?" he demanded.

Little Doc, startled, replied with hesitation.

The visitor impressively gave him a cigar. "I've been to Africa. I used to sell soap and buy palm oil before I came with Three State. There ain't a place from Johannesburg to Cairo I don't know."

Little Doc began to talk eagerly. For a quarter of an hour he continued, while Mr. Thrasher listened to his recital, occasionally nodding in agreement.

Mr. Thrasher sat silent, like a magistrate preparing a judgment, then patted him on the shoulder in paternal approval. "You're all right, son. You're all right." He turned to the druggist at his side. "That's a smart boy you've got here, Jeff. He takes four steps, like I said. He's been places. The Ubangi, the Sanga. Why, in some of them they ain't seen a white man hardly. He's a real explorer. I guess this town's mighty proud of him."

There was an awkward silence. Mister Jeff and Mr. Ramsay shifted uneasily on their stools.

The visitor swallowed the last fragment of his pie, and rose from the counter. "Have to be getting over to the station now, Jeff. On time, that's one of my mottoes, I told 'em at the Memphis Convention. And when it's a train always be three minutes ahead. No more. No less. . . . Get this boy to make a talk for you at the Boosters Club. I'm glad you've got a boy like this in your town. That's what we need in the Boosters Clubs. Young fellows with pep. Aren't afraid to do things."

He hurried to the door. His hosts arose to follow.

The fat Mr. Ramsay halted at the youth's stool. He cleared his throat with solemnity. "You come up to the Boosters Club on Tuesday, Little Doc. That's when we always take in the new members, is on Tuesday."

Little Doc stared after them in a daze. Speechless, he moved to the door and watched as they began to walk importantly down the broken sidewalk. A long time he remained there, while the three figures grew smaller and smaller in the distance. They vanished beyond the bend of the road. He turned and walked back to his seat at the counter. His face was rapturous.

All the rest of the day he went about in a fever of excitement. Late in the afternoon he called for Princie Jo and strolled with her along the river.

The girl's eyes shone with tenderness. "Now you're in the Boosters Club and everything . . . you sure won't go away any more . . . will you?"

He shook his head with emphasis. "I sure won't. I got plenty to do right here, helping the Club and everything. Cotton Valley's a wonderful town."

Her voice was touched with pride. "Poppy was saying a while ago it won't be no time after you're in the Club before they make you the president."

THE sun began to near the horizon. Along the levee weary farm horses trudged homeward and mooing cows wandered off to their milking. Gaunt shantywomen fed clucking chickens and unshaven shantymen rowed out to haul in their lines. Negroes broiled catfish over open fires, the dry branches crackling noisily in the still air. White cranes dipped over them, like graceful floating flowers. A towboat came down the water, with a myriad foamy cataracts falling from the paddlewheel. Its mournful whistle echoed across the Valley.

Little Doc watched happily. "It's sure wonderful being on the Mississippi," he said.

They reached the fish docks. Perched on a pile of boxes were the two old philosophers, chewing tobacco and arguing stubbornly, one with a round choleric countenance set beneath a vast expanse of shining bald head, the other with a tart, wrinkled face half hidden by a snowy beard.

Little Doc had not seen them since his return, and greeted them with his usual cordiality.

The bald-headed man acknowledged the salutation. He glanced at his snowy-bearded companion, and wrathfully chewed a cud of tobacco. "What you say about it now, Little Doc, since you been way over there to Africa? Is it the world that's wrong or the people in it?"

The two old men waited tensely for his answer.

A long time Little Doc remained silent, meditating his reply. He spoke at last, slowly. "I been figuring about it plenty. Sometimes I figured it's one way, and sometimes I figured it's the other. But now I think I got it figured right. There ain't nothing the matter with neither. The way it looked to me, the world's mighty fine. And the people in it's wonderful."

THE END

Puzzle 348 11/17/45

BOOKS IN REVIEW

By Joseph Anthony

FOR fifty years, A. J. Musselman invented gadgets, kept his household in a state of amiable uproar, and built a full life and a successful career on a foundation of wackiness. His story is pleasantly told by **M. M. Musselman** in **Wheels in His Head.**

M. M. Musselman

Among A. J.'s inventions, we are told, are the coaster brake, in general use on bicycles, and the type of balloon tire with which present-day airplanes are equipped. A much more exciting contraption was Rock-a-Baby, the electric nurse. This was a device by which a parent wakened by the yowls of an infant could set his cradle rocking by merely pressing a button. But life is a constant conspiracy against genius; the electric nurse slipped its pulley one night, over-turning the cradle and almost robbing A. J. of his future biographer.

According to A. J. in one of his serious moments, the trouble with the world is that "people are suspicious of new ideas. If you spend a year inventing something new, you have to spend two years cramming it down people's throats."

Published by Whittlesey House, N. Y. Price $2.50.

TWENTY years ago, **George Antheil** was being hailed by some critics as the boy wonder of American composers, while others, shocked by his modernistic effects, were making their adjectives sizzle and hiss. In the intervening years he has crowded enough intellectual and physical adventures for half a dozen ordinary careers. Now an old-timer of forty-five, he tells his life story in **Bad Boy of Music.**

George Antheil

A strange parade of celebrities, from Ernest Hemingway to Hedy Lamarr, rub elbows in Mr. Antheil's brisk anecdotes. But his favorite character is Abraham Lincoln Gillespie, Jr., a Philadelphia lad who wandered off to Paris and persuaded the authorities of the Sorbonne that he was qualified to deliver a lecture on James Joyce and Gertrude Stein. Mr. Gillespie had had an accident which left him scarred and very cross-eyed.

"I confess to you," he told his audience, "there actually was a time when I, the world's greatest expert on Joyce and Stein, didn't understand them. . . . Before my accident."

Published by Doubleday, Doran & Co., N. Y. Price $3.

IN her historical novel, **Tansy Taniard, M. B. S. Strode-Jackson** has captured much of the eagerness and exuberant vitality of the days of Queen Elizabeth.

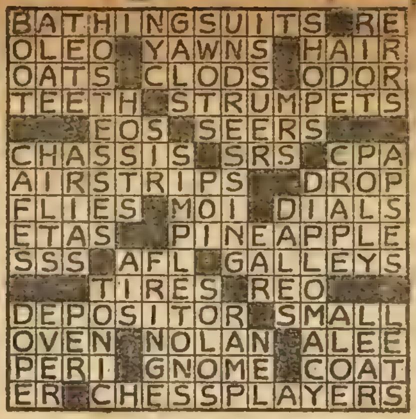
Young Tansy, having inherited a prosperous farm from her father, had to fight hard to keep it. When a scheming uncle went to court to challenge her right to the property, an aristocratic neighbor came to her help. But Tansy's rescuer was no knight in shining armor—he was saving the farm only as a fat dowry that he expected Tansy to bring to his family. A resourceful lady, Tansy fought off the acquisitive gentry.

Those who love a lively cloak-and-sword romance will find it here—and, incidentally, an unusually clear picture of daily life in the era of Queen Bess.

Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, N. Y. Price $2.50.

QUIZZ-ICAL CROSSWORD

BY TED SHANE



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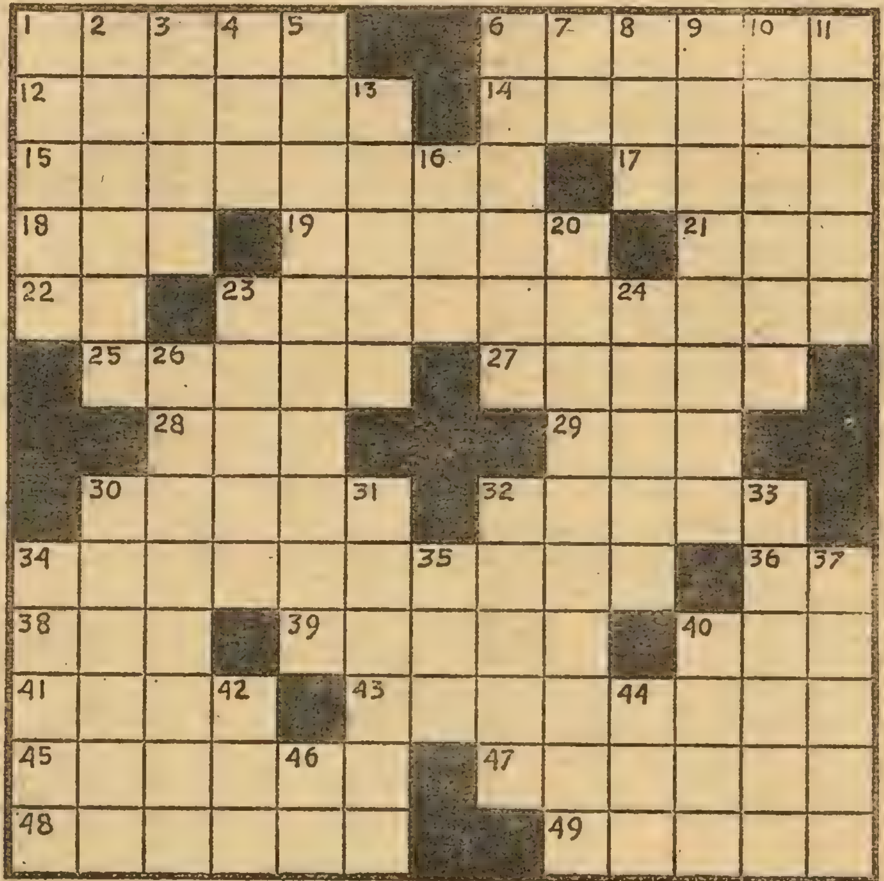
Last week's answer

HORIZONTAL

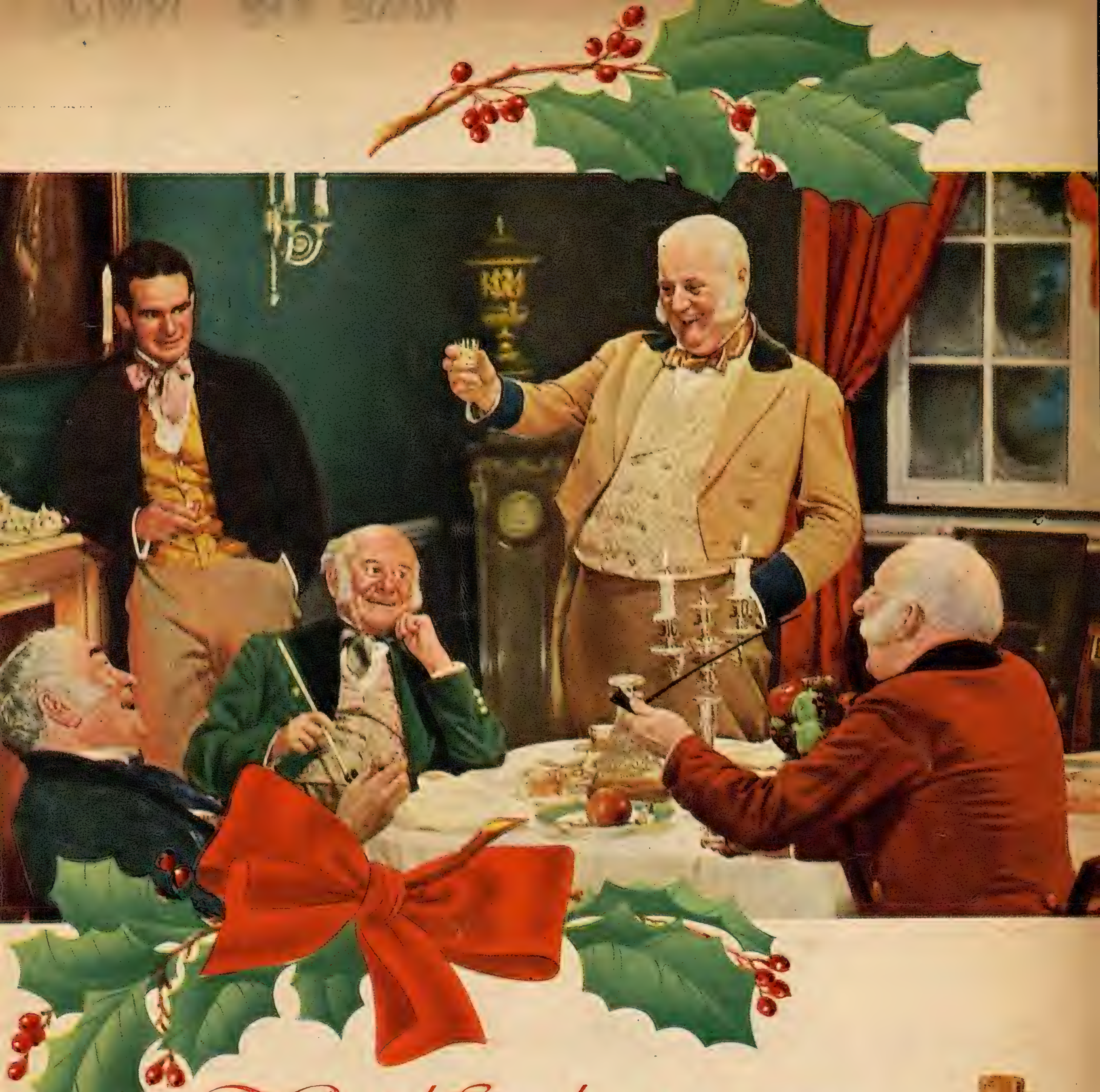
1 Complete this ancient wheeze: The —— brings the baby; the cynic's what you wash it in!
6 Harlem calls a marijuana cigarette a what?
12 The northern lights' southern branch's called the what australis?
14 What water sprite could get a soul only by keeping her man true to her?
15 French cathedral city
17 What's to be in Latin?
18 Half an answer
19 Burdock, quake grass, and wild carrot are whats?
21 What prophet rebuked Shedad unheededly?
22 What is Mrs. Nussbaum's war cry?
23 What did Columbus and Magellan probably use as sextants?
25 Blacks out
27 Disturbs
28 Shelley wrote a famous what to Ozymandias?
29 What's colloquial for one of the recent theaters of war? (abbr.)
30 Donald Who has played many movie villains?
32 What lizard sounds smelly, was once thought medicinal?
34 Complete: The statue Victory of ——
36 Cached the cud in Brooklyn
38 Solve: $\sqrt{1}$
39 What's pronounced either sow or suff?
40 Commercialized gladiator (abbr.)
41 Amatory eye twitch
43 Deferential
45 This's all
47 The statue of Justice totes what?
48 Who rode again in a super horse opera?
49 What destroyer was shot from under Lord Mountbatten during the war?

VERTICAL

1 Hebrew governor
2 Yellow, black, and orange-spotted butterfly
3 Rose from mines (pl.)
4 Faraday's discovery
5 What are masthead lookouts called?
6 Parisians call the Street of Gold what? (three words)
7 How big's a little quad?
8 Town in Yoruba, British Niger
9 What doctor writes a popular medical column?
10 Follows
11 Name a section of a symphony orchestra (pl.)
13 Beats helps
16 Celtic sea-god
20 What's a glamor girl in jive talk? (two words)
23 Complete: —— frequency amplification
24 What was the nickname of Yale's greatest football Booth?
26 Tortures
30 Name a class of molar
31 An exclamation of disgust
32 Wise guys
33 Name the world's most corny item
34 Cadmus did what to dragon's teeth to raise warriors?
35 Complete from Hamlet: Aye, there's the ——!
37 Complete: Hotsy ——
40 Fed up
42 Name a famed Carson
44 What letters indicate a lot of motor engineers?
46 The A. T. & S. F. is a what? (abbr.)



The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



The Best of Everything.. for everyone

This is a Christmas when
The fires on the hearths
Of every land will burn
With a brighter light.
And the glow will show plainly
The new hope that has come
Upon the whole world's countenance.
This is a Christmas such as
Christmas should always be—
Like the returning of a gay and
Jovial friend.
So glasses high!
This is a Christmas to bring out
The best wish for everyone—
And the best of everything.

Merry Christmas
Canadian Club
Blended Canadian Whisky
Distilled and Blended by
Hiram Walker & Sons
Limited
Walkerville, Ontario, Canada

IN 87 LANDS NO OTHER WHISKY TASTES LIKE

"*Canadian Club*"

Imported from Walkerville, Canada, by Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill. Blended Canadian Whisky. 90.4 proof

THE THROB

Continued from Page 45

and unreasonable? Be diplomatic, please—here's George."

"Harry, old boy!" George Chambers said.

"Nice to see you, George," Harry lied.

"Harry, baby! Harry darling!" shrieked someone else.

The exuberant soprano spun him around. Miss Gladys Dearborn, an effusive young lady with staggering gifts, threw arms around his neck and kissed him to pieces. She had trouped nobly with Harry and the USO through many a difficult one-night stand, and had Harry been less rigidly a family man, he might not have objected to this type of greeting.

"You've won the first fall, Gladys dear," he said, "but what will people think?"

George Chambers coughed with dignity. He had an executive and superior interval-filler cough. "Janice isn't here, Harry?" he asked. "At your home-coming?" There were implications and subtle satisfaction in the question. It was obvious enough that Chambers knew Janice wasn't present.

"I'm getting out of here," said Harry, "right now!" and suddenly bolted.

He got out of the hotel. He fought his way into a taxi, then settled back, pleased. In a few years, he thought, at his present rate of income, he could buy an advertising firm that would make Chambers and Bliss look like something operated quietly under a walnut. Unaccompanied, Harry reached home. He made sizable offerings to the doorman and the elevator man. "I'm not home to anyone, understand?" he charged them. "I'm in Africa, riding a zebra. I want to be with the sweetest little family in the world."

The elevator took him up. He leaned gratefully against the door marked 14B. He sighed and rang the bell. The door was opened by a fat young man whose hair was parted precisely in the middle. Harry blinked and asked, "Who are you?"

"I am Richard, the baby-sitter," said the fat young man. He appeared to be about seventeen, and from his proportions, a lifelong sitter. "I suppose you're Mr. Blake?" the young man said. "You look older than your commercial photographs."

"No gags, please. Where is Mrs. Blake?"

"Her intention," said Richard, "was to meet your ship."

She missed me, Harry thought. I messed the whole thing up. He felt guilty at having fumbled his home-coming; his guilt made him angry. "Where is the baby?" he asked suddenly.

"In the nursery," said Richard, "asleep. I would not suggest that you go there yet."

"Who lives here, fat boy—you or me?"

"You might at least change your clothes before entering the nursery," said Richard. "You might be fruity with foreign epidemic."

"I'll kill you," Harry said.

The doorbell rang. Harry went eagerly, calling, "Janice darling!"

He opened the door and it wasn't Janice darling, but Miss Gladys Dearborn, who entered out of breath. "You almost got away from me," shrieked Gladys, "you horrible Houdini man!" She glanced once at Richard. "Mmmm," she said, "you fat lamb, you," and Richard, appalled, sat down. "Now, Harry," said Gladys, "I want you to plug a song for me. Now listen, darling—"

"What song?" Harry demanded.

"A song written by the sweetest puppy dog of a lamb I love to death," said Gladys. "By Albert, of course, you idiot!"

"Albert? Albert is your boy friend?"

"Did you think it was my father who wants to marry me?" Gladys said. "Oh, it's a cuddly bear of a song, Harry darling. It will melt and just die in your larynx and it will make a potful of rocks for my Albert if you'll sing it once from coast to coast over your personal kazoo. It's called I'll Bleed for You, and here's a copy, Harry dear."

"All right, all right," Harry said, failing to hear the door open as Janice came in. "Why—hello. Welcome—home," said Janice, and Harry turned to face her. She wore the red hat she had promised to wear, and a white flower on each shoulder. With Harry the moment was sacred. He reached for her tenderly, not speaking. "Oh, crush each other to pieces, you starved birds!" Gladys Dearborn howled, and somehow the moment was spoiled. Janice pecked modestly at Harry's cheek, then began to take off her hat.

THE home-coming wasn't good. The hero of the event, if any, was Richard, the baby-sitter, who gave Miss Dearborn a polite shove-off to the out-of-doors, joining her in the departure. Alone with his wife, Harry found it awkward. He nodded toward the door and said, "She's a nice enough kid, Gladys is; just enthusiastic. An old friend, really. She was with a USO group we ran into in Germany. She did a lot for the boys."

"She hasn't stopped yet, has she?" Janice remarked.

"That's unworthy of you, dear."

"Is it?" Now Janice glanced away, her eyes grown dewy with unshed tears, and Harry did not know what to do.

"Janice, let us not be children," he said.

"*I'm* willing to try," she said bravely. "I suppose I was being childish when I went to meet you at the pier. I should have known you'd have more important things to do than look for me."

"Please," Harry said. "I looked for you, baby. We missed each other, that's all. I kept looking. I kept protesting to Milton. There was nothing else I could do."

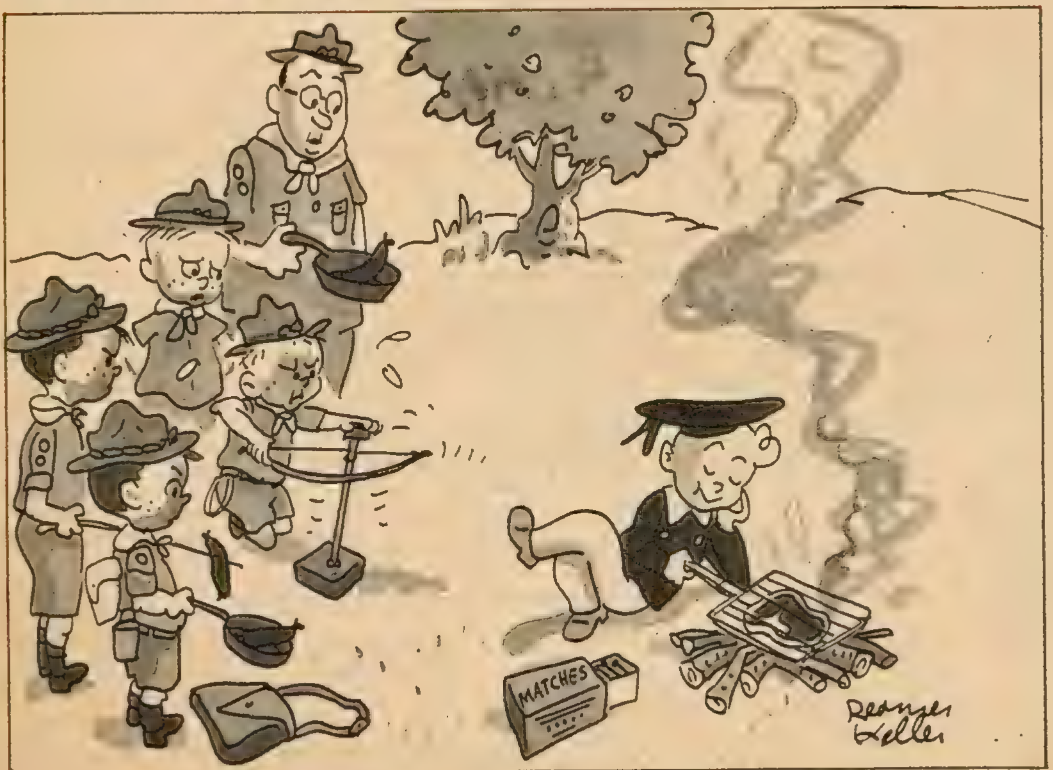
"Well, you're an important man now," Janice said. "It wouldn't do to disobey Milton. Milton made you what you are today. The Throb. You're the All-American Valentine."

That hurt very much. That was not from the Janice he once knew. "I've had enough of this, Janice. Jealous women have wrecked too many lives. You're not going to— Well, what in the world are you weeping for now?"

Janice, who had always been composed through other crises, wept freely. "I should have known you'd be changed," she wailed. "You were

(*Continued on page 68*)

HARDTACK



LIBERTY

We're making steel for him again

. . . And he can use a lot of it, because he's been on short rations for a good long time. Enormous tonnages of steel won't be too much for him, the American male—for there are now a lot of things he wants and soon can buy, new things and old, which will make his life easier and more pleasant, and which are basically made of steel.

Behold this American male, engaged in his favorite form of shopping—rummaging on hardware counters . . . then putting his purchases to use in his basement workshop or in his garden. See him on the golf-course, trying doggedly for the umptieth time to break 95 . . . rising before dawn to shiver in November drizzle in a duck-blind, or to wade a chilly April trout stream . . . or bundling his family into the new car, to buck Sunday traffic getting down to the beach . . .

For him, steel mills are roaring and clattering, turning out steel bars, and wire, and rods, and sheets, and pipe . . . and dozens of kinds of fine alloy steels, and forgings and castings and rolled shapes, and much else. Steel for automobiles and lawn-mowers and garden tools . . . for bass-rods and fish-hooks, golf clubs and shot-guns . . . for saws and chisels and lathes, and hardware-store gadgets by the hundred . . . for building products to make the new home tighter, more efficient, and easier to look after.

Yes, steel is serving him around the clock, helping him save time and money, making his life more agreeable in countless little ways. That is what steel producers have been trying to do, by developing better, stronger, and more versatile steels. And that is what they will go on trying to do.

BETHLEHEM
STEEL

Steel, Manufacturing and Fabricating Plants . . . Bethlehem, Steelton, Williamsport, Johnstown, Lebanon, Pottstown, Rankin, Leetsdale Pa. . . . Buffalo, Lackawanna, N. Y. . . . Sparrows Point, Md. . . . Chicago, Ill. . . . Tulsa, Okla. . . . Corsicana, Tex. . . . South San Francisco, Los Angeles, Alameda, Calif. . . . Seattle, Wash. *Shipbuilding and Ship Repair Yards* . . . Quincy, Hingham, East Boston, Mass. . . . Staten Island, Brooklyn, N. Y. . . . Hoboken, N. J. . . . Baltimore, Sparrows Point, Md. . . . San Francisco, Alameda, San Pedro, Calif.

At long last, we can sing again Of "peace on earth good will toward men"

LIGHTS WILL TWINKLE gaily this Christmas Eve in millions of windows all over the world.

Hearts will be overflowing with gladness as families, reunited, toast the Yuletide Season.

Even those with loved ones still far away will be joyous in the knowledge of their safety.

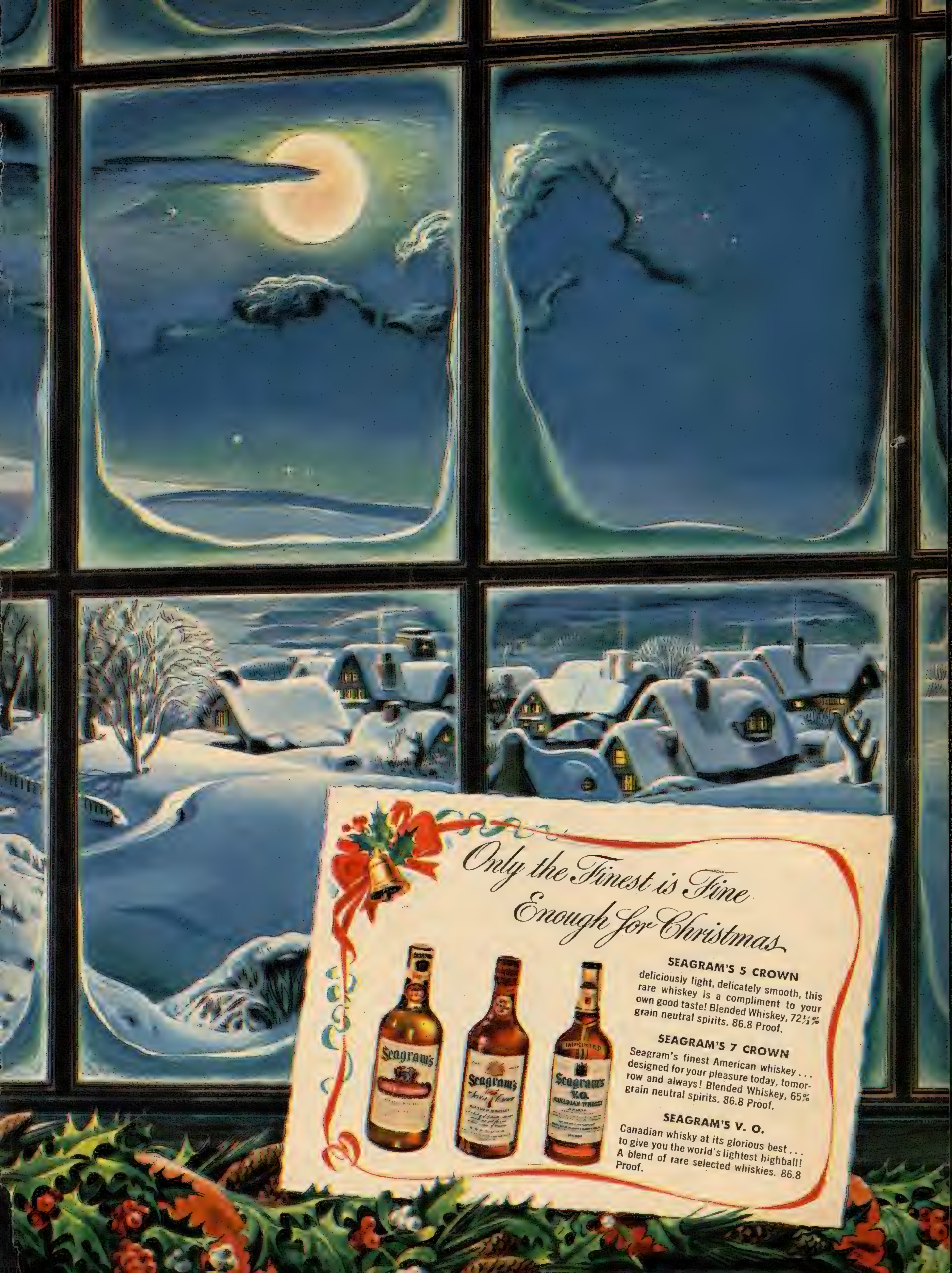
And once again, on this, the first Christmas of world peace in so many grim years, Seagram's Fine Whiskies will play a proud and time-honored part in the festivities.

For through the years America has made this satisfying discovery . . . that "Only the finest is fine enough for Christmas."

Give **Seagram's**
and be Sure
of the Finest

FINE WHISKIES SINCE 1857

Seagram-Distillers Corporation
Chrysler Building, New York


Seagram's
Seagram's Seven Crown
Imported
Seagram's V.O. Canadian Whisky

Only the Finest is Fine Enough for Christmas

SEAGRAM'S 5 CROWN

deliciously light, delicately smooth, this rare whiskey is a compliment to your own good taste! Blended Whiskey, 72½% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof.

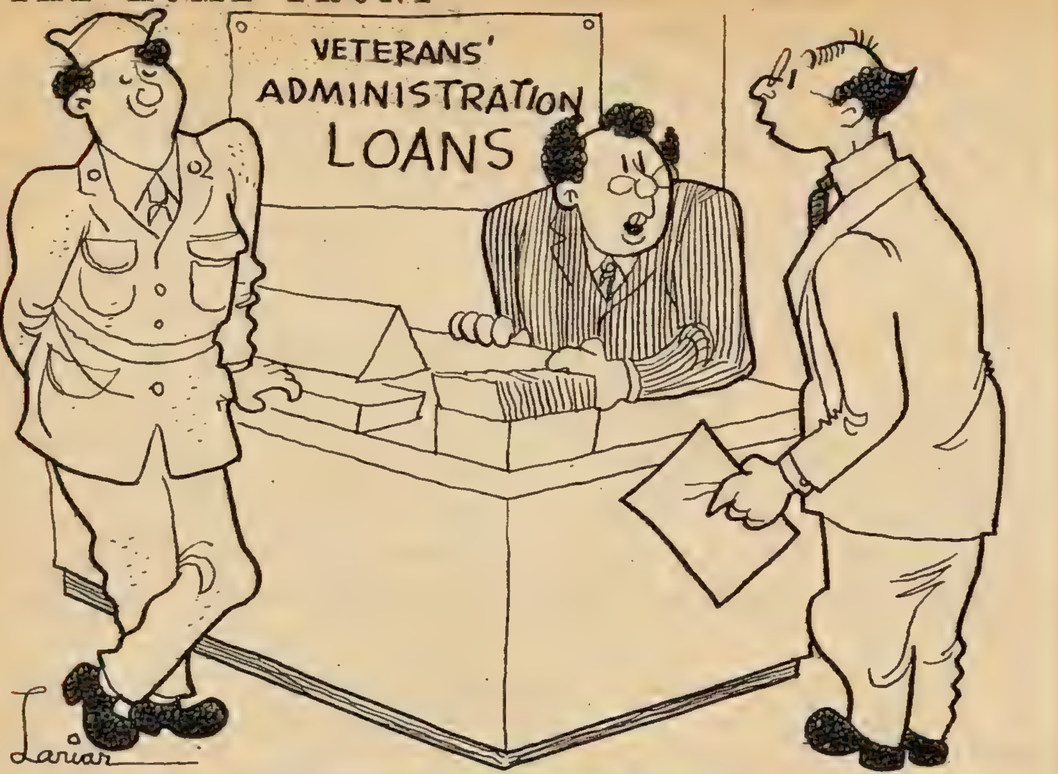
SEAGRAM'S 7 CROWN

Seagram's finest American whiskey . . . designed for your pleasure today, tomorrow and always! Blended Whiskey, 65% grain neutral spirits. 86.8 Proof.

SEAGRAM'S V. O.

Canadian whisky at its glorious best . . . to give you the world's lightest highball! A blend of rare selected whiskies. 86.8 Proof.

THE HOME FRONT



"Do we grant loans to start banks?"

LIBERTY

(*Continuing from page 64*)

changing before you went away. But now—now you've been home for *twenty full minutes* and you haven't once *looked* at the *baby!*"

Breakfast next morning was civil. He reminded the downstairs switchboard he would accept no phone calls, only telegrams, and when the telegrams came he filed them, unopened, in a drawer. He played on the floor with eight-months-old Harold, who had no teeth and not much hair and was precocious to the staggering extent that he could walk five steps unaided. Harry hoped with exemplary behavior to tighten the family ties.

At eleven o'clock, Janice, who had been rigidly polite and courteous, began to hum—a good sign. Before noon she fed the baby and fixed him pretty as roses in his crib. "Excuse me," she said, then fifteen minutes later emerged from her dressing room, a ravishing sight. He sighed with heavy appreciation.

"A surprise?" he asked.

"Luncheon," she smiled.

"But how can we go out? Have you engaged Richard?"

"No, darling; I've engaged the child's father. It will give you a chance to get acquainted. I shan't be long. It's only a luncheon date," and she was gone.

It happened too quickly for him to protest. He remembered suddenly that he had a recording date at one thirty, but Janice was gone; it was too late.

Little Harold slept for fifteen minutes before beginning to beat his head on the crib. Harry at first did not know the cause of the noise. He walked to the nursery, where the baby was in a kneeling position, from which, like a battering ram, he worked back and forth, his head crashing into the plywood end of the crib. "You'll beat your brains out!" Harry shouted, then lifted the child out of range of its target.

Little Harold began to scream, a full-throated shriek, as though jammed full of pins. Harry held him anxiously, like something with a burning fuse. "Here now, here now," he pleaded, and the doorbell rang with sustained insistence. Harry, with baby, raced to the door, eagerly, anxious for any support.

"What's the matter with those people downstairs," demanded Milton Feeney. "Six times I phoned you this morning. They keep telling me, 'Mr. Blake is only accepting telegrams.' Me, your manager! Do you know you have a recording date in forty-five minutes?"

"I'm minding the baby."

"Then you'll have to bring 'im along," said Milton. "This recording date is important."

"I should punch you in the nose," Harry said. "My baby's life is more important than the nickels we squeeze out of juke boxes. Postpone the recording. Besides, my throat is sore, like I told you. You have no decency, Milton. Quiet, Harold."

Milton, despairing, phoned the recording company and made his apologies.

HARRY looked at his manager with scorn. "With this throat, Milton, I don't know when I'll be able to sing."

"Well, you'd better be ready for rehearsal tomorrow," Milton said, "because you open Thursday at the Jubilee Theater. Lines are forming already, you hear? Three high-school girls were chased already for setting up a pup tent on the sidewalk. Your opening will be the biggest thing ever happened to Broadway, so don't say sore throat to me. Remember, rehearsals tomorrow."

"Does my life belong to myself," asked Harry, "or to the American high-school girl?"

Milton departed and the baby grew quiet. One little hand touched Harry's face. Yes, this is the life that matters, he thought. How wise of Janice to have exposed him to this paternal experience. How much closer are father and child when they have suffered together. He placed Little Harold in his crib.

"Well," Janice said, upon returning, "did my lamb wake up?" Her entrance, he suspected, was too blithe, too serene.

"Wake up?" he said. "He must have awakened every living thing from here to Ninety-sixth Street. I don't know what the trouble was, either. Perhaps you'd better call a doctor, have 'im looked at."

JANICE rushed to the crib and picked up the child. "Why should you frighten me half to death? There is nothing wrong with him that a little intelligent care might not have prevented."

"All right," Harry said and threw his arms wide in despair. "He only screamed like somebody stabbed with a bayonet."

"He never cries," Janice said. "He might have miaowed a little, but that is nothing. And you might have changed him—the neglected lamb."

Harry gave up. "How was lunch?" he said.

"Oh, pleasant. Here, hand me a pin. Lunch at the Plaza. George Chambers asked for you."

"George Chambers? You had lunch with George Chambers on my first day home?"

"It was a business luncheon, dear. I've been doing some work for George."

"What kind of work?"

"Need you snap so? After all, I was in advertising for seven years before I married you. I've been contributing ideas to the Tooth Tonic campaign. I've already earned five hundred dollars."

"So you're the brave little widow!"

"Stop it this minute," Janice said. "I don't like your attitude. You needn't stand there sneering. I may *need* financial independence. After all, I've my child to think about."

"Your child? It's also my child!"

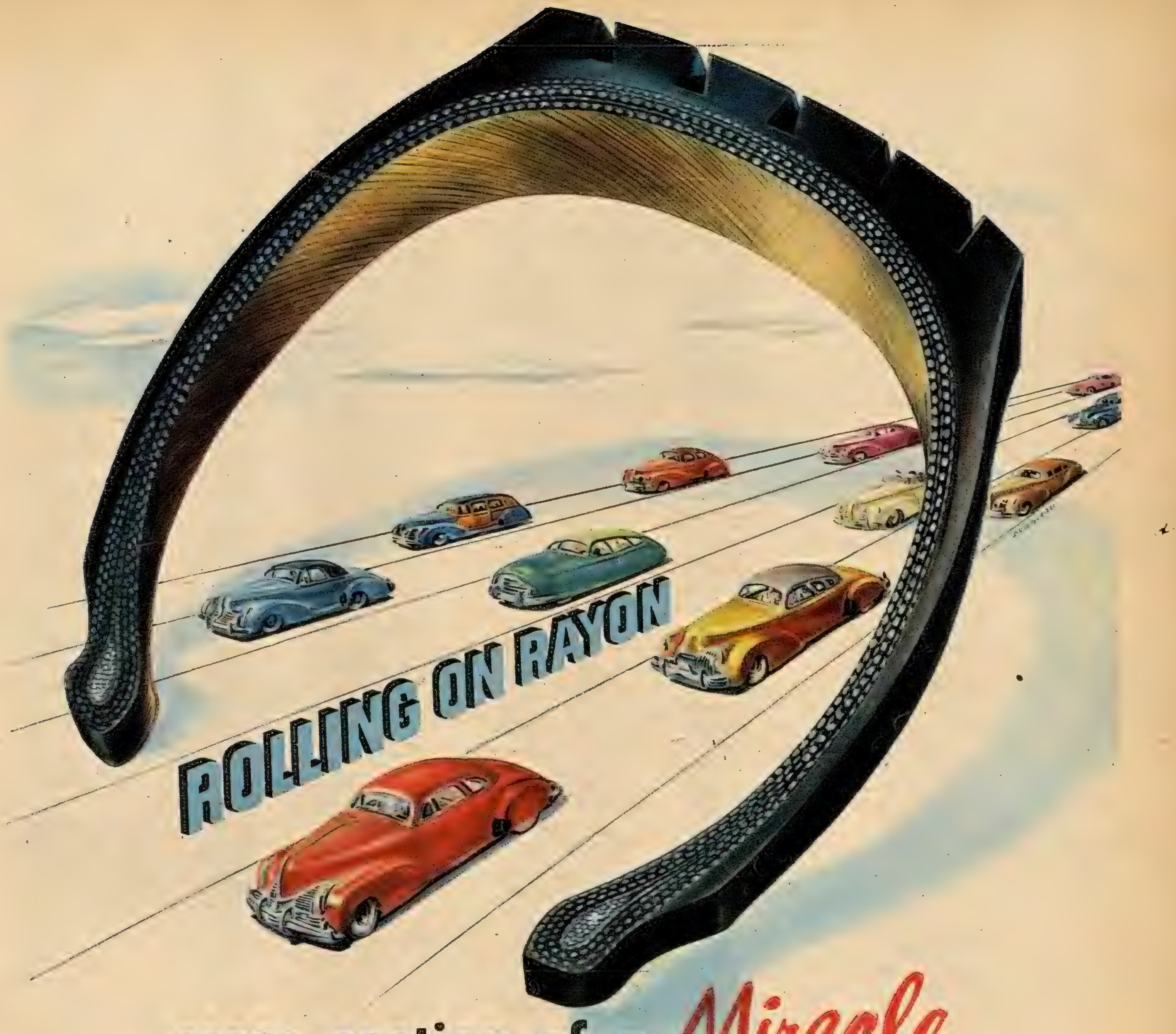
"Do you call this security?" Janice went on. "Can anyone be certain of a man who makes women swoon at the sound of the noise in his neck—who has mad blondes invading his apartment? Such a man's money is not security."

That's how it is with wives, he thought. They must own you body and soul, from your aching corns to your thinning hair. He decided he would not dignify this lack of faith with a reply.

"And at least," Janice said, "while having an innocent business luncheon with George, one is able to exchange intelligent ideas and not be mobbed by an hysterical public."

"Well, tell George Chambers," said

(*Continued on page 70*)



cross section of a *Miracle*

You are looking at a section of a rayon cord tire cut to show you the veins of high strength rayon running through the rubber. Tire makers tell us that these cords make this the safest, longest-wearing passenger car tire that ever traveled a highway.

Perhaps you never thought of rayon, the fiber that made its fame in fashion, tackling one of the toughest jobs in textiles. This miracle of science came up the hard way, out of the most rugged proving ground a tire could have—the treacherous, rutted, shell-pocked roads of war. Our armies rolled to victory on tires of rayon cord. And soon, now, the peace-time motorists of America will be *"Rolling on Rayon,"* too.

When these tires are available, you're in for a real eye-opener in tire performance. The experience of the Army, of truck and bus fleet operators and tire makers, shows that rayon cord tires are less subject to blowout and road failure. That's because rayon runs cooler and actually gets stronger as the tire heats up. With heat breakdown reduced, there's greater mileage in store, and more comfortable riding too, since rayon's greater strength per unit of weight permits a lighter tire that offers less rolling resistance.

Industrial Rayon has played a major part in the development of rayon for tires. By our exclusive Continuous Process, our tire rayon—Tyron by name—is produced and processed as one continuous strand. To tire manufacturers this means the highest degree of uniformity throughout an individual tire and any number of tires. That's one reason why they have taken to rayon so enthusiastically and why you will too, once your first set proves out in the greatest test of all—the one you make yourself.

SAFER TIRES · BETTER TIRES

Industrial
RAYON CORPORATION
Cleveland, Ohio
makers of
TYRON and Spun-lo rayon

(*Continued from page 68*)

Harry finally, "that he can stick all his tooth paste in his ears before I'll work for him. I'm giving myself over to those mad blondes and hysterical school girls. I open Thursday at the Jubilee. Good afternoon."

BUT at the Jubilee Theater on Broadway he was a prisoner of his success. No going out for meals, lest he be mobbed. Ice-cream parlors, Milton said gleefully, were featuring Throb sundaes all over town. Harry hoped they would choke on them. "And record sales," said Milton, "have doubled; in some places, tripled."

The Jubilee opened its doors at half past ten in the morning. The feature picture went on at eleven, followed by the newsreel. All this was over at twelve fifty eight. At 1 P.M. sharp—.

"My throat hurts," Harry complained.

Milton shoved him from the wing. "Go out an' kill 'em with the ol' warbleissimo, Harry. Make 'em die in their seats."

They wouldn't die in their seats because they wouldn't sit down long enough. Harry sang I'll Bleed For You, and they died standing up. That golden gimmick, the throb in his voice, had never been better. It was funny how the more his throat hurt, the better the throb. His disciples danced in the aisles. The police came twice. Then it was time again for the feature picture.

"The greatest in the annals of show business," Milton said.

Thus through the day. When he was not onstage they kept him cooped like a six-day bicycle rider. For air and relaxation he was permitted to stand on a fire-escape and do knee-bending exercises.

Chosen members of the public were allowed in his dressing room, but it was hard to be merry and to tell them how much he enjoyed his success. Mr. Willow, his former boss, came in with his wife and a fifteen-year-old daughter who longed to meet The Throb. Harry shook dutiful hands with the child, but she was not equal to her rapture. Mrs. Willow was soon obliged to take her out on the fire escape for breathing.

"Damndest thing I ever saw," said Mr. Willow. "Well, Harry, you always understood mass psychology. We miss you at Willow and Woods, and I must say the Casey Soap account misses you, too."

Yes, those were the days, allowed Harry, when a man was his own master and bravely faced starvation on ten or fifteen thousand a year. But now, Harry knew, through the magic of his voice, through his gilded throb, he was beyond that. He was like Midas, a victim of his gift, and everything he crooned at turned to slush. Not, of course, that he wasn't a success, and a bigger man than George Chambers. He understood that a riot had started at the stage-door exit around 10 P. M. The management wisely ushered him from the theater through unlighted alleys to another street and into a cab. Disaster was averted; the cab took him home. He turned the key.

NUT PROPHET

(There are more than 300 peanut products and derivatives.—*Newspaper item.*)

Time was the Peanut was a nut,
And nothing more and nothing but,
Until it germinated
The kernel of a Big Idea
That it might bust its shell and be a
Lot more sophisticated.

And thus the Peanut swiftly grew
To something more than nuts to you.
With Science as adviser,
The Peanut changed itself to milk,
Wool, paper, butter, plastics, silk,
Paint, oil, and fertilizer.

Now, if a simple goober can
Improve and broaden on this plan
And thus become a key nut,
Why, you and I might do the same
(Assuming we can justly claim
The brains to fill a peanut).

—*Berton Braley.*

"Harry! Harry!" Janice shouted. "Oh, Harry, darling, you were *right!*"

"Can't hear you, Janice. Baby's shouting so much."

"I said you were right about the other day. I should have believed you. I never heard the baby cry like this before—never!"

"Well, that's the way he was yowling," said Harry. "Can't we do something about it?"

"There, there, there." Janice had the baby on her shoulder. "I tried to get Dr. Tremont, but he's not at home. Darling, I can't stand it!"

Harry took the baby and sought to comfort him. There was a bond between father and mother and a frightful squeak in the child. "Try Dr. Tremont again, will you, dear?"

Harry dialed the number. Dr. Tremont was still unavailable.

"There's a doctor downstairs on the ground floor," Harry said.

"I've tried him too," Janice said. "I asked the elevator man, but the doctor was out some place."

Harry went out in the hall and rang for the elevator. "That doctor downstairs," Harry said, "he's back yet?"

"Dr. Presby? He just come in."

Janice bundled the baby in a magnificent knitted shawl. "Express," Harry said and the elevator dropped like a stone.

Dr. Presby opened the door. "Doctor— would you *please?"* said Janice pitifully, and they went in.

"I'm not a baby doctor," Dr. Presby protested.

"This is an emergency," Harry said.

"My office is to the right," said Dr. Presby, and they advanced at panic pace, all but the doctor, who came leisurely. "A handsome boy," said Dr. Presby, accepting little Harold. Harry's confidence mounted. If the doctor was smart enough to detect the beauty of this bawling bundle, he would be smart enough to fix things. "What do you think is the matter, doc?" he asked.

"I'm so upset," said Janice, "I could shriek."

"Not here, please," Dr. Presby said. He took a length of gauze and placed it in the baby's hands. Little Harold began to chew busily on the gauze and stopped howling. The doctor, a patient man, did not look too disgusted. "Your son is teething," he said. "There is nothing wrong with him, unless you object to his having teeth."

"Ohhhhh," said Janice weakly and put her arms around her husband. "What fools we are, doctor," she said apologetically. "What unforgivable fools for having disturbed your rest."

"The world," said Dr. Presby, "is crowded with foolish people. Tonight, for instance, my wife and I went to our first movie in seven weeks. Coming home, there was a riot outside the Jubilee Theater— bunch of lunatics trying to get near that public menace — you know his name?"

"Blake," said Harry, gripping his chair. "Harry Blake."

"That's it," said Dr. Presby, "Harry Blake. A young girl was almost crushed in the crowd. Not serious, but it could have been. I had to stop and give the girl treatment. Not that I mind, but this crooning jackass— What offends me is that my own wife writes him mash notes and I must clean up his riots. So don't mind disturbing me. Your son's just fine, a great little lad. What's your name, sir?"

"Blake," said Harry, still gripping his chair. "Harry Blake."

THE doctor sat still and pulled his elastic suspenders two feet forward. "Let's all have a shot of whisky," he said. "I've seen everything, but I can't stand this. I must wake up my wife if she's asleep. I must write an account of this for our medical journal. You're Harry Blake? You are The Throb?"

"No," said Harry. "I am The Slob."

"You are *not!"* said Janice loyally.

Dr. Presby tapped his desk. "I'm not a barbarian," he said. "I'm merely addicted to certain situations. Accept my apologies."

"It's all right, doctor," Harry said. "But I don't ask those high-school girls to melt. It's my manager and mass hypnosis. It's a terrible thing, I know."

"You seem sufficiently unhappy about it," Dr. Presby said, reassured.

"Well, my throat hurts, doc. The more I sing sometimes, the more it hurts. Would you look at it?"

"Opportunities like this," said Dr. Presby, "do not occur once in a decade. This might make clinical history. Come into this other room and lie down on that table." The doctor was busy some moments.

Harry opened wide, as instructed. Dr. Presby placed a wedge between his jaws, then indulged his scientific curiosity. "Mmmmm," said Dr. Presby. "Mmmmmm. Interesting, and it explains a good deal." He withdrew the instrument. Janice and her gauze-chewing son came into the room.

Harry clutched his throat. "It's serious, doc?"

"You have what we call a congenital web in your larynx," Dr. Presby explained. "Don't be alarmed, please. It's a benign condition and your personal fortune. It produces that mooing-calf sound in your vocal cords when you sing. Your sore throat is merely chronic, from overuse of your larynx, with, of course, the web contributing. Nothing to worry about, except that, like music lovers, you will be irritated from time to time. The web is merely a band of tissue. I can help the chronic condition by cutting the web, but your peculiar way of making a living might be lost."

"I WAS in the advertising business," said Harry with some feeling, "and I was doing better than all right." I don't need a million dollars, he thought to himself. I don't have to buy my way. What George Chambers can do, I can do twice as well. Ah, dear sweet freedom from the bobby-sox brigade! he thought.

"Er, doc," he said, "I don't like to give up a career so easily, you know. But it's worth while having this condition removed. My manager couldn't sue?"

"It's a simple and entirely legal matter," Dr. Presby said. "It will relieve the chronic condition, I'm sure."

"When could you do this job for me, doc?"

"Any time," said Dr. Presby, rubbing his hands. "Any time that you wish to join me in benefiting mankind."

"My contract at the Jubilee is for two weeks."

"I'll still be here in two weeks," said Dr. Presby.

"Janice," Harry said joyfully, "I'm free!"

"You should lead a more normal life, the three of you," Dr. Presby said. "Though of course I'm only an eye, ear, and throat man and not a psychiatrist."

"Doctor," Harry said, "may I use your phone? I want to wake up my former boss in the advertising business."

He thumbed through the Manhattan phone book, saying "Willow, Willow, Willow" to himself.

"Nice family," said Dr. Presby sleepily, "and a fine-looking son you have. Look there, Mrs. Blake, look now—and you can see his first tooth coming through!"

THE END

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The F. W. Fitch Company

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my shave creams
contain special
SKIN CONDITIONER

Developed especially for super-sensitive faces . . . FITCH'S SKIN CONDITIONER brings "solid comfort" shaves to men who have "tried everything"

THIS great Fitch's No-Brush Cream with its soothing, lubricating effect prepares the most sensitive face for a "solid comfort" shave. When Fitch's No-Brush is applied with wet fingers, it spreads easily, and this special "Skin Conditioner" begins acting immediately . . . When you start shaving, you'll actually FEEL the difference. For even against the grain, the razor glides along, giving you a closer, cooler shave. Fitch's No Brush leaves your face pleasantly cool hours after you have finished shaving.

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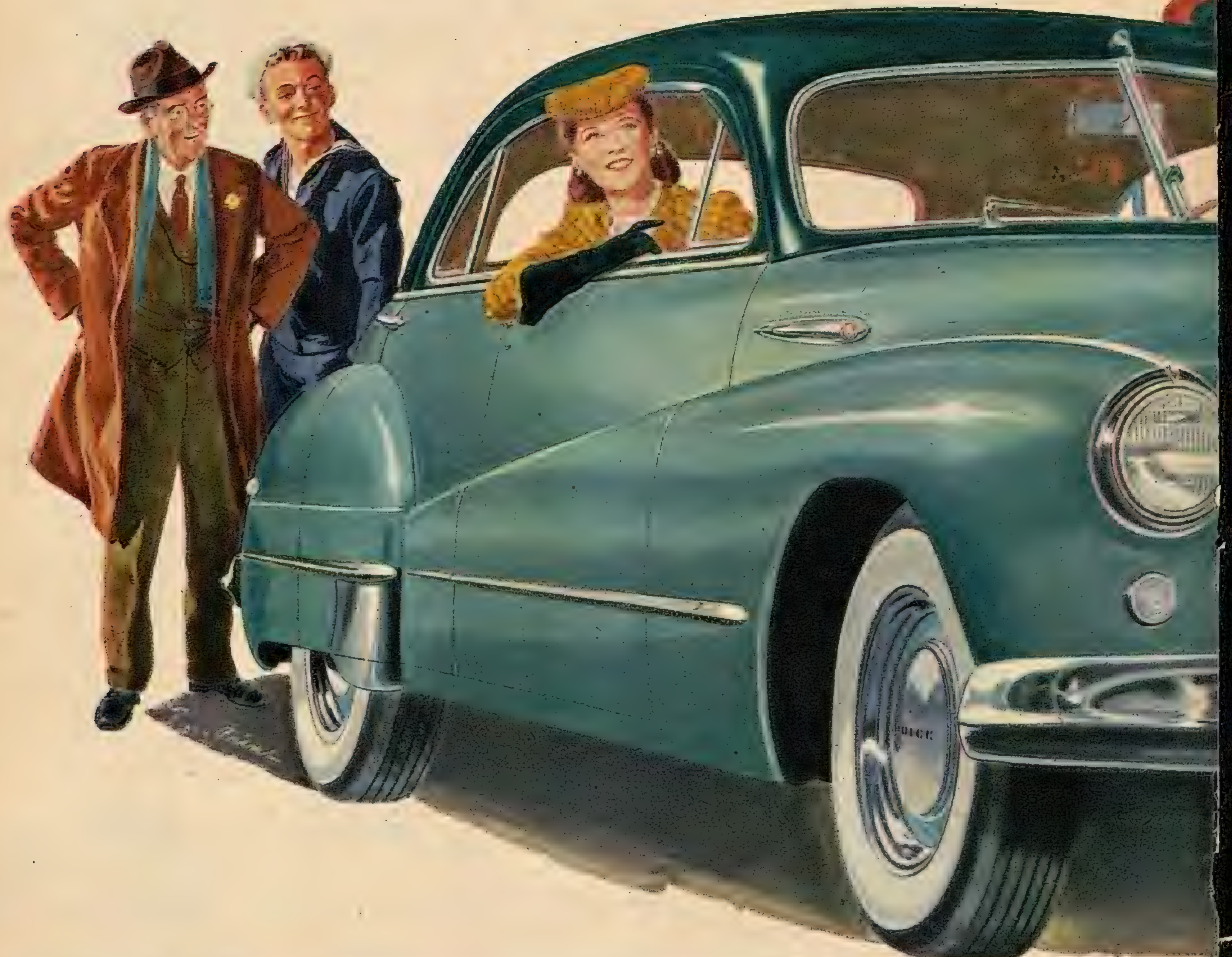

JUST to sit in this honey, folks tell us, is to feel like a fashion-plate straight from tomorrow's book.

And why not, with Airfoil fenders and sleek streamlining that give even dust clouds the slip.

Touching off its Fireball power, they say, is like sampling some kind of flying magic. And no wonder, with brand-new Accurite cylinders smoothing the fleeting miles away.

They say nothing comes even close to the way four-wheel BuiCoil springing gentles the cobbles.

They smile blissfully over its comfort, fondle thi wheel like a long lost friend returned, vow it' better than Old Home Week to get the good soli

tomorrow's Book

foursquare feel of Buick beneath you again.

So it looks like a big Buick year coming up. Looks like a lot of people are planning to make happy days happier by getting set with one real soon.

How about you? Have you seen your dealer to get your name on the list for the smartest 1946 buy on wheels?

WHAT OTHER CAR HAS SO MUCH THAT CLICKS FOR FORTY-SIX!

SMARTNESS—*that's destined to set the style pattern for years to come with Airfoil fenders, Body by Fisher and 3-person seats.*

POWER—*from a Buick Fireball valve-in-head straight-eight engine that gets peak return from every drop of fuel.*

OIL SAVINGS—*from non-scuffing Accurite cylinder bores.*

FLASHING ACTION—*of light, lively Fliteweight pistons.*

STEADINESS—*from full-length torque-tube drive in a sealed chassis.*

GLIDING RIDE—*from Panthergait all-coil springing with only a comfort job to do.*

COMFORT—*of soft Foamtex cushions with luxury-type springs.*

SURE FOOTING—*of Broadrim wheels; maximum tire mileage, no heel-over on curves, and better car control.*

CONTROL—*through Permi-firm steering which eliminates need for frequent adjustments.*

CONVENIENCE—*of high-leverage StepOn parking brake that sets with a toe-touch and holds fast.*

PROTECTION — *of buttressed front and rear bumpers, curved to shield fenders, built for new bumper jack.*

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CITY ______________ STATE ______________

CAVORT WITH ME

Continued from Page 43

After bellowing without gaining a reply, except an unwanted and slightly insulting one from Shortfuse, he mouthed a tasteless breakfast and started up the grade to hunt for Will.

Once, when Rest had lain athirsting for days out in the baked hills with a broken leg, Will had searched tirelessly without food or water until he found Rest and toted him to safety. Now Rest's heart could have burst. Will was maybe a-lying out somewhere, most likely fanged by a rattlesnake. At this moment Rest, as he strode up the trail, would gladly have given—well, not an arm maybe, but anyway the finger with the sore wart on it, for Will's sound return. He and Will had lived with each other and fought and argued with each other so long that, like a long-wedded man and wife, they were two old cronies. Rest stretched his long legs onward, scanning everywhere.

It was a stiff eight-mile journey, all uphill, to the life-giving spot in the Burnt Hills where some rod of Moses had struck the sterile rock and made it gush. Rest dropped to his stomach, drank, rose to hands and knees, and once more yahhooed "*Wil*mont!" Only echoes answered. But presently his eyes saw the very mold of a human foot. It was a half-chewed sock. "What in hexumbobulation?" wondered Rest. Half a dozen rods beyond lay the chewed sleeve of a once-yellow checkered shirt. Another quarter mile he picked up the rest of the shirt, and then a sleeveless undershirt, and then a pair of jeans, one leg amputated.

ALL this gave direction, if not solution, and Rest followed from one article to another until he knew for sure where he was bound. There was a mile-high flower-filled vale up yonder, a vale swung like a hammock between two peaks, that he had once stumbled on while chasing after the burro. It was a hanging garden lifted straight up from Eden, watered by a tinkling fall, shaded by aspens and mountain mahogany, and floored with wild flowers—shooting stars and peonies and monkey flowers and asters. He and Will called it Secret Valley. If he ever made his pile, Rest had thought, he'd build a shack for himself and Will and live up there on wild honey, the smell of petals, and the boundless view. He'd taken Will there one day and unfolded the plan. Will hadn't been much impressed. Will had complained that the railroad, in its windings through the fishhook-shaped Burnt Hills, came much too close to that point and had remarked that Jim Hunnaker would be forever waking them with his whistle.

What unaccountable motive had drawn Will Holt thither now, and what horrible tragedy had befallen him and scattered his duds? A mountain lion's work? Then somewhere there'd be part of the man about. But there was nary a mountain lion's track, though many a burro's.

And here, one and one, were Will's shoes, and here, with its sweatband eaten out, his hat. Every item that Will wore, except the drawers Rest called dinkies, was accounted for. But still no Will. And here, at the entrance to the mile-high vale, was a brand-new fence.

A totally unexpected seven-foot barb-wire fence slanted hostilely outward at the top. Stapled with big staples to green-lumber posts, freshly set. Every tenth post placarded: WARNING! KEEP OUT! TRESPASSERS WILL BE SHOT!

UTTERLY hexumbolixed, Rest stood before the barricade. He peered between its strands. At a long distance, he saw a Spanish-looking house with awnings, a row of umbrellas, and people who seemed to be disporting.

Understanding of a kind began to yeast up in Rest Callum. What was it Will had read in the Los Angeles newspaper? "Cavort with Me! Come to Sunny Nevada. Shed Your Cares. Shed Your Woes. Shed Your Aches. Shed Your Clothes. Be a Sun Son, a Sun Daughter!" Was this the explanation of the freight Jim Hunnaker had been hauling? To set up a sun camp in Rest's private hidden valley and build a fence around it? And—at which thought, Rest jumped as if stung by a scorpion—was this why Will Holt had been so ready to journey into these heights for water?

"The old pick handle!" exclaimed Rest.

"The hairy old tarantula!" The more he put two and two together, the madder he got. "Gone off a-prancing, by holy! Made hisself a sun son! Couldn't wait till he reached the fence, even, before he peeled out of his clothes. Yanked 'em off and fed 'em to the burro, and in he clumb. He's cavorting there now. You Will Holt, when I get you out of there, I'll cavort *you*."

Studying the fence, he perceived where Will had pierced it. Two strands had been pulled and spread apart. Rest pondered, wrath superheating his mental processes. How should one creep up and capture Will? Rest was no sprinter, and there were a lot of acres in that place. Would Will respond, say, to the food appeal—the time-honored "*You* old pick handle! Come and get it!"? Would the sun sons close ranks and hold Rest off? Would the sun daughters clutch and detain their victim? Maybe clutch Rest too?

The thing to do was to scout around and stay invisible, or at least unnoticed, until he could grab wastrel Will and hustle him out, forcibly if need be. But how stay unnoticed? Well, by looking as much like the others as possible. Rest recalled more of the ad. "Fling All to the Four Winds! Be Untrammeled! Be Free!" He wouldn't fling *everything* to the four winds. Not he, who'd been raised properly. But for the sake of his partner, who surely by now needed saving from sunburn if not from Puissance Prouty's New Way of Life, he'd go as far as shucking his outer layers. That would make him kind of unnoticeable.

With a sense of bashfulness that all but hexumbolixed him, but with a stronger sense of loyalty to a friend, Rest reduced himself to hat, boots and wool union suit. He piled the discarded garments neatly, placed a heavy rock on top, wiped his rust-red beard with the back of a determined hand, parted the wires, and rolled—with pricks and cussing—through.

It was noon and blazing warm, and an expanse of sagebrush still separated Rest from his watered upland and whatever had happened to it. He moved at a sloping charge from bush to bush. The clumps cast little shade, but they gave his outraged modesty a chance to catch its breath.

With the stealth of a man who has spent a good part of a lifetime stalking a wily burro, he reached the last clump.

BEFORE him unfolded a young lawn leading up to a row of colored umbrellas, garden tables, many gay chairs, and a swimming pool. Human shapes lolled in the chairs and strolled about the margins of the pool. They'd shed their cares, all right, and a good bit more. Some, the more curvesome, were in two dabs each of bright fabric. Others, the muscled variety, wore boxers' trunks with flowered patterns. Their hides ranged through all sun-kissed shades from bitter chocolate to tea. One toothsome sun daughter skipped out to the end of a springboard, graced it charmingly for a moment, and plopped off. She climbed ashore, scampered around the edge, and swarmed up the ladder to a high platform, where she posed all over again.

It was she who spied Orestes Callum lurking behind a sage plant at the verge of the wilderness. She piped shrilly, "Grab cutlasses to repel boarders!"

Rest turned to dash in retreat. Voices rose in lusty whoop-halloo, and there were yells of "Bring on the buckshot!" and other menacing cries that lent wings to his feet. He was thankful he had shoes. Those swimmers on their bare soles could never catch a shod man in this thorny country. But new din rose. The baying of unleashed, bounding, brassy-throated dogs.

The dogs were around him, and they were enormous, and two of them had Rest by what, at this juncture, was simply irreplaceable. And two strapping swimmers, who had

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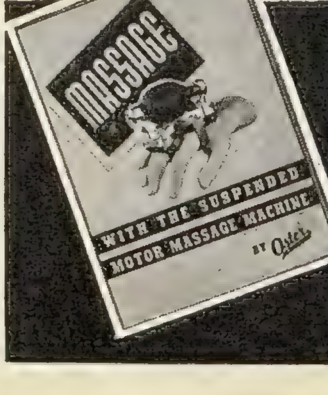
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stayed behind long enough to step into sandals, came up in time to save the back of his lap. They grabbed his arms.

"I'm looking for Will Holt," Rest informed. He was a man with hard meat on his bones, but these two young athletes had the dogs and the words that controlled them. They had self-assurance in this situation where he had only painful shyness. And, on top of that, they probably knew where Will was. So he decided not to struggle. But he'd blister that Will Holt, once he got hands on him.

"I've come for Will Holt," he repeated. "He's in his dinkies—I mean, if he's in anything—" Shame for his partner overcame him. He couldn't describe Will further.

His captors didn't react to that. They lugged Rest to the pool, where they showed him off, and he nearly died from embarrassment, because seven blondes and four brunettes made a crowding circle around him, and all eleven were beautiful in a way that anyone could see was strictly hand-picked. And nobody but his own mother and uninterested Will had ever seen him like this before.

THE eleven beauties and the seven or eight strong males discussed him as so much sacked ore, in terms that were new to him. One of them thought he undoubtedly had a talent for make-up. One called it genius. The others hooted and voted it pure corn. When they asked him what he represented, and he said he was Orestes Callum from the Old Gopher Mine, looking for his partner, they shrieked in lovely sopranos, brayed in bassos and baritones.

One dark-eyed witch, after lilting her suspicion that he had the union suit on upside down—he hadn't, Rest made sure, after a panicky self-survey—declared that Phil the Great simply had to see what the tide had washed up. That's how she put it, what the tide had washed up. Another reminded that Phil was sleeping, would be sore as a boiled bear if wakened, and would simply order the intruder to be skinned alive. The rugged youths who held Rest's arms finally took him to a doorway and into a basement, where they pushed him into a room with a billiard table. "Stick here, actor," they said, "behind the eight ball, till Phil the Great decides what next."

They started to leave, but one of the young giants turned and tossed a pack of cigarettes and a book of matches to him and said, "I know what it's like to break in. I got my chance by delivering ice. I did it with a tap dance. Have much trouble laying hold of that low-comedian outfit? The whiskers look almost real."

Rest glared. All of this but the cigarettes was so much Chinese.

"Could I have a nickel for a cup of coffee?"
LIBERTY

"Sorry Phil Random won't stand for ambitious guys pursuing him up here," went on the almost friendly youngster. "But he won't. This set-up is strictly for high living and plain thinking. Business can't bust in."

Rest managed to insert, "Where's Will Holt?"

"Don't know him, pal, but we come and we go. Present gang is here only for a week. Then back to the lot, and that's where your best chance is, if you're hipped on crawling through wire. Well, you'll hear Phil's decision when he wakes up, though I'm betting it'll be dog meat."

"That's what I'll eat?"

"That's what you'll be."

The youth went out, with a mocking palm-out salute, and a key clicked.

It wasn't wholly bad in the basement room, if you like being locked in basement rooms. Rest didn't know whether he did or didn't. It was out of the sun. But this was the first time in his life he didn't have space measured by townships to move about in. However, there was a small high window, and the window gave out on the pool, and to a man standing on a chair that was as good a place as any to watch for Will. Meanwhile the sights about the pool were not exactly crucifying to the eyes. One of the choice formations out there, the dark-eyed witch who'd called Rest a genius, came to his window, made signs to push it open, and handed in a Tom Collins with a whispered "If you make the grade and need a good stooge, remember me. I'm Pepper Starr."

If he only knew what they had done with Will! Or whom they meant by Phil the Great. Or why they'd clapped him in here like a coyote caught with the hens. Hadn't the ad begged for sun sons? Hadn't he offered himself—at least until he could locate Will—as a would-be cavorter trimmed down dang near complete for the job?

In his current state Rest didn't have a pocket for a watch, even if he'd had a watch. After peering long out through the window, he concluded it was about time for the evening toot of Jim Hunnaker's engine whistle.

He heard the toot, far away but nearing.

A fat little man wearing blue satin trunks and a cigar, and yawning, waddled into view before Rest's window and became the center of a fluttering ring of both sexes. They cleared a chair for him and put cushions at his neck folds and propped his slippered feet on a stool and fastened a tall glass in his hands and fulsomely chorused that the paunch which stretched his waistband was nothing but magnificent muscle. And somebody must have told him about Rest. For the little fat man yawned again and flicked ashes in Rest's direction with a pudgy jeweled hand, and the two athletes who had pitched Rest into this clink detached themselves from the group, came to the door and unlocked it, and said, "You're getting off easy. Phil wants you should be chucked on the train."

"But I ain't found old Will!"

The train tooted close under the hill.

"Come on, or we'll have to toss you under the wheels!"

"But I ain't got my pants!"

The bronzed giants didn't seem to care about pants, which was natural for sun sons. They gripped Rest's arms, hurried him out past the end of the pool.

THE train had stopped at the foot of a flight of steps. Jim Hunnaker and his fireman, Fred Jones, were on their tender, taking on engine water. They glanced down. "Who's being heaved out this time," asked Jim, "autograph hound or ham?"

"It's me, Jim," said Rest.

Jim stared.

"I'm Rest Callum," confirmed the man in the woolen undies. "I been looking for Will."

"By the holy," gasped Jim, "now I seen everything in Nevada, except old Chief Winnemucca, and he's under six feet of earth! Rest, whereat's your clothes?"

"Lemme," begged Rest, "ride in your cab."

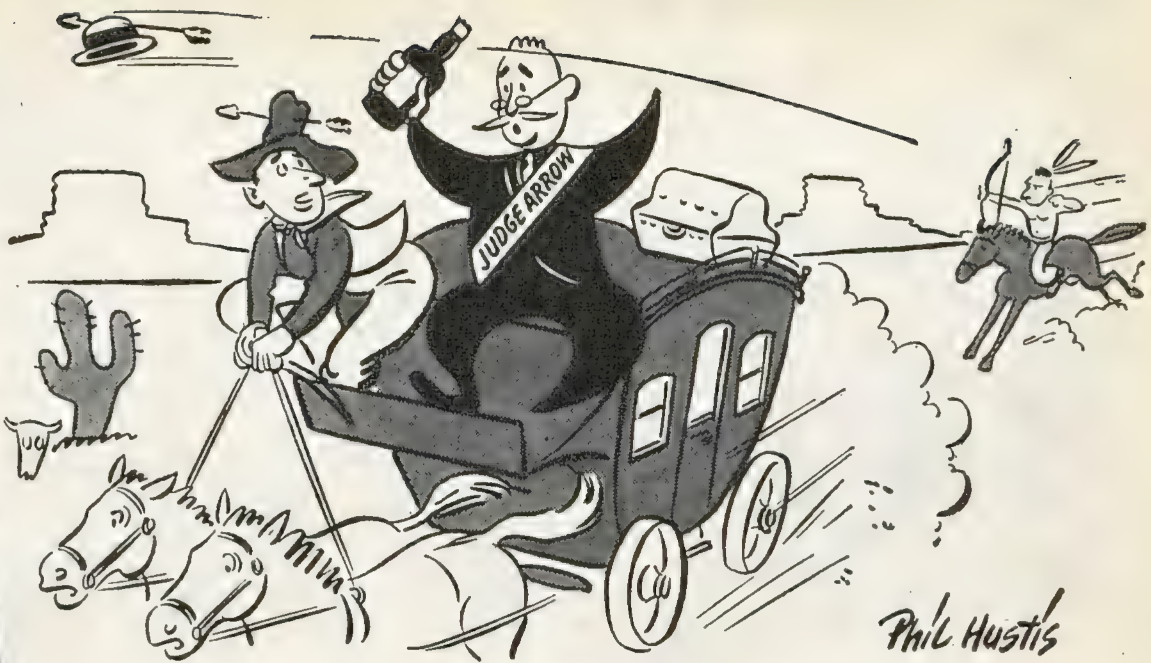
"Sure thing," said Jim heartily, "sure thing!" To Rest's keepers, "Don't be skeered of the old coot. These desert rats do the dangdest things. Though I'd be less surprised if it was only Will Holt."

"Ring the bell and get started, Jim," pleaded Rest.

On the engine, Jim explained some things. Rest realized that if Will had read his last papers first, instead of saving them, he'd have found out sooner. Puissance Prouty had run afoul of interstate fair-trade regulations and been hoosegowed, and a movie maggot, said Jim, had taken over Prouty's Nevada land option

(*Continued on page 78*)

AMERICA'S BIGGEST SELLER*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(*Continued from page 76*)

and made a luxurious hidey-hole out of it.

At the whistling post on Gravelly Flat, two miles from the Old Gopher Mine, Jim Hunnaker braked his drivers and Rest got down. The train rolled on. Rest, nervously holding together the caboose of his union suit, strode for home. Slanting sunset rays made an interesting shadow of his rapidly moving longies, shoes, and hat. Shortfuse, the burro, saw it coming and started to hightail, but decided it was really so, and greeted it with a rib-pumping bird.

Rest didn't know, as he breezed past the smoke tree by the corral, that a black-whiskered figure clad in shivery shorts had lurked behind that very shrub early in the morning of this day and watched him start up trail. A figure that, eighteen hours before, had prospected about in the vicinity beyond Burnt Spring, come to a brand-new fence, shed and piled his apparel, and trustfully rolled through—to be yelled at and shot at with salt and chased by dogs which, however, had merely licked the salt; until, limp and blown, he had come out where he had gone in, to find his clothes strangely swiped. For which reason, desert sun being what it is, he had spent the rest of the day buried in sand to his neck, and with darkness had crept down the clinkered trail and hidden here till Rest and his razor-edged tongue cleared out.

Rest didn't know all that yet. But by the smoke rising from the chimbley, he dang well knew that Will was home. The jeer from Shortfuse was the last word of nonsense he meant to take for one day. He rolled up his union-suit sleeves with determined hands and burst open the door.

"*You* Will Holt!" he howled.

THE END

THEN HEIGH-HO, THE HOLLY!

Continued from Page 21

growing inside the Portland city limits.

Holly trees are hardy. Saw them down to the roots and they'll shoot out from the stump. Dig them up, transplant them, still they'll thrive with a sort of hearty exuberance. An undernourished tree, whose leaves are shriveled and almost black, will frequently grow luxuriant if transplanted to richer soil. Generally, between eight and ten pounds of holly are cut from a tree. However, as much as 200 pounds have been trimmed from a single bush without hurting it.

Oregon State College's agricultural experiment station recently began raising and studying each recognizable type of holly in an effort to isolate the strains. Hollies are hybrids and the male trees are berryless. Trees grown from seed may bear little resemblance to the parent trees, which accounts for the wide variation in type in the Northwest, where many of the hollies were raised from seedlings.

Commercial growers are cautious in their choice of holly for new groves. To get uniformly desirable characteristics, they seek full-grown and outstanding trees, from which they take cuttings or layer the lower limbs until they root. Horticulturists have a field day with the seedlings because holly's variability permits them to develop unusual types. Still, they continue to hunt for the perfect tree. Moreover, until there's a wreath in every window at Christmastime, the growers feel they have no need to worry about any possible surplus.

THE END

COLONEL STOOPNAGLE'S FICTIONARY

HI, ENA!: How a coyote greets his cousin.

POLEASE: Rented from a cop.

DIFFICOLT: He won't stand still at the barrier.

FUNDERSTUDY: Stand-in for a comedian.

DEPOSITIVE: Sure you put money in the bank.

SOOTER: A chimney-sweep swain.

AUNT-ONYM: Uncle.

AUTUMN-MOBILE: Fall car.

ASCAPade: A prank of the American Society of Composers, Authors, and Publishers.

DEL-HUGE: A titanic flood.

RAFTS DON'T PUSH UPSTREAM

Continued from Page 41

And how Mrs. Judson had just found out that Helda Tucker kept house for Old Knowlton and studied with Thad every evening. Mrs. Judson had just had fits, I said.

Grandfather said, "What's that! The old bit—the old girl doesn't think Helda good enough for our Thad? Is she?"

"Yes," I said. "Her two older sisters—people say they're fast. What is fast?"

He cleared his throat, spat out a bit of his cigar, and looked fiercely at the lighted end. "Fast means that she attracts men like flies; when men are attracted like flies, there's a demmed good reason—best in the world. Is this Helda girl fast too?"

"No! Rita and Maudie are. Rita"—my voice lowered with the enormity of my disclosure—"Rita sometimes wears a Rainy Daisy skirt—when it isn't raining!"

Grandfather sort of choked. "Does, eh? To her shoe tops, eh?"

"Yes," I said severely.

"Does, eh? A regular hellion! Has a raft of fellows?"

I nodded. "Sits in the Turkish corner with them. When I get to be a lady, I'm going to have a Turkish corner."

He looked way off to the bluffs across the river and his voice sounded kind of sorry. "Wish they'd had Turkish corners when I was a young blade. No matter." He spat again. "Times change; nature doesn't. What's Helda like?"

"Pretty—tall and dark. Oh!" I pulled the note from my pocket. "She gave me this for Thad! I forgot!"

"Ha! Give it to me, child—it isn't sealed very well."

I grabbed at his hand. "Grandfather Duncan Ward! No nice person reads things meant for somebody else!"

"I'm not a nice person. I'm an old snooper." He balanced his gold-rimmed eyeglasses on his high old nose. "Being a nice person," he stated, "is greatly overrated. Being an old snooper is fun. But remember, child, you don't get to be an old snooper till you're old! It's one of the compensations!"

HE stopped right there on the plank sidewalk to read the note, then carefully resealed it. "So that's it, is it? You and I'll go right back to the store and Cupid around a bit. Come along."

We found Thad unpacking bolts of muslin in the rear room. When I'd poked around the bales and boxes, and gone back to them, Thad's forehead was all worried. He was saying, "You see, sir, she has it all set down in figures in her red-leather ledger—every penny she's spent on me since she adopted me as a baby—even the food bills, cut in half—though of course I've eaten far more than she has."

Grandfather slammed his cigar to the floor and ground it with his heel. He snapped, "What about the credit column—what about saving her loneliness? What about the columns Love of a Baby, Loyalty and Companionship of a Boy, Seeing a Character Unfold?" His mustache trembled. "Then in what column would you put Distorting a Naturally Shy Nature into a Feeling of Guilty Debt and Overpowering Obligation?"

Thad pushed his grimy hand across his forehead—it left marks. "You see, sir," he said unsteadily, "she wants me to get ahead—to be important—make her important. She's never been, you see. She specially wants me to marry some one important—she thinks I can if I ever get to be bookkeeper here. The trouble is I'm in love with Helda Tucker."

Grandfather looked Thad over from his toes to his yellow hair. At last he said slowly, "My boy, Lincoln said this: 'I once steered a raft down the Mississippi River. It went along delightfully with the current; but I didn't meet any rafts going upstream —they were all steamboats.'"

Thad's eyes were on the hammer he held; his voice was so low I could barely hear. "Most people can go ahead and be steamboats—cut their way up the river. But when you're adopted, loyalty can drain your steam right out of your engine. You maybe don't have the right to cut your way up the river like other people do."

Grandfather jerked around to me. "Didn't you have a note for Thad, Punkin? Hand it over—and come along. We'll be late to dinner and Mamie'll be mad at us."

We were late and Mamie was mad. Even while mother made a fuss about grandfather's coming, she was terribly upset. And at dinner, as they talked store, grandfather's voice got loud and bossy, and father's got deeper, as it did when he was boiling mad and holding in.

As I watched Mamie tiptoeing around the table, waiting on us, and watching grandfather out of the tail of a fearful eye, I got scared too.

I STARTED to slip down from my chair. Mother saw me and said brightly, "Jeanie, eat your dinner, dear. Richy can come home from school for a few days; it's between sessions, or something. I'm driving up for him as soon as we're through."

Grandfather snapped, "Jeanie and I will drive up for him. Just we two. We've got business on the way."

I felt big hot tears crowd up behind my eyes as mother looked helplessly at father. She wanted to go, and alone, for Richy was the very core of her heart. But grandfather liked making people uncomfortable.

Knowing Richy could come home made me feel almost happy. I missed him so when he had to be up at his school. Richy was the laughingest

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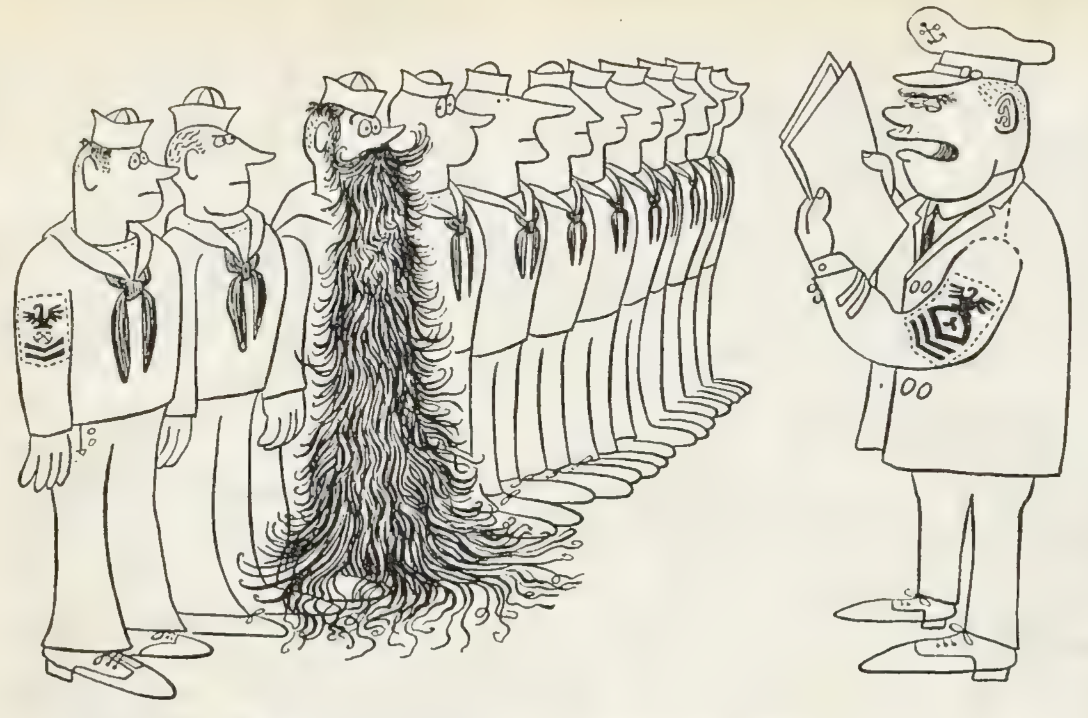

"Memorandum From: Commanding Officer.
To: All hands.
Subject: Beards, growth of."

LIBERTY

one of us all, and he played the piano the best of anyone anywhere. I was specially glad he was coming, because he was the very only one never scared of grandfather. He couldn't see, so how could he know how fierce grandfather looked?

Going for Richy, grandfather and I drove across the river on the covered bridge, then up on the bluff where Richy's red brick institution was. Some one went to tell him, and in no time I saw him pelting down the steps, his red head shining in the sun.

"Incredible!" grandfather jerked out. "Incredible for him to run so surely when he can't see!"

THEN Dexter blew a soft whinny and Richy turned and came flying out to us, that bright, listening look on his face. He came straight to our buggy and put a foot on the step and was in, laughing his chuckly laugh as he hugged me. He listened a second, then cried, "It's—why, it's my grandfather!" He pounded his small fist on grandfather's bony knee. "When did you come? No one told me!"

"No one ever knows when I'm coming," grandfather said shortly. "I come like the storm—thunder and lightning."

Richy chuckled. "You're just pretending! I can tell. Your voice is fierce and cross on its outside, but underneath you're just having fun with people. You like to scare 'em. You don't scare me—not ever!"

Grandfather looked startled. "What's that?" Then he cleared his throat hard and said crossly, "Jeanie, tell me—where does Thad's mother live?"

He didn't speak again till we drew up at the poor little house with its narrow windows that looked bright and cross. I could see Mrs. Judson sewing in the window. When grandfather shouted at her from our buggy she came running.

"Oh, Judge Ward!" Her hand went to her throat. "Is it about Thaddeus? Has he done anything wrong? He isn't mine, you know. He's only adopted."

"He hasn't done anything wrong." Grandfather snorted. "And you needn't explain, ever, that he isn't really yours. He couldn't possibly be. Adopted children, seems like, are always finer than the foster parents could possibly have had!"

Dull red came up into her flabby cheeks; her wide mouth turned sullenly down. She looked frightened, but she said, "I've worked myself to the bone getting Thaddeus—where I've got him. Some day he may even be bookkeeper at the McNeal store. That's the day I'm living for—the day Thaddeus and I will really be somebody!" She stepped nearer; her voice lowered. "But—after all the ideals I've given him, do you know the girl he wants to go with? I hate to tell you—but it's one of those Tucker girls down on the flat."

Grandfather slapped his knee with Richy's hand still on it. "You don't say! One of the Tucker girls! Good lusty family—whole caboodle of 'em. By gravy! If Thad can get him a Tucker girl, specially the Helda one—he's a better man than I thought him!"

Mrs. Judson said bitterly, "If he'd had a father over him—but my husband left me before we'd been married a year, and—"

"Shouldn't wonder!" Grandfather said. "So when your husband lit out, you took a baby to fill in the chinks of your life and assure yourself a safe old age. Now he ups and falls in love with a girl you don't quite like. When Helda's mistress of your home here—"

Mrs. Judson's sallow cheeks paled. "That flibbertigibbet mistress of my home!" She looked fearfully over her shoulder and the clean narrow windows stared back. "A Tucker girl!"

Grandfather snatched off his gold-rimmed eyeglasses and slowly swung them on their chain—back and forth from his long, thin fingers. I never could understand why that seemed to scare people so, but it did. They'd stare from those swinging glasses to grandfather's face with its long nose and icy eyes, and they'd wilt down as if the starch had gone out of them. Every time!

I could see Mrs. Judson try not to wilt, then, as she started to say something, grandfather picked up the reins and we were off.

Grandfather laughed his dry laugh. "Children, that's what's known as a good woman. Nothing harder in this world to live with than a good woman. Now let's go to the ice-cream parlor and cool off."

WHEN he'd ordered four dishes of Richy's favorite—pink—he sent a boy over for Thad, and when Thad had sat down at the fourth place, grandfather said (and our ice cream wasn't smoother nor sweeter than his voice) "My boy, maybe I don't look like Cupid."

Thad looked startled. "No, sir," he said.

"Thad, how good are you at keeping the store's books? Old Knowlton teaching you anything?"

"I've been doing all the bookkeeping, almost, for six months," Thad said slowly. "Mr. Knowlton didn't want you or Mr. McNeal to know yet. Helda Tucker and I—she's as good at it as I am—Mr. Knowlton will tell you the books are all right. They are, sir."

"H'mm." Grandfather's eyebrows twitched; he put Richy's hand on his own knee—he seemed to like to have it there and he covered it with his old high-veined hand. Then he looked hard and long at Thad and at last snapped out, "Marry your Helda, then. I like the girl."

Thad's elbow knocked his spoon from the table. When he'd stooped to pick it up, his face was brick red. "It would kill mother if I did—and—in that note Jeanie brought me Helda says she's going with someone else—that I'm not to go see her any more—that we're through, she and I."

Grandfather's hand clenched on his gold-headed cane. "And you're taking it lying down! Steamboats cut their way upriver, spite of currents, floods, anything. Remember that!"

Thad wiped the yellow hair off his forehead with his thin hand, then asked curiously, "How do you go about it, sir, to make a girl marry you when she won't?"

Grandfather cleared his throat importantly. "Well, of course, I never had any trouble that way. I picked my girl and told her we'd be married Monday. That's all there was to that!"

(*Continued on page 82*)

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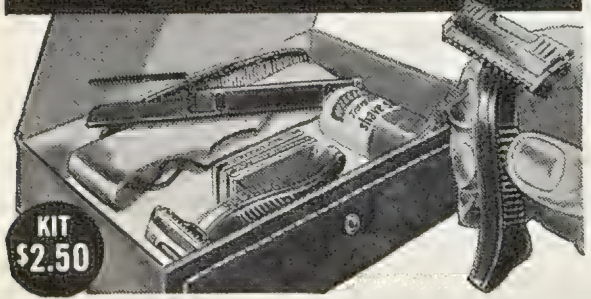

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(Continued from page 80)

"You don't know Helda." Thad drew in his breath as he said her name. "When Helda says she won't, she won't. You don't know my mother, either."

"Steamboats, my boy—steamboats. Now get on back to the store. Richy's mother'll be fit to be tied because I didn't bring him straight home!"

But when he flicked Dexter with the whip and we'd lit out in a cloud of dust, he asked, "Where does this Helda live? Don't forget we're Cupids. I'm going to make a job of this—I'll put it over or bust!"

When we drew up to the Tucker house, he went in with his head thrown back and his cane stomping, but he came out with hunched shoulders.

"Drat the girl!" he exploded as we drove off. "Seems that mother of Thad wrote Helda that Thad's going with her was disgracing both of them. Now Helda won't even see Thad unless his mother begs her to. Not asks, but begs. Can you see that battle-ax begging? Drat women, anyhow!"

Richy said, "I know things about people no one else knows, because I can hear things in behind their voices. Thad's mother won't beg Helda to marry Thad, not unless—not unless—" His face looked bewildered, then he stammered uncertainly. "No—she just won't, unless something different happens."

"Afraid you're right. We're licked, that's what. Cupid's licked."

After supper grandfather paced our sitting room—up one row of huge roses, down the next. I saw mother's anxious eyes follow his feet; I knew she didn't want him to walk paths in our new ingrained carpet. She drew a quick sigh of relief when he grabbed his cane and stomped off without a word.

WHEN he came back, he sat down with a grunt in father's headache chair. "I've been talking to Old Knowlton," he said. "Touched him up about his retiring to his farm. Think he will. He says Thad—the girl Helda, too, are all right with the books, so we'll give Knowlton a vacation. Start him tomorrow, James, and let Thad substitute."

"What's that you say?" father roared. Mother's hands flew up in her gesture of dismay. She told Richy and me to run up to bed.

I was scared to go down in the morning. Grandfather's breakfast mood always set our day, just like you set a clock. But when I did go down, grandfather was the pleasantest I'd ever seen him. After breakfast he took Richy and me for a walk. He went straight to Mrs. Judson's.

He settled himself in her plush patent rocker. "What would you say, ma'am, if I offered Thad the position of bookkeeper—at Knowlton's salary—thirty-five a month? Bookkeeper at McNeal's General Merchandise!"

"Thirty-five! Bookkeeper!" She folded down on the sofa and her hands went to her pale face.

"If Old Knowlton will retire, the position's Thad's if—but only if—you'll beg Helda Tucker to marry him. That's flat and that's final!" He began gently swinging his glasses on their chain.

Mrs. Judson's eyes bulged as they followed the swing of the glasses. She said faintly, "I couldn't do that, Judge Ward—I couldn't!"

Grandfather just grunted, and Richy, turning at the sound, went quickly to him and pulled at his sleeve. "Grandfather!" his voice was worried, "let's go. You promised to take us fishing to the river."

GRANDFATHER got up and without another word he marched us out. "The fool!" he burst out. "Living with that woman would take the guts of a mackerel!"

"Will we catch mackerel in the river?" I asked, to distract him.

"Bullheads," he said, "just bullheads. That Judson woman makes me think of a bullhead—wide mouth—flabby—"

"She sounds like one," Richy said. "We've got to dig bait. Bait to catch bullheads," he chanted. "You catch 'em with what they want most. If we had the bait Mrs. Judson wanted most, we'd catch her, too—"

Grandfather stopped dead, staring down at Richy, then said, "You're remarkable, Richy—more like me every day. Run on home, both of you. I'm going downtown. Got to think hard! I'll be Cupid or bust!"

When we got home I found I'd almost missed one of my weekly chores, the lamp cleaning. Mamie washed and I wiped all the lamps.

As we did the last one, grandfather hurried in. "Edith," he said, "I'm taking you all to the hotel for supper tonight." As Mamie carried the last lamp through the swinging door, he asked, "How soon's she expecting her young one?" Then, as mother's hands flew up, he said, "Bosh! I don't hold with children being screened from reality. Mamie's going to have a baby—most any day, looks like, and—"

"Really, mother?" I shouted. "Did Horace tell her she could?"

Grandfather smiled happily at mother's flustered face. "Jeanie," he said solemnly, "Horace was right there when—"

"Jeanie!" mother cut in, her face scarlet, "run out and play." And I had to without hearing any more about Mamie's baby!

We were finishing supper at the hotel when the telegram came for grandfather. He read it and pushed it into his pocket, then went right on talking just as if we weren't waiting breathlessly to hear. "As I was saying, James, Kirk came back from New York crazy about horseless carriages! Seems Duryea has made a dozen or so—a man named Ford, too. Can you imagine such a contraption going ten or twelve miles an hour down our streets!"

Mother reached a protecting arm about Richy. "Why, children wouldn't be safe in our towns!" she said.

Grandfather agreed. "Kirk says he's going to have one! You should see him and Agatha cavorting down the bicycle paths on a tandem—Agatha in bloomers and leggings—they call it advanced. It's decadent. Now come, children, if you've finished your cake, you and I have business to attend to. We'll be right home, Edith."

We went again to Mrs. Judson's, where grandfather stood glaring about, then pulled the telegram from his pocket. "Just got this." He pretended to mull it over while we all hardly breathed. Finally he adjusted his glasses, said, "It's from my son-in-law, Kirk Browning—he owns one of Chicago's largest stores, you know. He says in this, 'Need two assistant bookkeepers. If you know a young married couple wire me—salary sixty a month each.' I came to ask you, Thad, if you could suggest such a young couple."

Thad let out a long breath, smoothed back his hair with a shaking hand, and said quietly. "No, sir, I couldn't."

Grandfather rapped out, "Eh? What's that, my boy? What's that?"

Thad shook his head. In the dismayed silence, his mother's mouth flopped open. She whispered hoarsely, "Thaddeus! I never once dreamed of anything so grand for us! Mr. Browning's great Chicago store! I can't wait to tell Mrs. Haskins—you in that wonderful position!"

"You don't understand, mother," Thad said. "It's a married couple Mr. Browning wants."

Grandfather's eyes suddenly lighted into little blue flames as they fastened on Thad. There was no gruffness in his voice as he said softly, "As you step from raft to steamboat, you gain stature, my boy. You gain stature." Then he slowly let his eyeglasses slide off into his hand, began slowly swinging the glasses.

Mrs. Judson made flustered little beginnings, then stammered, "We—well, away from here and all her family, Helda probably would be different."

Thad's face was white and stern. "She wouldn't be. Helda'd be the same anywhere. Anyway, she won't even see me. She wrote me so. If you're thinking of us as the couple for Mr. Browning, forget it. We aren't!"

MRS. JUDSON'S frantic eyes followed the swinging glasses. "But—Thaddeus! Just you two—in Chicago—none of her family!"

"They're great at visiting," Thad said, and I saw grandfather's thin smile widen at that.

Mrs. Judson put a pleading hand on Thad's arm. "Thaddeus—you'll never in the world get such a chance again—never."

"I haven't the chance now," Thad said. "And Mr. Knowlton told me this morning that he's not retiring. He's staying."

"So!" Grandfather jammed his glasses on his nose, took Richy's hand and mine, and turned to go. That broke Mrs. Judson. She cried, "Wait, Judge Ward! If we all went to Helda now—all together—"

Grandfather shrugged, "We could try. It's just across the tracks!"

Thad shook his head. "No! You'd have to beg Helda, mother. Of course I could send you more than I make here—you could fix up this house pretty nice. But there's no use talking about it." His face looked terribly stern and all at once grown up. A man's face it was.

Mrs. Judson hurried into the hall for her bonnet. "We'll all go!" She turned pleadingly to grandfather. "Judge Ward, will you do the talking?"

"No, ma'am," he said flatly. "I won't. You're the woman. It's the woman's place to do the talking—all of it." And he winked at Thad over my head. I saw him!

Thad blinked as if his eyes had tricked him. Then, as grandfather winked again, Thad's lips curved into a sudden funny little smile.

"You children run on ahead," my grandfather said, putting Mrs. Judson's hand in the crook of his elbow. "Tell Helda to listen for a steamboat whistle—that Cupid's on his way. Run!"

We ran.

THE END

HANDSOMELY GROOMED HAIR Bowls THE GALS OVER!

Winner finds what's *"Just Right"* to keep hair neatly in place from morn til night!

GUTTER BALL

Combing his hair with water never kept it neatly groomed. His hair always looked so wild, unruly—almost like a guttersnipe's. What a shame he doesn't try Kreml Hair Tonic—it grooms hair so *handsomely*.

A SPLIT

How ridiculous and old-fashioned his hair looks when "plastered down" with grease. How oily and dirty it feels! Kreml keeps hair neatly in place yet *never* leaves it looking greasy.

FOULED

Women actually recoil from a man whose shoulders are covered with slovenly dandruff flakes. Kreml is *famous* to promptly relieve itching of dry scalp and to remove loose dandruff, which looks so untidy.

STRIKE!

At last he discovers Kreml—finds it "just right" to keep hair neatly in place all day long, yet never "pastes" it down. Use Kreml Hair Tonic always to help keep *your* hair handsome looking.

[• Ask for Kreml Hair Tonic at your barber shop. Buy a bottle at any drug counter. Use Kreml daily — for a *cleaner scalp*, for *better-groomed hair*.]

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Woman-Talk

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

HOME AGAIN, HOME AGAIN!— I get a super-colossal kick out of letters concerning the arrival home of sons, after years away at war. Kay Welts of Haverhill, Massachusetts, writes, "The high spot of the year came when Jerry arrived for an unexpected two weeks. I went around on one wheel—to have him home—to be able to reach out and touch him, and to know that the war was really over, even though he has to go to sea again as a replacement." And from Mrs. Sadie H. Brown of Lockport, New York, whose Date Stick recipe has brought in salvos of approval, came a letter saying, "David has been here and gone again. We saw him to the train last night after eleven days with us. At last he is a civilian again, after nearly four years in the Army, lacking one month. He is as well-poised and sensible as ever—has nothing like the queer mental quirks one reads so much about. You'd have been amused to see the clothes-buying spree he indulged in immediately, and again and again."

FASCINATING FABRICS: A collection of "leisure clothes" by Sylvan Rich was shown recently at Hampshire House Cottage in New York. Lounging pajamas made of practically creaseproof pure silk yellow crash were high-lighted with a green sequin scarf. There were interesting daytime clothes too, designed for Southern wear. One dress was of pale green linen with a circular skirt and a rayon sash in a festive plume print. A gray linen, gathered in front, was topped off with a white scalloped collar. On chilly nights it would be pleasant to own the dark green velveteen slack suit for fireside lolling. (Shown by Macy.) The gold-sequin-trimmed beige gilet and a gold kid belt added to its charms. Gala, too, was the green felt cloth circular skirt swirling beneath a jet black wool jersey one-shoulder blouse. To keep the other shoulder from shivering there was a white wool jersey tricornered scarf edged with jet fringe. A complicated way to keep warm, but quite dramatic.

CHRISTMAS COSMETICS: Cosmetics will be the happy solution for many names on Christmas lists. A gaily printed little white duck "mailbag" contains a lipstick and a bottle of nail enamel (Revlon) for only $1.25 plus tax. The same house offers a gift package in a red or cocoa-colored straw knapsack with bright blue top. Inside are nail enamel, polish remover, and lipstick, all for $2 plus tax. . . . The man of the house would certainly like a set of triplets involving Yardley's Invisible Talc (85 cents plus tax), After-Shaving Lotion, lavender-scented and soothing ($1.25 plus tax), and the good old wooden Shaving Bowl ($1 plus tax). . . . Those who dawdle in their tubs will enjoy a "Forget Me Not Bath Set," by Primrose House, which contains dusting powder and "Bubble Bath," at $2.50 plus tax for the works.

HERE TODAY AND GONE TODAY: You must have speed and endurance this Christmas season in order to connect with a crop of such ensnaring prewar mechanical gadgets as the Mickey Mouse drummer who beats a tin can as he is pulled across the floor. He's back on the counters at around 75 cents. Thousands of other customers will also try to beat you to the limited supply of good old Pluto in his various manifestations. I watched new stock vanish twice before I managed to get a wooden Teddy bear standing on a stout little wagon with metal underpinnings. As the wheels turn, the bear's arms wave up and down to beat a five-key metal xylophone with two little red balls, all for less than a buck and a half! But you will have to be shot through with luck to get a new velocipede. Merchants constantly apologize in a sort of chant—

We had them today, but we never know
Exactly how fast our bikes will go.
They were here at nine, and gone at ten. . . .
Keep a stiff upper lip and try us again.

TO ACT AS GOD

Continued from Page 37

are different now. You're married. Jake loves you."

"Jake," she purred like a contented kitten, "is absolutely wild about me. It's wonderful. I have never been so content."

"I think you're getting restless."

"Perhaps. It's not important."

I took her arm and stopped her in front of the studio door.

"Linda," I said, "it is important. Jake told me before you were married that you were going to change. He believes that."

"I know," she smiled. "It's cute of him. But, Tommy, I am me. I am not someone to be changed by a stroke of the brush. I like this beauty I have and I enjoy others liking it and I love to be made love to. Does that make sense to you?"

"Well—"

"It is very sensible to me," she said urgently. "It is the way I am. I told Jake before we married."

"What did he say?"

"Oh, he talks and talks, then and now, but all the talking in the world means nothing to me and I have told him that, too."

"Why did you marry him?"

"Well, I liked him and he insisted on it."

I DECIDED to keep my nose where it belonged after that, but it was impossible. Jake and I were too close. He had no one else to confide in, so he talked with me. For a long while it was just ideas, and then it began to be Linda and only Linda.

He told me once, "I never thought I could love anyone like that. It's almost frightening. When she's near me I feel I'm walking on air, and when she is away from me I'm empty. I don't live. I just wait, just exist."

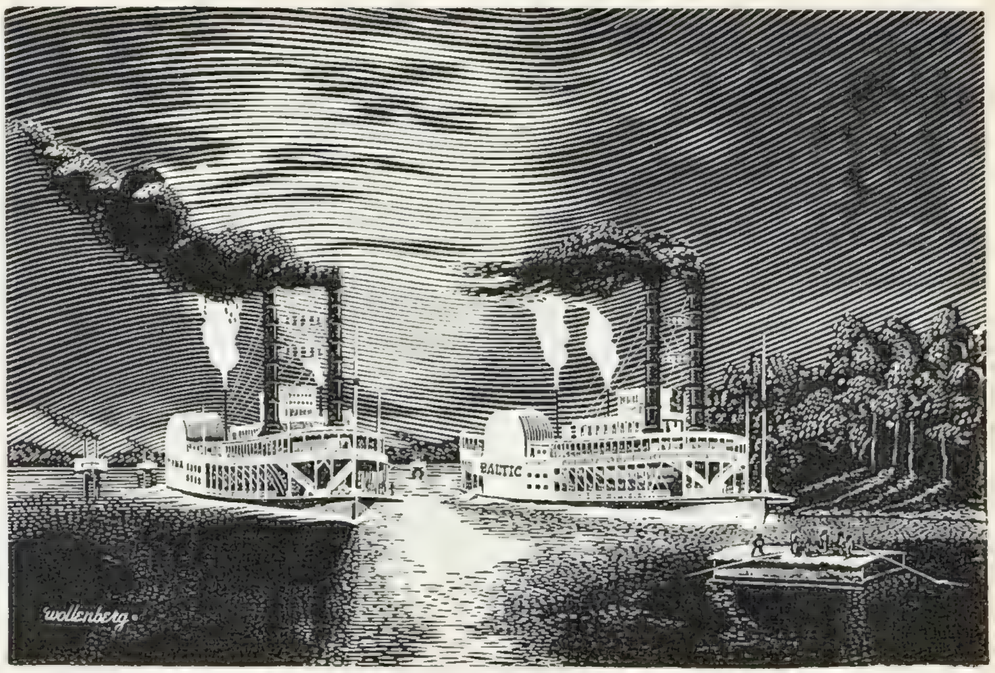
"You sure got it bad."

"Worse than that, Tommy. Every minute fraction of my being is in love with her. But you know something odd?" he said, a curious whine in his voice. "I can't paint her any more. Linda in oils is such a cheap and gross imitation of the real thing that I am unable any longer to put her on canvas. Peculiar, isn't it? But now," he chuckled, "no one can accuse me of marrying her to dispense with a model's fee."

It was not many weeks later that I had to bail Jake out of jail in the middle of the afternoon. The desk sergeant told me that it had been an ordinary barroom brawl, but the back-bar mirror had been broken and there were damages to collect. My head was spinning, as I had never known Jake to get in a brawl or ever get drunk.

By the time I got him out of the cooler and up to his studio he was sober and little the worse for wear, except for a black eye and a cut on his nose. I made coffee and poured it into him. When he felt a little bet-

The Grand Old Drink of the South



A Steamboat Race On the Mississippi

FROM AN OLD PRINT

Seasons Greetings— expressed so well ~ so many ways— with Southern Comfort

Egg Nog, Old Fashioneds, Manhattans, Highballs! In each, and many other favorites, the intriguing flavor of The Grand Old Drink of the South is as welcome as a white Christmas. Southern Comfort is an ideal gift. Try the recipes in the booklet on the bottle. Write for others.

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America's Most Versatile Drink

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Egg Nog

Jigger Southern Comfort. 1 whole egg. 5 ounces milk. Shake well and pour into 10-ounce glass. Grate nutmeg on top.

SOUTHERN COMFORT
Manhattan

⅔ Southern Comfort. ⅓ Dry Vermouth. Add ice, stir and strain into cocktail glass. Garnish with red cherry.

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ter he told me what had happened.

He admitted that he was jealous of Linda and that he had forbidden her ever to pose again for another artist. Evidently Linda paid no attention to him. On that particular morning, in spite of Jake's protests, she had gone to work for Johnston, a really good artist. So he had gone out, got drunk, and ended up in a brawl.

THE room was cold, so Jake lit the gas heater, then returned to his chair. He stared up at the ceiling for a minute, then looked back at me and said, "It is virtually impossible to exercise any sort of control over Linda. She recognizes no acknowledged authority. Not because she is stubborn. That isn't it. She thinks of something. She does it."

I asked him, "Had she promised not to model for anyone else?"

Jake shook his head. "She never makes promises. She listens and smiles and pats my cheek and says nothing."

"Well, after all, Jake, she has been modeling for years and she likes it. Linda usually does what she likes."

Jake's face turned red as some violent emotion raged within him. He was on the verge of saying something, but the emotion subsided, his features became calm and he leaned back and closed his eyes. Jake and I had gone through school together, but I looked at him then and wondered if I had really known anything about him.

That was when Jake began to change.

Linda continued modeling for Johnston, and then, after him, for other artists. It was not a continuous thing, as Linda was lazy and worked only when she felt like it. Her average was about one week of work and then a week of lying around the studio, half asleep, usually curled up on the couch like a kitten.

The reverse was true of Jake. When Linda was at home, Jake was happy and energetic and worked hard on his canvases. But when Linda was modeling for another artist, Jake did absolutely nothing. He never touched his brushes, he paced the floor like a caged animal and, though otherwise a light smoker, he smoked his cigarettes chain fashion.

I was with him when he was like that one day and was still there when Linda came home in the afternoon. When she stepped through the door, Jake spun about and stared at her, his face tight, his eyes probing, his muscles as taut as wire springs. After a second the tension snapped, his expression dissolved, and he walked toward her, grinning broadly. If he had had a tail he would have wagged it. I was almost sick watching it.

We had our first row when Jake dropped up to my small apartment one evening to pick up some brushes I had purchased for him during a trip to Los Angeles. He seemed distracted and wandered aimlessly around the combination living-bedroom, but paused after awhile and sniffed the faint scent of perfume in the air. Then he turned on me and his eyes were like blazing coals.

"Linda!" he gasped.

I didn't get it at first, and stared at him foolishly, and then when I did get it I really got mad. "Fine," I said. "That's fine. So Linda has been here. Sure. Why, you simple-minded jerk—"

He shouted wildly, "I'd know that perfume anywhere."

"So would any dime-store clerk. Good Lord, don't you know the perfume she buys is the cheapest she can get?"

"I know she's been here."

"Sure. You're almost right. Only this edition happened to be a blonde. Lives across the hall. I'd ask you to step over and ask her a few questions, only I don't think she would like it."

The color of his face faded to ashes and the light went out of his eyes. He took a few steps back, dropped onto the couch, and buried his face in his hands. He mumbled, "Sorry, Tommy," and after a moment looked up.

I was still burning and said, "What the devil's the matter with you, anyway? I've seen men act like children before—we're all a little nuts when it comes to women, I guess—but, brother, you're overdoing it. You're getting pretty disgusting."

He said humbly, "I suppose."

"You suppose!" I barked. "That's just it. What's happened to your backbone? All right, so you're in love with her. That's unfortunate. I say it's very unfortunate. But you don't have to be a whipped dog about it. Give her a good beating. Maybe she would enjoy a beating. Matter of fact, I think she would."

He whispered, "You don't understand her at all."

I WENT into the pint-sized kitchen, got out a bottle of whisky and poured two slugs.

"Jake," I said, "maybe we should have this out. I do understand Linda. The picture she presents is certainly far from a conventional one, but there is nothing complex about it. Any adult male would understand Linda at a glance."

Jake bit his lower lip, hard. "You don't know."

I ignored that and said, "I think the distortion in this picture is caused by your own conventional nature."

That really snapped him out of his odd mood. He blinked at me and almost laughed. "You think I have a conventional nature?"

"Not in the strict meaning of the term, but basically, yes."

"Now, Tommy—"

"No. I mean it. The trappings of the Bohemian artist hang upon you very loosely. You even paint con-

(*Continued on page 88*)

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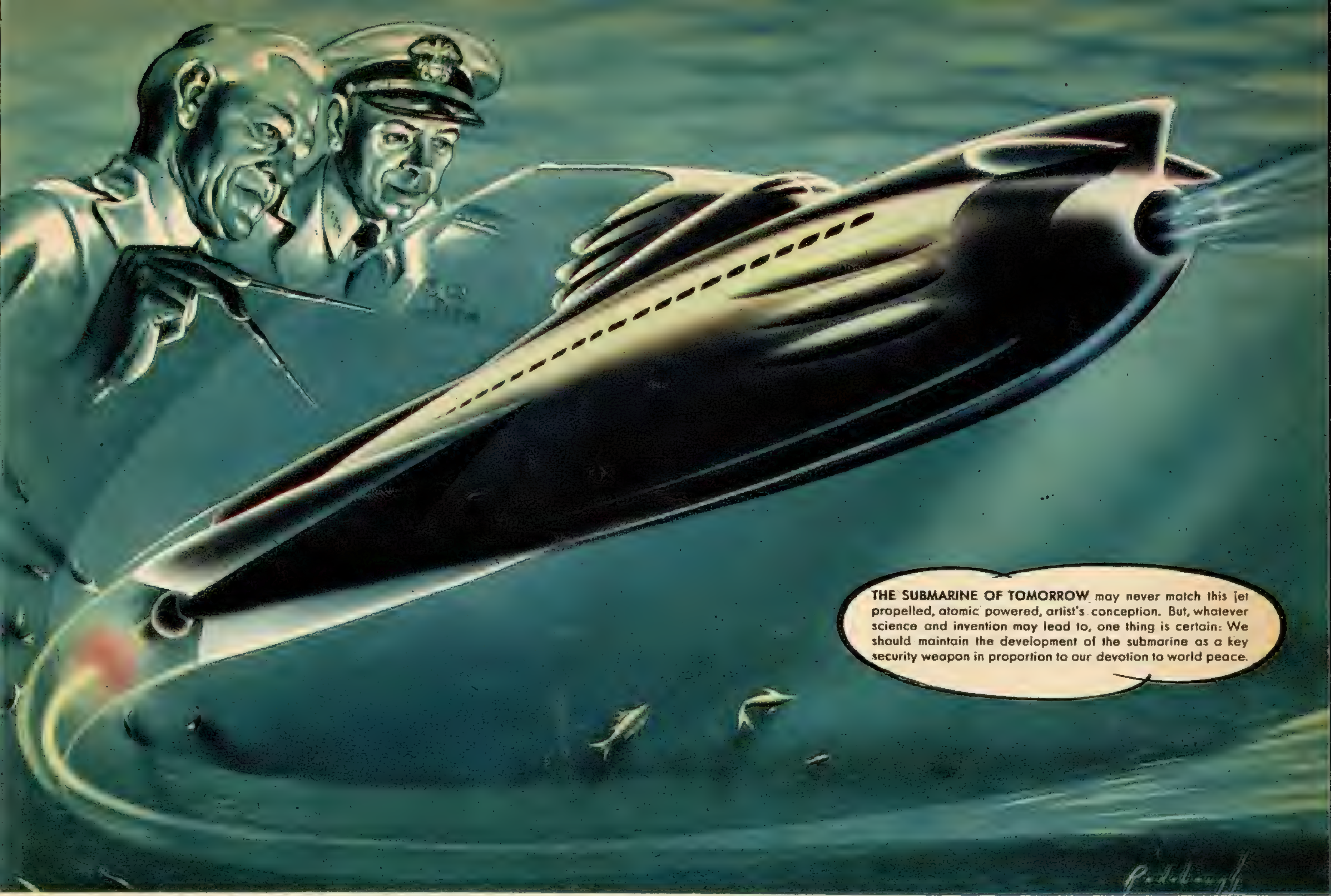
THE SUBMARINE OF TOMORROW may never match this jet propelled, atomic powered, artist's conception. But, whatever science and invention may lead to, one thing is certain: We should maintain the development of the submarine as a key security weapon in proportion to our devotion to world peace.
Reddbaugh

SUBMARINES FOR SECURITY

IN THE WINNING OF THE WAR . . . U. S. submarines played the leading role in foiling enemy aggression in the Pacific before it could seriously threaten American soil.

1942 . . . Almost before Jap bombs stopped falling at Pearl Harbor, long-range U. S. submarines streaked toward Tokyo to cut off enemy troops and supplies at the source. The terrific toll they took of Japanese shipping in those crucial early days prompted a top Admiral to cite submarines as **"the silent sentinels of our security."**

1943 . . . While America accumulated her might, our submarines continued to keep a strangle hold on the lifelines to Japan's stolen empire. In September, the Navy officially announced that **submarines had accounted for 77% of all Jap shipping sunk since the beginning of the war.**

1944 . . . When America had mounted her offensive and was prepared to unleash her sea and air power in the Pacific, the highest Naval official paid tribute to our undersea fleet by stating that **"U. S. submarines deserve the lion's share of the credit for knocking the props from under Japan's conquest."**

1945 . . . After the annihilation of the Jap fleet and our seizure of advance bases from which planes carried the atomic bomb, a Fleet Admiral said, "That was brought about by sea power, sea power spearheaded by our carrier-borne raids and **the excellent work of our submarines."**

* * *

IN PRESERVING THE PEACE . . . New developments in U. S. submarines can go far toward giving America the physical power needed to enforce her conception of world-wide social justice.

American thinking has advanced well beyond the "all-out disarmament" days that followed the last war. Twice within a single generation we have been forced into a world war because our enemies considered us unprepared. From bitter experience we now know that we must maintain the development of security weapons in proportion to our devotion to world peace.

As America's highest Naval authority recently stated:

"If in the future some maniac has delusions of world empire, he will start where the Germans left off. For our own defense and for the future peace of the world, it behooves us to continue research in military subjects so that no such maniac can ever feel that he has monopolized an advanced weapon which will put the world in general and the U. S. in particular at his mercy.

"For that reason I again urge the necessity of a substantial and alert post-war research program in military fields — and this research should be carried through to the actual production of pilot models."

* * *

Here at Electric Boat Company, the development of U. S. submarines has proceeded steadfastly since the construction of the Navy's first under-sea craft in 1899. The tremendous advances in efficiency, speed, range, safety and comfort offered by the modern submarine are results of continuous experimentation with full-size pilot models. ***Improvements have to be tested constantly under actual sea-going conditions, because the briny deep itself is the only true "proving ground" for submarines.***

Two costly wars have demonstrated that we can remain secure and can discharge our international obligations only if we control strategic ocean areas. This control of the seas and the skies above them by means of key security weapons is the peacetime mission of the United States Navy.

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(*Continued from page 86*)

ventional and conservative pictures. You paint that way because that's really your nature. Linda, on the other hand, is the exact opposite. She is the born Bohemian and will never be anything else. And yet," I said, leaning forward to punctuate the words, "you are trying to place her within the frame of a conventional marriage. Isn't that what you want, really—a normal marriage?"

He thought it over and then admitted reluctantly, "Well, there may be something to that."

"There's a lot to it. I don't say it's so, but you probably think of her as a wife, a housekeeper, the mother of your children, the usual thing. But however you think of her, Jake, none of it is Linda. It never will be. So there will always be that conflict upsetting you." I took a swallow out of the glass and snapped, "Get rid of her before you lose your mind."

Jake was no longer listening. He glared at me, got to his feet and walked out of the apartment. I tried to forget the whole thing.

Jake did not forget it, as he talked often after that about conventionality.

He had always been well liked by his friends and acquaintances, but no longer. He was glum at parties, he hovered about Linda as if someone were trying to steal her, and he insulted his friends. He became a general pain in the neck. Even I avoided him until, I hoped, the phase would pass. It did, but only to give way to another.

When I returned home from a long trip to New York, the landlady informed me that Linda had called a number of times and wanted to see me as soon as possible. She said that I could see her at the studio of Ericsson, the sculptor, where she was working.

I got a taxi and went over to Ericsson's studio, which was in a huge barnlike building near Montgomery Street. It was a rest period, and he and Linda were having coffee near the model's stand. They waved to me and called, "How about some coffee?" but I paused to look at the work in progress. There was a three-foot clay model of Linda on the stand and, next to it, a huge piece of marble in which only the initial cuts had been made. I studied the clay model and stood there shaking my head in admiration.

Ericsson asked, "Like it?"

"Cripes, yes! Where does it go when you've finished it?"

"Civic Center. It's the central figure of a group that should take eight or nine years to complete. But that is the key figure. All else depends on that."

I laughed and said, "Maybe Linda will get fat before then."

"Oh," he said, "I need her only for a few months more." His eyes twinkled as he asked, "Think I've captured her unusual beauty?"

"And more."

I LIKED Ericsson, as everyone did. He was a blond giant of a man, with Gargantuan appetites, unlimited energy, and a life dedicated strictly to his work. He and Linda together—that I could understand. The way she was watching him, the soft glow in her eyes—that I could understand, too. It was beginning.

I broke that off by asking her bluntly, "What is it you wanted to see me about?"

Ericsson excused himself, mumbling something about buying a pack of cigarettes, and left the studio. As soon as he had gone, Linda said, "It's about Jake. I am a little worried about him."

"Uh-huh. He's been pretty rude lately."

"Oh, it's not that. No more insults. No more jeering. Now he has taken the attitude of a martyr."

I felt like snickering. "Jake?"

"Yes. Since I was fourteen, Tommy, I've known what it is for men to be jealous about me. I understand it and it doesn't bother me. It didn't bother me with Jake, either. But this is something new. Eric seems to think it is dangerous."

I stared at her and then really laughed. "Not Jake!"

"Yes, really. I fail to see it, but Eric doesn't like it."

"How does Jake act?"

I lit a cigarette for her and she blew out a puff of smoke and explained. "It is difficult to say. He smiles easily now, but it is a smile with nothing in it. You know? He laughs, too, and that lacks something. I can't say what it is. But it is the way he is toward me that has Eric uneasy. He—well—almost patronizes me. Do you understand that? He objects to nothing; he even comes over here to watch us work now and then; he pats me on the back like an indulgent father, and he talks and talks and says absolutely nothing." Her brows drew together, and then she said, "He acts like a man who has made up his mind about something and is only coasting beyond that point. But," she smiled, "I could be wrong. I don't understand things like that."

I thought about it and shook my head. "Nothing much to put your finger on. Perhaps he has made up his mind to leave you. That could be it."

"It could be, except that I am the one leaving him—tomorrow."

I SETTLED back in the chair with a sigh. Well, it was coming to a head. That was good. I said as much, and added, "Not that I am blaming you, Linda. It's just that you two should never have been together in the first place."

She said dreamily, "He was nice, though. I still like him, in a way, but not the same way. When I told him last week—"

"Is that when you told him?"

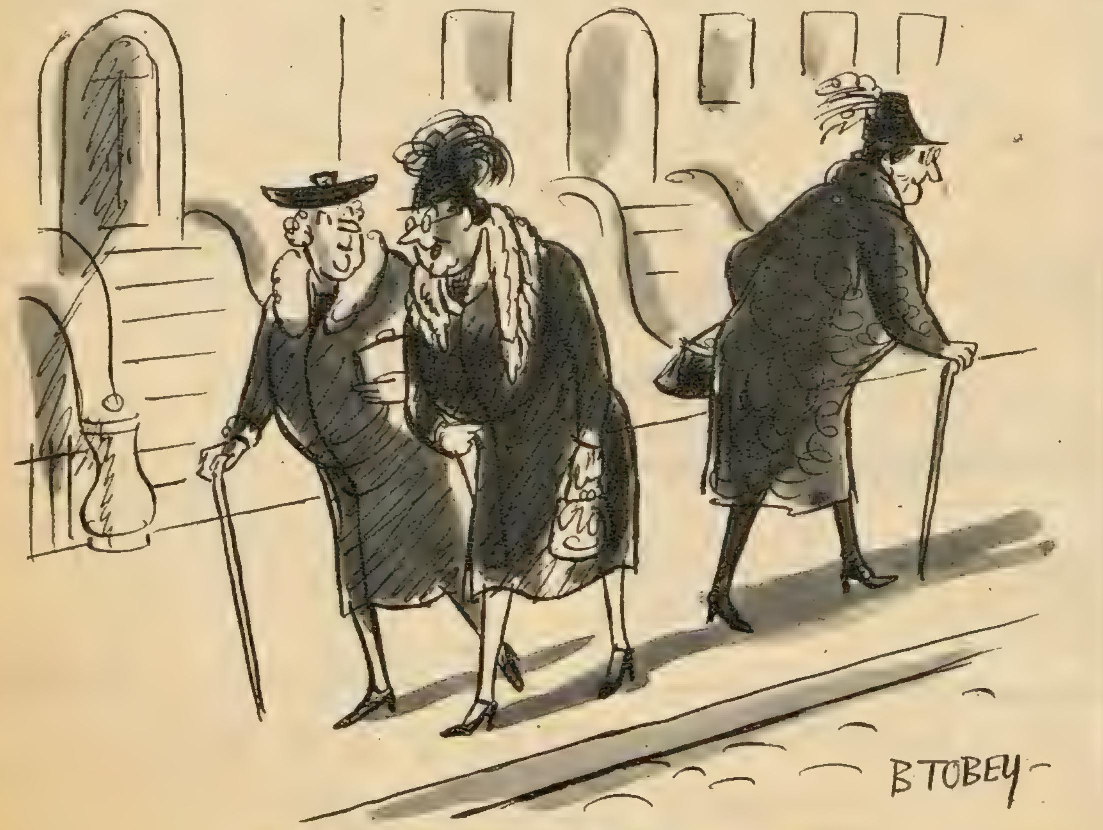
"Yes. I told him I would have to go and that I was uncomfortable, and he said that it was all right, but asked me to stay one week until he finished his present canvas. He claims he works better with me there and that this painting is really good. But, Tommy, he is really not a good artist. I haven't the heart to tell him so, because I like him."

"I've told him. It did no good. He has a great head for ideas, but his talent is second-rate and will never be anything else. Too bad."

"Yes. Well, anyway, you talk with him and kind of help him through this situation. Please? You are his friend."

"O.K. But, personally, it sounds as if he has reconciled himself to the split already. Are you staying in his place tonight?"

(*Continued on page 90*)

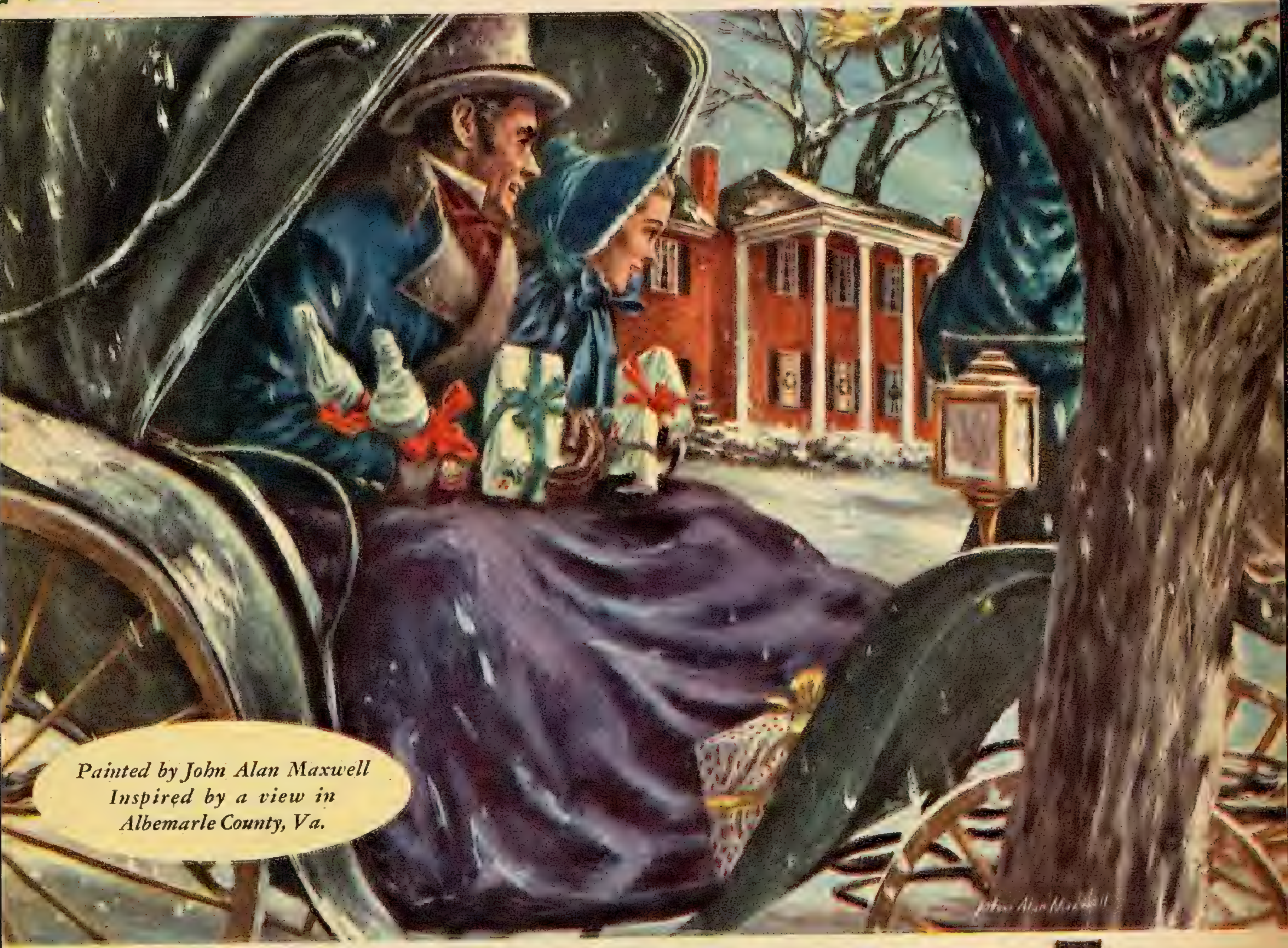


"My, how *she's* aged in the last forty years."

LIBERTY

Christmas on the Old Plantation

. . . when gracious Colonial living came to fullest flower


John Alan Maxwell

Painted by John Alan Maxwell
Inspired by a view in
Albemarle County, Va.

This is a message for those who seek to recapture today, some of the goodness and gentleness of a bygone Christmas day. It's about a drink that is fittingly called Plantation.

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(*Continued from page 88*)

"Yes. But I am having dinner with Eric and will be in late."

I got up and patted her back. "Don't worry. I'll see you tomorrow."

I went over to the office, turned in my expense account, then took a cab to Jake's studio.

Jake was in the studio eating salami on thick slices of French bread and drinking from a jug of Chianti. It was cool in the room, but Jake seemed to think it was too warm, so I said nothing and sat down and broke off the heel of the bread. Jake poured me a glass of wine and asked about my trip. I talked and he seemed to be listening, but it was obvious that he was not. I lapsed into silence and chewed on the bread and it was a full fifteen minutes before he realized that neither of us had said a word. It was odd.

He cleared his throat and started talking rapidly about nothing of any importance and I could see what Linda had meant. He was patronizing me, too. I got bored and told him I was going to see a movie. But before I left I asked him how Linda was doing.

He looked up at me with feverish eyes and said heartily, "Fine, Tommy. Just fine. Have you seen her?"

Why I lied I don't know, but I said, "I just got back in town. No, I haven't seen her."

"Well, she's just fine. Settled our little differences, you know. I told you she would change." He looked off into space and said hollowly, "No one could love a woman as I love her. I knew it would have an effect on her sooner or later, and it did. Now she admits that she loves me as well."

"That so?" What else could I say.

"Oh, yes. I don't anticipate any more trouble. You'll see." He chuckled, and that was hollow, too, and he repeated, "You'll see."

"Well, O.K. Glad to hear it. See you tomorrow, maybe."

He did not seem to hear me. He was looking out the window. I thought I could use a little fresh air and left the studio and walked down the foggy streets to the Marina.

In the morning, though, it was different. The fog was thicker and there was something oppressive about it. I paced around the apartment, smoking cigarettes, then dressed and went outside. I walked along, thinking about Linda and about Jake and wondering why he had acted so peculiarly the night before.

I suppose I sensed it then, and walked faster, and in a few minutes I was standing before the door of Jake's studio. There was a printed note tacked on the outside of the door which read: "Caution. Gas inside. Do not enter. Call police."

An involuntary sigh escaped me that was almost like a groan. I felt sick to my stomach and went outside to the gutter and a passer-by thought I was drunk. Then I went back inside and examined the door. Newspapers were wedged around the edges. I sniffed, but could not smell gas. I tried the knob and the door was unlocked, so I pushed it open a few inches and still there was no smell of gas. I shoved the door wide and stepped inside. There was no trace of gas in the room.

But Jake was dead. He was seated in a wicker chair near the windows, facing an easel on which was the first painting he had done of Linda. His head was back and his hands hung limp over the arms of the chair. On the floor at his feet was an empty bottle of poison. I guess he had wanted to make doubly sure.

Also on the floor was a sheet of white paper. I picked it up and read: "It is a man's privilege, at least once in his life, to act as God. Even He could not have done this with greater finality." It was signed, Jake. I thought, Oh, Lord, Jake!

Then I turned on my heel and walked to the low bed. Linda was lying on her side, curled up like a kitten, her dark head cradled on one arm. I stood there looking down at her, shaking my head. And then I almost fainted. Linda's lips were parted and she was breathing and sleeping as easily as a child. Linda was very much alive.

I DECIDED not to wake her right then. After I got over the shock, I crossed the room to the gas heater. It was turned on, but there was no gas coming from the jets. Nothing. I turned it on and off a couple of times and nothing happened. I was not thinking very clearly, but I knew that Jake must have turned it on and was probably under too much of a strain then to notice there was no hiss of escaping gas.

I opened the folding doors of the wall kitchen, found a bottle of gin, tilted it up and drank until it was burning in my stomach. As I put the bottle down, my attention was drawn to a wire tray, the kind you put bills in. I riffled through them and found what I had partly suspected. There were two unopened envelopes containing bills from the gas company, and a notice which I opened, stating that service would be discontinued on such and such a date. That date had been the day before.

I heard a sound and turned around. Linda was sitting up in bed, stretching her arms, and though she was surprised by my presence, she was attempting a smile. She looked toward the back of Jake's chair and asked curiously, "Is he still asleep?"

I said, "Yes, he's asleep." I walked to the bed and dropped the gas bills in her lap and said, "He and God are having a little talk about a certain privilege that belongs only to God."

"Why, Tommy," she said, amazed. "I didn't know you were religious."

"I'm not, very," I said. "But I think you will be from now on."

THE END

PERSONNAlly Speaking by BING CROSBY

Star of "ROAD TO UTOPIA" a Paramount Picture

1—"I USED to be just plain old Bing Crosby. Then our four little shavers gave me Personna Blades. Now...

2—"I'M BING CROSBY *Personna*-fied, and the tykes tell me that life with father is smoother than ever!"

3—MEN! Try super-sharp Personna for *slicker, quicker* shaves, and you'll probably sing like Bing!

HERE'S WHY PERSONNA Blades give you luxury shaves:

1—Made from premium steel.
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3—Rust-resistant for longer use.

Personna, 599 Mad. Ave., N.Y.C. 22

PERSONNA

Precision Blades

10 for $1

TRAGEDY'S CHILDREN

Continued from Page 28

He didn't look much like a partisan. He is shy and not the aggressive type. He wasn't eager to tell me his fantastic story. I got it bit by bit that evening and throughout the following day as we drove to Krocehlavy-Kladno and Lidice.

Before the war Slava Lederer was a fairly successful business man. He was also an ardent Czech patriot, and that got him into trouble. The Gestapo came for him late in 1939. "You've been listening to the BBC," they told him.

The Gestapo prison where he spent three months was bad enough. Then he was moved to Theresienstadt, near Prague, the "model concentration camp," and one of the most infamous establishments ever set up by the Germans.

"SOME of the barracks," Slava said, "were clean and pleasant, with decent furniture and flowers on the windowsills. But nobody lived there. It was only when visitors came to inspect the camp—Red Cross people or foreign dignitaries—that some of us were driven into those neat little houses. Whoever dared to indicate that he didn't belong there was doomed. So were those who either refused to 'go shopping,' or who failed to 'shop' convincingly. We were quite rich at Theresienstadt. A lot of special money was printed for us. And there were quite a few lovely shops. As soon as an important visitor arrived, 'business' picked up. Half crazy with fatigue, cold, and starvation, we'd rush about, buying bread and meat, warm clothes and good shoes. I don't know what was more agonizing, the short time during which we possessed the dream stuff, or the moment when it was taken away. For it always was—all of it."

Theresienstadt was not an extermination camp, but 35,000 died while Slava was there.

One night in July, 1942, he and thirty-nine other prisoners were awakened.

"Shovels," they were told. A truck took them away. They were not told where they were going, but when the truck stopped, some of them recognized Lidice. SS. men were at work burning its eighty-nine houses and its little church.

"The terrible screaming and weeping didn't come from the flaming buildings," Slava said. "It came from the schoolhouse that had so far been spared. The women and children were locked in there. The men were all dead.

"When we saw their corpses, we couldn't look at one another. None of us wanted to read his own thoughts in the other fellow's face. The grave we were ordered to dig was to be twelve meters long, eight meters wide, and two meters deep. It could hold our dead bodies, too.

If you're away – let Flowers-by-Wire take your place at the tree!

When you're in another town on an occasion you want to remember, say it the most beautiful way of all—with Flowers-by-Telegraph!

A very Merry
Christmas, Sis
George & Gwen

In any event—wire Flowers

As an example, you can send a $5.00 bouquet from Detroit to:

PLACE		Price of FLOWERS	+	Av. Cost of WIRE
BAKERSFIELD	for	$5.00	+	63¢
NATCHEZ	"	"	"	60¢
SALEM	"	"	"	63¢
TORONTO	"	"	"	50¢
LINCOLN	"	"	"	60¢
AUGUSTA	"	"	"	53¢
KNOXVILLE	"	"	"	53¢

NOTE: These are just a few examples of how reasonable it is to send flowers by wire.

FOR BIRTHDAYS, HOLIDAYS, ANNIVERSARIES—FLOWERS-BY-WIRE

Just follow these 3 simple steps:

1. Go to any florist with the Florists' Telegraph Delivery Association seal on his window.
2. Tell him kind of flowers and amount you wish to spend.
3. He does the rest! He wires your order and message for card to FTD florist in other town—who then delivers the flowers.

It's *easy* — just be sure florist has FTD seal (shown at left) on his window.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION
484 East Grand Boulevard, Detroit 7, Michigan

There were 185—among them a boy of twelve, a boy of five, and two dogs. Although we were made to work fast, it took us thirteen hours to dig the grave. When it was ready, we, too, expected to die."

No one knows why the men from Theresienstadt were spared at Lidice. Slava, for one, was marked for extermination. After three years at the "model camp," he was sent to Auschwitz, and Auschwitz meant death.

"I didn't think I cared," he said. "By the time I got there, all those I loved—my father, my brother, and my two sisters—had been deported and killed at Warsaw."

He paused.

"But the children of Lidice," he said finally, "they were still alive, though one of the SS. wanted to kill them. The others said they were as good a value as the sheep and the goats and they'd better be sold. So the bloodthirsty one was appointed chief auctioneer. I couldn't get those children out of my mind."

"You mean that you escaped from Auschwitz?" I asked.

Prior to its liberation by the Red Army, nobody had ever left the extermination camp alive.

Slava rolled up his sleeve. The number burned into his skin was duplicated in the Auschwitz records and identified Slava Lederer as prisoner No. 170521.

A GREEDY guard had helped him escape. Slava was neither a poor nor a shortsighted man. Anticipating his arrest by the Gestapo, he had distributed his modest fortune, 250,000 crowns (about $10,000) among his friends in Pilsen. He promised his torturer 245,000 crowns. A letter of instructions was delivered to his friends. The money was reassembled and surrendered to the guard at Mährisch-Ostrau, the appointed meeting place.

"On April 5, 1944," said Slava, "I left Auschwitz in the uniform of Hitler's SS."

Up to the day of his departure, 3,500,466 prisoners had been gassed at Auschwitz.

Slava went into hiding—a man without papers, a fugitive sought for immediate extermination. However, during the next two months he made six visits to Theresienstadt and smuggled in a radio receiver, nine Browning machine guns, and 200 letters.

By that time the Nazis had transferred their most secret and incriminating papers from Berlin to Theresienstadt, because the "model camp" was less exposed to Allied bombings and inconspicuous enough to be made the Reich's central office of espionage.

The papers were stored in mirror-paneled rooms and watched over by both guards and dogs. The guards were forbidden to touch the files, but the dead tell no tales, and the prisoners were considered as good as dead. On two occasions Slava changed clothes with one of the inmates and, broom in hand, turned up in the mirror suite.

"I spent sixteen hours," he said, "wiping the floors, dusting the chests, and reading the files."

Every Nazi agent abroad and every "suspect" in occupied Europe had his or her individual dossier. Records of Jewish, Polish, Yugoslav, and Czechoslovak suspects were lumped together and classified as "especially watchworthy."

Slava learned who among his friends belonged in this group and acted accordingly. Many had been arrested. He found out where they had been sent. Many had died. They, too, were listed. Their families were rarely informed. Wherever he could, Slava told them.

The women of Lidice, he noticed, had all been interned. But nowhere could he find any trace of the children.

Late in July, 1944, following the Allied invasion of Normandy, revolutionary upheavals broke out in Slovakia.

Slava decided to form a group of partisans. He remembered a number of fellow prisoners from Auschwitz. If their dossiers were correct, they had not yet been gassed. They would make magnificent fighters, he believed, and ought to be freed at once.

> **"When you're at war," says a character in Thornton Wilder's play, The Skin of Our Teeth, "you think about a better life; when you're at peace, you think about a more comfortable one."**

He had no money left with which to bribe the greedy Nazi guard, so he tried a new approach.

"Look here," he told the guard, "dozens of people know about our old deal and are advised to talk if I shouldn't return. If, on the other hand, you assist me now, we shall remain quiet, but once victory is ours—and it will be, soon—I shall testify in your favor and you'll be the only Auschwitz trooper who has nothing to fear."

The scheme worked. One of the men whom Slava had meant to liberate was killed by another guard. The remaining nine escaped.

The Slovak revolution failed, but the partisans kept fighting. Number Nineteen and his group specialized in sabotage.

They had, as Slava puts it, "an exceedingly nice time." At night, in their woody hideouts in the Beskids Mountains, they had their "parties." Guided by small fires, the "guests" would fall from the skies—Russian parachutists, their pockets bulging with dynamite. While Slava and his outfit—by now 800 strong—longed to join the Red Army, the Russians insisted they remain behind the German lines.

When Slava scorched the Roederstein factory in Sbraslav, near Prague, Marshal Zhukov was on his way to Berlin and the Wehrmacht was running short of supplies. It needed the machine parts and electrical equipment that Roederstein produced.

"I burned it all," says Slava. "I got there at midnight. At 1 A.M. the place was on fire, just five hours before the stuff was to have left for Berlin."

His day's mission completed, Partisan No. 19 planned to hide out in Prague. When he arrived, however, fighting was in full swing and Slava found himself in the thick of it.

"To be in on the liberation of Prague was no mean break," he said.

He fell silent. Except for the interruption at Krocehlavy-Kladno we had been driving all day. Both driver and car seemed thoroughly tired. We came to a sudden stop.

"What's this?" I asked.

"This," said Slava, pointing at nothing in particular, "is Lidice."

NOT a house, not the faintest sign of murdered life was to be seen. Perhaps the grass grew a little more thinly here than elsewhere, and the trees which once lined the village street looked more forlorn. Behind and above them a slim wooden cross stretched its arms, a barren Calvary, bearing the crown of thorns but embedded in flowers.

"Here they lie," said Slava. "The cross is new. So, of course, is the stone. The Germans wouldn't let anyone go near the grave. But somehow there are always flowers."

The tombstone bore this inscription:

"To the men of Lidice, victims of Fascism, from the soldiers and officers of the Fifth Russian Army and from General Pankova, their commander."

It was getting dark. Slava translated the words for me without looking at the stone.

"Tomorrow," he said, "I'll be off for Upper Silesia. It was there—at Bad Kudova—that I found the first child. Her name is Eva Kubik. I was so eager to get her home to her mother that I left without searching the area further."

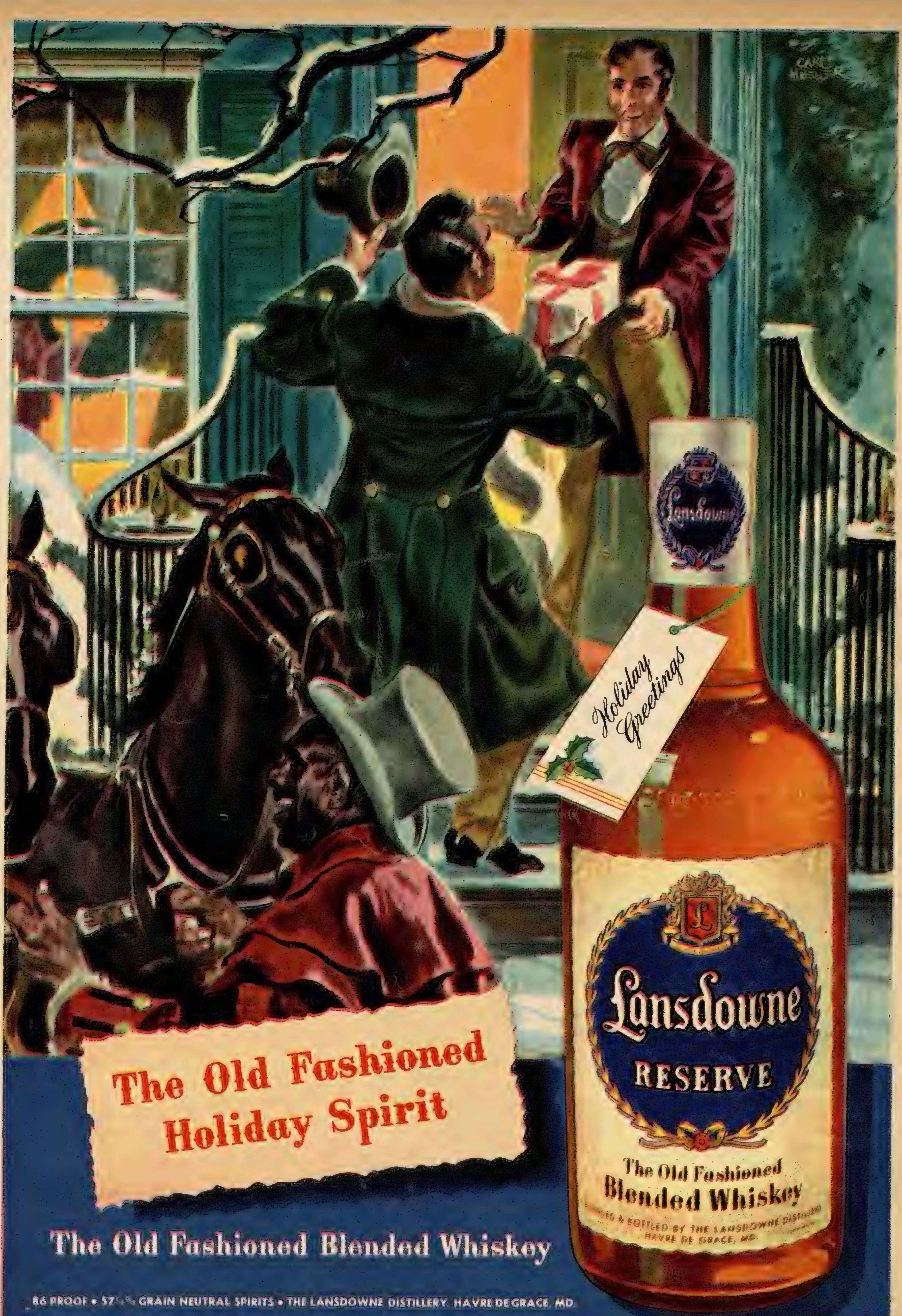
Upper Silesia was far away. It would be a long time before his little car would once again be rattling through the streets of Krocehlavy-Kladno and the women would be imploring him to stop.

The women of vanished Lidice—how had they come to settle in this new, unpronounceable place?

Germans had been living here—coal barons, mining experts, Nazi administrators, Gestapo. When the Nazis had been driven out, the Czech miners might have moved from their own wretched quarters into the handsome homes. Instead, they sent for the Lidice women.

"The miners," said Slava, "are paying for their livelihood and I've never known prouder and happier hosts. They'll take care of the children too. I must go and find them."

THE END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FAR AWAY AND LONG AHEAD

Continued from Page 25

dividual cases can affect the whole picture. That's the situation on athletes versus non-athletes. We have only a few figures on a few athletes in a few colleges over a period of perhaps fifty years. These show that the football player and the pale-faced grind have about an equal chance to crack seventy. But there's not sufficient data to back anything but an opinion."

On the whole, the actuary, in both his mathematical certainties and his opinions drawn from the less absolute figures, offers an encouraging prospect to the young man just starting out in life and anxious to keep going for a long distance. But you know the journey will terminate some time, and if you wonder what is most likely to terminate it, the actuary can give you exact figures, if you want them, which few people do. What those figures show is that the two greatest killers are heart disease and cancer, in that order. That is truer now than it was fifty years ago. One reason for that is, as Dr. Woods Hitchinson once wrote, "These are diseases of middle age and more people are living long enough to have them." Next to these two slayers is cerebral hemorrhage, of which President Roosevelt died.

You are more likely to be killed in an accident than to die of either pneumonia or tuberculosis, which are no longer major killers. You are twice as likely to commit suicide as to be murdered, and ten times as likely to be murdered as to die of typhoid. Since your chances of being bumped off by some lethal weapon are only one in 17,000, the prospect needn't worry you if you don't become a gangster.

The actuary might also add this footnote on suicide: It's twenty-five to one it won't be blasted love that will make you end it all; illness is the chief cause.

However, the accident rate—which includes murder and suicide—accounts for only one-twelfth of the total mortality, so even in the most hazardous occupations, the odds are that you'll die in bed. But statistics show that nearly twice as many fatal accidents happen at home as in the factory, and nearly three times as many on the street as on the job.

In summarizing, the actuary will remind you that you will have a longer life than your father, whether you're married or single, but if you want to extend that lead still further, you'll marry. The actuary will promise that, according to the trend of the expectancy tables, your children will have longer lives than you and your wife. He will advise you to keep slim, stay sober, and be an athlete or not, according to your nature.

He will suggest your moving to North Dakota—a farm state with the lowest death rate in the nation—and advise you to keep away from Washington, D. C., which has the highest. He may, however, recommend wintering in a warm climate because blizzards and zero temperatures generally jump the death rate.

And while he can tell you, George Jones, one *sure* way to add four years to your life, you can't do anything about it. Because you'd have to be a woman.

THE END

IF HE DRIVES..
flies or sails..
give him a
SHERRILL
Magnetic "DIRECTOR"
COMPASS
for Christmas!
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Finger-Tip Compensation!
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He'll appreciate Sherrill precision and accuracy! Types and sizes for autos, boats or planes. Standard of U. S. Armed Services. Finger-tip compensation. No tools or expert help required. Beautiful molded plastic construction. Illuminated. Durable. Sold at Hardware, Drug, Chain, Dept. Stores, Airports, Marine and Gas Stations.

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SHERRILL INSTRUMENT COMPANY, PERU, IND.

ROMANCE IN A CRYSTAL FLACON

Continued from Page 23

fighting for independence. Our billion-dollar beauty business formerly looked to France for creative ideas. The finest blends in fragrances, the biggest assortments in shades of rouge, eye shadow, mascara, and face powder came to us with a French accent. American women coveted and bought them. They had that snobbish, irresistible catnip for Americans: a Paris label.

The French idea of feminine beauty is "to look dramatic and marvelously made up." The American effort is "to look healthy, beautiful, and natural." With that objective, we have developed countless cosmetic products that cleanse, correct, and beautify. The French have lotions and unguents too, but they are comparatively few and relatively unimportant. Those French trade-marks best known in America were largely on perfumes, eye make-up, rouge, powder, and lipsticks. When the war forced us to pinch-hit for the French, we perfected every phase of feminine make-up, including perfumes.

THERE'S no denying that perfumes used to be best made in France before the war. There they processed flowers for natural oil essences. Raw oils from Africa, Arabia, Bulgaria, and China were sent to France to be partly prepared for perfume. Workmen with an inborn love for flowers brought that "extra plus" to the French perfume industry. Fractional separations of oil from flowers were shipped to the United States, and we carried on from there. The preparatory work thus partly done, saved the time of our higher-salaried labor.

We bought from France the distillations of real flowers, jasmine, rose, cassis, orange flower, violet leaf, lavender, and other ingredients essential to improve our own perfumes. We then blended, finished, bottled, packaged, and distributed the final result. In addition to essential oils, however, perfumes require fixatives. These are aromatic exudations from trees, animals, and fish: ambergris from the sperm whale, musk from the sac of Himalayan deer, myrrh tapped from trees in Arabia, sandalwood from the Pacific, patchouli from the banks of the Ganges in India, civet from a catlike animal of Abyssinia. These, and many other mysterious potions go into the making of perfumes.

France, with all her home-grown roses and jasmine, imports quantities of other flowers. Fixatives come from afar. Alcohol may or may not be a home product. The French boast theirs comes from wine spirits. Ours is distilled from sugar and molasses. But in the end, every perfume is an assembly job, containing from thirty to 100 ingredients. Any perfume-producing country relies on importations of barks, plants, roots, secretions, and chemicals.

THE basis for the French prewar claim to perfume supremacy came about because they labored lovingly over each scent step. They tinctured the florals, instead of distilling. They allowed oils to age from two to three years in wine spirits. Thus they procured perfumes without a harsh note.

This slow-motion perfumery production has no other special merit. It is mistakenly believed that slowly aged perfumes retain fragrance longer. Chemists explain it is the fixative, and not the length of aging, that assures long-lasting scents. Naturally the quality of the flower oils is important.

Fifty or sixty years ago perfumes were made only from natural flowers. Then chemical essences, used together with natural products, were blended to synthesize flower scents. These proved to have valuable odor properties which perfume creators were eager to use, giving them a chance to create new notes in fragrances. This development swiftly snowballed with the rapidly increasing aromatic chemical advances. Thus, when the flow of natural perfume products from Europe was shut off because of the war, America went rapidly ahead with synthetic sweetnesses.

Our beauty scientists began to experiment with the secrets of fast aging. Time allotted for aging a perfume was from fifteen minutes to ten or twelve months. The French boasted of two to three years. Processes were found that made scents grow senile in a hurry, but most of them have been kept secret. One successful age inducer introduces colloidal silver by electric current into the oil-alcohol-flower-essence brew. This brings rapid aging and results in smooth, mellow perfume.

As a result of this, nearly all our fine American and "French" perfumes are now made with synthetics and rapidly aged. Moreover, this method will be continued indefinitely. Except in limited and uncertain amounts, we are still unable to obtain pure and partly processed florals from France. When they do come, they are not always as fine as they once were, for that "extra plus" labor is now lacking in France, also the painstaking preparation. In

WEAREVER
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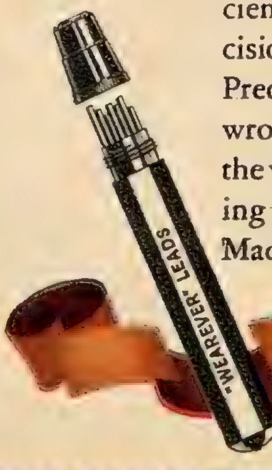

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$1.95

In rich maroon, coachman's green, navy blue and black

Pen and pencil set, illustrated at right, in fine gift box...$2.75

By America's Largest Fountain Pen Manufacturer

It's in the spotlight—deservedly in the spotlight—the new Wearever Zenith. Graceful as a shaft of light. Efficient as a bomb sight. Produced with the same devotion to precision that characterizes a fine telescope. The value of Telescope Precision is reflected in the durability of Zenith...in its finely wrought 14-carat gold point...its exclusive "C-Flow" feed...in the very beauty and balance and write-ability of this exquisite writing instrument. See, try, buy the guaranteed Wearever Zenith. Made by David Kahn, Inc., North Bergen, N. J. (Est. 1896)

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Rely on Riondo
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If you want the finest rum drink—make it with RIONDO—the best rum from Puerto Rico

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addition, French ingredients are too costly under present conditions. For instance, the cost of a pound of oil of jasmine, indispensable to nearly all perfumes, is $700 to $2,000. Synthetic American jasmine oil's top price is $75 a pound. Musk, an important fixative formerly shipped from Central Asia at *forty-five dollars an ounce,* is now extracted from the American muskrat for considerably less, and musketone, also used as a fixative and made in the laboratory, sells for *seven dollars a pound.*

Meantime, we are daily perfecting our knowledge of fine American-made handkerchief perfumes. Actually, the French perfume business in America is alive largely in name only. Nearly all French perfume houses are producing their scents here and using the same substitutes that American perfumers use.

Dr. Erich Eichwald, chief chemist of a French perfume firm, was recently quoted in the press as saying, "American perfume industry is ten years ahead of Europe in the development of fine perfume products, due to the advancements in the production of synthetics."

We have been making the best that can be made since 1940, and by the time we again sniff real French scents in any quantity, it will probably be 1947. A seven-year lead is a long time in any industry. It seems logical to believe that perfume leadership will rest in this country.

The U. S. Department of Commerce figures on perfumes and ingredients from France from 1933 to 1941 show no year during that period in which the gross receipts reached five million dollars. Moreover, each year we imported less perfume than the year preceding. This casts no reflection on the excellence of French scents; it merely indicates the strength of our growing market. And during the war we have had the perfumes to sell. The French have not.

THE myth that American styles and scents can never match those from France has been largely kept alive by the slick-paper fashion press. The Paris myth has now been exploded by five years of independence from French fashions and perfumes.

Actually, our lab-made perfumes give the lie to the much quoted line from the poem by Joyce Kilmer, that "Only God can make a tree." Chemists, blending scents without natural flowers, have sometimes compounded lovely perfumes, unlike any blossoms hitherto known. Botanists may find themselves challenged to grow a flower as sweetly perfumed as some of the test-tube-born fragrances.

The word synthetic should be reevaluated. It is a misconception that anything synthetic is a substitute, and that a substitute can never be as good as the original. Synthetic flower scents have certain advantages. Weather, heat, and light affect and weaken them somewhat less than in the case of flower perfume.

Another reason for American leadership in perfumes stems from our advertising campaigns. Fifty million dollars a year is spent to prove to American women that one especially suitable scent could do as much for her as a psychiatrist, preacher, marriage broker, and lover. Right or wrong, the message in the perfume bottle says, "This is get-your-man stuff."

PERFUME, to an American woman, is prestige. It gives her individuality; sets her apart; and if its price is high, so much the better. "That expensive smell" makes her feel luxurious. With nose catered to and emotional senses titivated, American perfumes further delight the eye. Their packaging is out of this world. Handmade French bottles brought here have been molded by the millions. We make our own, too, in fantasy designs and colors.

French perfumes have superb packaging too, but we have more of it, in the casually colossal way that is so typically American. There has grown up a highly personalized specialization in perfumes and cosmetics, created for people in particular professions, for various age groups, for men, for movie stars, for secretaries, for special occasions. There's a Babies' Breath cosmetics-and-scent line, for babies. Teen-agers are catered to with Sweet 'n' Lovely, Judy 'n' Jill, Little Lady, and Seventeen. This latter category goes to town as completely as if for grown-up misses, with perfume, hand lotion, bubble bath, lipstick, etc. There are even perfumes specially created to be worn with particular fabrics such as Chambray, Ermine, Red Velvet, and Black Lace.

With all this harmless, emotional promotion connected with beauty, there is, nevertheless, strict government supervision. The U. S. Food and Drug Administration watches every process of cosmetic manufacture, to keep out injurious ingredients. Advertising claims of creams and correctives are carefully checked by the Federal Trade Commission. Beauticians must conform to standards; must print all ingredients on the bottle; must not make misleading promises. But there is no penalty for selling hopes and dreams—priceless contents of every bottle.

Our scent producers promise American women so much more in excitement, romance, luxury, and glamor than do French perfumes, that for many these ephemeral values tip the scale in favor of domestic perfumers. As Stephen Mayham, director of the Toilet Goods Association of America, Inc., says, "Wherever the location of fashion leadership—and it is in America—there, also, is the location of perfume leadership."

Meet the U. S. A., new scent center of the universe.

THE END

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RONSON Lighters served our Armed Forces with distinction in all combat areas. Polls of ex-servicemen and civilians show RONSONS preferred over all other makes. The models illustrated are gradually becoming available through dealers. Watch for them. You can own one soon!

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For Faster Action In ALL Lighters

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INGRID
BERGMAN
in her first picture since
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and
GREGORY
PECK
in
ALFRED HITCHCOCK'S
SPELLBOUND

Screen Play by BEN HECHT • *Released thru United Artists*
Directed by ALFRED HITCHCOCK
A SELZNICK INTERNATIONAL
PICTURE

Liberty Goes to the Movies

BY HELEN PARKER

For inspiration of Crosby's and Bergman's amusement, see below.

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S

(RKO)
Ingrid Bergman, Bing Crosby

THE BELLS OF ST. MARY'S—with Bing Crosby again playing the good Father O'Malley, and with the wonderful Bergman as Sister Superior Benedict—unfortunately does *not* go as far as its esteemed predecessor, Going My Way.

However, the story of how these two reconvert a little girl, a boy, and an old man is told simply and with good humor. Old St. Mary's is about to be condemned, and the school's only hope of survival is to be donated the new office building across the way. For this the sisters pray. Actually, the *coup* is effected by a bit of collusion between the priest and the doctor (Rhys Williams) of the old man (Henry Travers) who owns the building. Harping mercilessly on the superannuated industrialist's bad heart, they convince him that the way to longevity is through philanthropy.

Joan Carroll and Dickie Tyler are both excellent as problem school kids who are given alternate injections of realism and idealism.

The tenderest, funniest sequence in this parochial poem is the rehearsal of the first graders' Christmas play. It's completely natural and ends in a chuckle as the kids sing Happy Birthday to You to the Christ child, a brown-eyed toddler who persists in wandering out of his cradle.

As a production, The Bells has a slow, hypnotic quality. Some of the shots are so long you think the picture's going to end in several different places. However, it has not a few nice personalities in it, and it's suitably wrapped for Christmas delivery.

St. Mary's first graders rehearse a Christmas tableau of their own design.

Don de Fore suspects that Fitzgerald is not just being fatherly.

STORK CLUB

(Paramount)
Barry Fitzgerald, Betty Hutton, Iris Adrian

OVER at the Hollywood version of that Fifty-third Street foxhole known as the Stork Club, there's an amazing amount of activity.

Paramount has rebuilt Sherman Billingsley's establishment, and it's a very honest replica. Betty Hutton is cast as a Stork hat-check girl, sweetheart to Marine Don de Fore. In the first scene she complicates her existence by saving multimillionaire Barry Fitzgerald from drowning.

Betty thinks he's a down-and-out bum. Meanwhile he's setting up charge accounts for her at the swankiest hotels and stores, in anonymous gratitude. She suspects Billingsley (Bill Goodwin) of being the generous donor.

De Fore comes back from the wars with a newly formed band, finds Betty lavishly gowned and ensconced in a flossy apartment, with Fitzgerald as a sort of boarder. A pretty difficult business to explain!

Situations come boiling out of the pot, intertwined with musical numbers first shouted by Hutton, then crooned by Russell. Everybody gets his deepest wish in the end (natch!). Betty and the marine are left romancing on the Stork's bandstand, Fitzgerald's straightened out, and Billingsley's bank account continues to swell.

The musical score is quite tuneful, I'm a Square in the Social Circle being particularly bright.

Since Barry Fitzgerald just can't help being sweet and lovable, and since Betty Hutton's zest is a thing to behold—Stork Club is a pretty good credit risk as a hunk of entertainment.

PICTURES TO WATCH FOR

LOST WEEKEND (Paramount). Ray Milland. Diary of an alcoholic.
SPANISH MAIN (RKO). Maureen O'Hara. Paul Henreid. Piracy and romance.
SARATOGA TRUNK (Warners). Ingrid Bergman, Gary Cooper. Glamorous Americana.
SPELLBOUND (Selznick). Ingrid Bergman, Gregory Peck. Suspense and psychiatry.

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How Awful—
Denture Breath!
"YES—you're probably brushing your plate with makeshift cleansers—soak it in POLIDENT instead!"

Play Safe—Soak Dentures in Polident Daily
It's Easy! It's Quick!

Soak your plate in Polident fifteen minutes or longer . . . rinse . . . and it's ready to use. A daily Polident bath gets into tiny crevices brushing never seems to reach—keeps your plate sparkling clean and odor-free.

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How YOU can Avoid Danger of DENTURE BREATH

PLAY SAFE! Soak your plate or bridge in Polident. Don't brush with ordinary cleansers that scratch your denture. Scratches collect food and film, causing offensive DENTURE BREATH.

Besides, plate material is *60 times softer than natural teeth*. Brushing with ordinary dentifrices and soaps can wear down delicate fitting ridges. Then, your plate loosens!

With Polident, there's no brushing—so no danger! It's the new, safe way to keep dentures sparkling clean, odor-free . . . just by easy, daily soaking. Helps keep your denture's original, natural look—for less than 1¢ a day. All drug stores; 30¢, 60¢.

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YOU CAN'T FOOL US SENATORS

Continued from Page 19

There's a good deal of tension in a committee hearing, and usually the witness feels he's on the spot, and sometimes he is. Whether he's vulnerable or not, he does everything he can to cover up.

A committee, in judging a witness, should first spot the "doctrine" he follows. Legislators not versed in evasion techniques may find the following list of important doctrines helpful. Names of departments and individuals are imaginary.

The Doctrine of Apparent Frankness. The simplest example is the long introductory statement which a witness insists on reading before the questioning starts. It is a bald attempt to use up the allotted time so he can't be asked anything. If he is interrupted, he usually says, "Senator, I'm coming to that a little later." But he never does.

Sometimes followers of this doctrine put on a grandiose show, burying the committee under an avalanche of charts and reports. One government group brought a big frame containing thirty-five charts which were released by unknotting bows of red tape. The charts were so detailed and technical, the committee felt like throwing up its hands. The story was there, but beautifully obscured.

Or the witness—say the Under Secretary of National Culture, whose department has a big budget to defend—tells the chairman, with an air of great co-operation, "Now, senator, I want to give you the fullest information, but security is very important in this critical field, and I feel I ought to give it to you in executive session." By then the hearing room is full of spectators and reporters, and the witness knows the committee isn't going into executive session. If he gets away with it, he is forgotten and never called to a closed hearing.

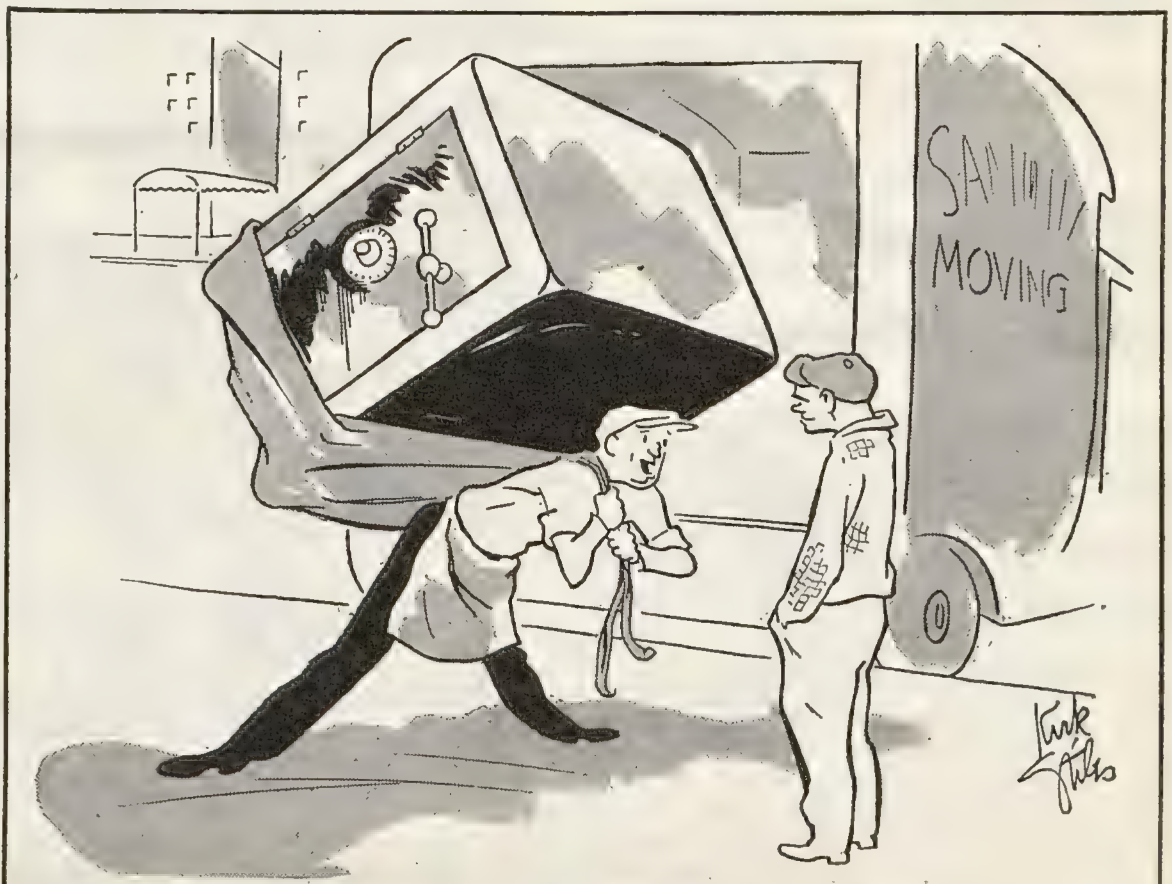
Another type uses a sort of double-talk that lawyers call the unresponsive answer. This can sound plausible, but in the record it is frequently nonsense. The question may be, "Did you conspire to defraud the government by falsifying inspection records on ammunition?" The witness nods affirmatively, gestures as if writing, and smiles at the questioner, but all the stenographer gets is, "I kept inspection records."

The Doctrine of Studied Delay. In Washington, committee witnesses have raised stalling to a high art. A witness is asked for a report of his company's earnings on a cost-plus contract. He says he doesn't have the figures, but promises to get them by three o'clock, or some other hour when he calculates the committee will be engrossed in something else.

Government bureaus, asked for information, always profess alertness, but some wanted reports have lain in "pending" baskets in their originating offices so long they are yellow with age. I have heard of a division head who boasted he had stymied 80 percent of a committee's questions about his division by expert stalling.

The Doctrine of Bucolic Background. Even Wall Street bankers put on old tweeds and try to look like barefoot boys when they come to Senate hearings. Recalling farm memories is an effective way to establish mutual interests with investigators. The witness, Major Samuel B. Gunbutt, U. S. A., introduces his subject with a reference to crops.

"You rural congressmen understand what I mean," he says. "I was a farm boy myself. None of *us* objected to working fourteen hours a day or walking six miles to school. Now, why should there be any com-



"Well, I can't stand here gabbing. The boss is in a hurry!"

LIBERTY

plaint about . . .” And so on and on.

The expert varies the formula for a citified committee. He and the members, he is sure, all came up from the Fulton Fish Market or sold papers on Broadway.

The Doctrine of the Lateral Pass. The Secretary of National Defense is testifying about the construction of certain ships which have been turning turtle. Questioned about this embarassing situation, he says, “I know it is in my department, but things are highly specialized in government nowadays, so I have brought Captain Thistlebeam, who is in charge of that division and has all the details.”

Captain Thistlebeam gives a few crumbs of information overlaid with hearty co-operation, but it appears that he, too, cannot carry all the details in his head. “Mr. Chairman,” says the captain, “I have in my division a very bright young man, Lieutenant Blue, who has direct cognizance of this subject. When I learned a little while ago that you were interested in this point, I took the liberty of sending for him.”

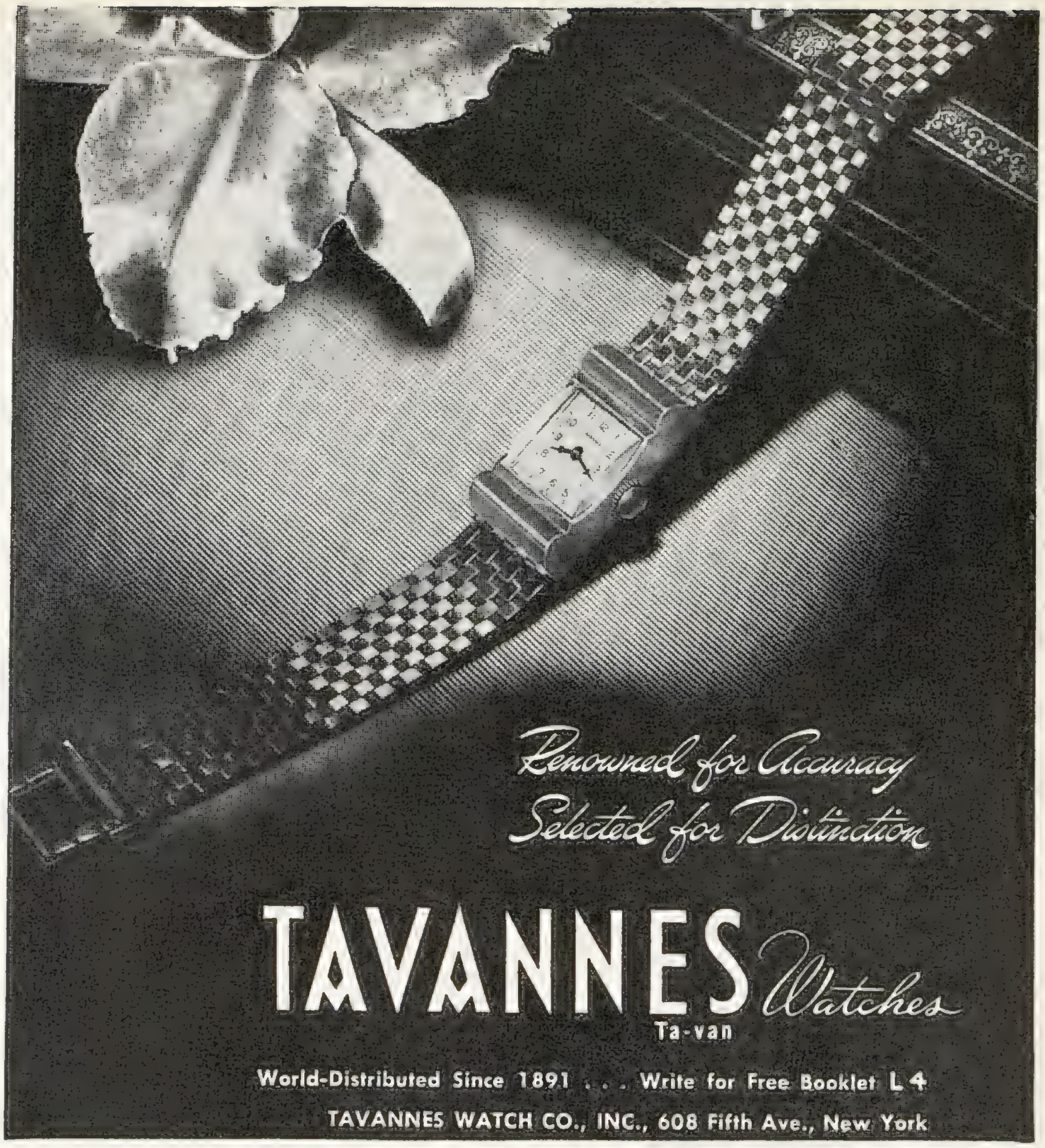
Lieutenant Blue arrives with an armful of ship plans. But the committee has to stop at Bulkhead 87, because Lieutenant Blue refers all matters aft of Bulkhead 87 to the Athwart & Amidships Section of the Bureau of Ships, and he doesn't know who has cognizance of that now, because the officer in charge has just been detached.

That is only a double lateral pass. Sometimes, however, a good quarterback uses his whole backfield in a morning session.

The Doctrine of Golden Silence. The committee attendance is only two—the acting chairman and a member of the opposition party. While the Assistant Secretary of Agronomy is giving dry testimony, the chairman daydreams about the issues of his next campaign. His colleague seizes the opportunity. “Mr. Snodgrass,” he says, “do you mean to tell me that you are protecting the best interests of the American farmer when you admit Argentine beef to this country?” Smart government administrators keep out of political arguments, and Mr. Snodgrass hesitates. The question is repeated. Still Mr. Snodgrass is silent. The atmosphere becomes tense. Finally it is so electric that the chairman comes to in time to hear the witness ask, “Would you mind repeating the question, senator?” Then the two senators argue violently, and as the fight subsides, the witness goes on to another topic.

The Doctrine of Plucking the Appropriate Sleeve. Buttonholing is out of date. Sleeve plucking—properly performed—begins in approaching your senator from the rear and grasping his right shoulder with your left hand. You swing him around, making cordial noises, shake his right hand, and slide your left hand down his arm to hold him firmly by the elbow. Now you have him.

“Senator,” says the sleeve-plucker,



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Chap Stick is trouble shooter number one, when lips are in distress. The lip balm that's longer lasting, easy to apply. Specially medicated, specially soothing for *chapped, cracked, parched lips.*

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Many Never Suspect Cause Of Backaches

This Old Treatment Often Brings Happy Relief

When disorder of kidney function permits poisonous matter to remain in your blood, it may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from your blood. Get Doan's Pills.

"I'm awfully glad I ran into you today." (He's been waiting in the hall for an hour.) "I gave $5,600 jobs to the two men you sent me, and I was glad to do it. Now, senator, I'm to be a witness this morning, and there is one question I wish you would ask, because I know you're interested in it and it's mighty important." He hands him a typewritten slip.

In the hearing room, the witness looks significantly at the senator. "Mr. Chairman," says the senator, "I have to leave early, but before I go there's one question I'd like to ask the witness." He consults the slip.

The witness beams. "I am glad the senator asked that question," he says, and produces a long statement, which he reads. If he is interrupted, he protests indignantly, "I am only trying to answer the senator's question." And so on till lunch.

The Doctrine of the Bumbling Presentation. A pretty girl uses this when she wants a tire changed on the road. The witness wants something said that can't be hung on him. He adopts an attitude of good fellowship. It's not so much that he's helpless, it's just that he's too good a fellow to put things bluntly. Perhaps he wants the ABC Administration called names, so he bumbles around the point, using a gesture and a grin to fill in. "What you're trying to say," interrupts a helpful senator, "is that the ABC Administration deceived you and deliberately lied to you." "Well, senator," says the witness mildly, "perhaps, if you want to express it that way."

It's been said, but he hasn't said it.

The Doctrine of Universal Ignorance. This is somewhat allied to bumbling. "Mr. Chairman," says the witness with the utmost candor, "nobody has all the answers. I don't know, you don't know, nobody knows. But all of us together—with the help of this committee, and with additional appropriations—I am sure we can lick this problem." Sometimes he wins the committee to his side.

The Doctrine of Planned Indignation. A witness may know he's going to be asked an embarrassing question. He can't display the anger of accused innocence, because his conscience isn't altogether clear. So he gets violently indignant early in the hearing over something that doesn't matter. By this display of temper he establishes himself as a tough and knowing government official who has no fear of committees. When the time comes, it seems ridiculous to ask such a fiery and righteous public servant about the misuse of public funds.

The Doctrine of Gathering Tensions. Time after time I have seen witnesses grow tearful as they built up emotional tension in the hearing room on some point foreign to the issue. Before the Japs surrendered, witnesses frequently said any policy change which the committee proposed would only prolong the war. Now that the war is over, there are plenty of other dramatic appeals—small business, the Constitution, the American home, etc. A skillful witness, even if he doesn't get the committee on his side, can often divide it.

The Doctrine of Neutral Laughter. A favorite defense against a senatorial question is laughter. The witness does not laugh *at* or *with* the interrogator. He laughs noncommittally and without irritation. If the question is repeated, he laughs again, and perhaps his questioner joins in the laughter and drops the subject. At any rate, the record shows the witness has not committed himself.

SEVERAL allied methods of deception are not performed on the witness stand. Here are examples:

The Doctrine of the Cook's Tour. When a committee's work takes it abroad, officials of the bureau being examined frequently tempt it with scenery, and the committee may find itself in Berchtesgaden instead of being permitted to poke through an ammunition dump. The converse is the flying jeep trip made at such speed that the committee does not know whether it has been seeing piles of surplus property or a charming Italian countryside.

The Doctrine of Paul Revere-ing the Plant. A girl who was showing one of our stenographers through an installation suggested playing the slot machines in the Officers' Club. At the door, however, an officer explained that the machines had been put away because a Senate committee was around. We know that runners go ahead of Senate committees, warning plants. "Put clean blouses on the troops and wash the cars! Here they come!" At San Juan a mimeographed circular was even issued on how to act before the committee. But someone always tells the committee about it.

The Doctrine of the Superabundant Luncheon. This is the most effective scheme, because it's the hardest to resist. Senators, being human, hate to refuse food. The heavy luncheon is a favorite trick to play on investigators overseas. At Caserta, Italy, they capped a heavy meal by holding hearings in a hot room.

So, no matter what Congressional investigating committees dig up in the way of skullduggery, they're bound to bring out such artful dodges as these when witnesses try to cover up.

THE END

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SPRAINS AND STRAINS

Muscular Aches and Pains • Stiff Joints • Bruises

What you NEED is

SLOAN'S LINIMENT

POSTWAR RADIO SETS

Continued from Page 27

finish, and operation, portables will outclass all that has gone before. Wartime development of tiny tubes no bigger than peanuts or acorns, with a corresponding reduction in the size of other working parts, will lead to much smaller portables. Plastics and new light-weight metals will give them paratroop ruggedness. The cases for the new sets will have an impregnated color instead of a glued-on leatherette covering. Compressibility of the radio portion of portable combinations means additional room for the record-playing section and increased space for records.

Batteries for the portables will last longer for the same or less weight. Moreover, there will be "self-charging" outfits, like the one soon to be offered by General Electric. The battery is recharged by plugging into a house electrical outlet. Tone qualities, selectivity, sensitivity, and range will be on a par with the smaller home sets.

Great improvement is promised in radio-phonograph combinations and in record-playing appliances. Crosley's "Floating Jewel" tone system, improved since its prewar introduction is a permanent sapphire stylus on a delicately balanced tone arm which glides gently on the sides of the sound groove, instead of digging in like the old-fashioned steel needle. All of Electronic Corporation of America's radios will be equipped with an acoustic grille, which diffuses the tone past resonant wood surfaces to all parts of the room, rather than sending it in a direct line from the speaker.

The annoying clicks and clacks as the old radio-phonograph automatically changed records have gone the way of the old crystal set. The changing process is almost noiseless and has been speeded up without danger to the records.

IT used to be that when the volume control was turned low enough to permit conversation with a musical background, most of the bass sounds weren't heard. Piano recordings often sounded like dilapidated Tin Pan Alley tinklers. Things are different now. The organ's bass notes are distinct, all the subtleties of the piano are present, and knobs give positive control of treble and bass sounds.

Two relatively new factors loom large in radio's future. They are frequency modulation and television.

Frequency modulation is a new radio system destined to revolutionize the world of transmitted sound because, by its use, static, station interference, and fading are so completely eliminated as to produce almost ideal reception. After years of heartbreaking pioneering, FM was conceived and developed by Major Edwin H. Armstrong, who also gave radio the regenerative circuit and the superheterodyne method of reception, without which radio hardly could have grown to its present stature. The original test of FM was in June, 1934, over a distance of seventy miles.

A small number of FM sets had been built and a few FM stations were in operation before the war. There are now forty-seven FM stations in the country. Applications for 529 more are being considered by the FCC, and Paul Porter, FCC's chairman, prophesies that 2,000 to 3,000 FM licenses will be granted in the next few years. By comparison, there are 935 standard, or amplitude-modulation, stations in operation.

THE human ear can hear sounds that vibrate from 16 to 16,000 times a second. This is called frequency of the sound waves. To achieve true realism, the radio would have to bring you all of the tones and overtones as you hear them in the concert hall. However, 935 stations are trying to crowd a broadcasting frequency band originally designed for 106 stations, and instruments of any one AM station cannot receive and transmit sounds of more than 10,000 vibrations without conflicting with broadcasts of others. Thus, tones and sounds are lost in AM broadcasting. The wave lengths assigned to FM operations, however, are much higher than AM in the scale of frequencies and much broader in scope, thereby offering room for expansion and for the transmission from each station of the full range of sound available to the human ear.

However, the mechanism for broadcasting the present amplitude-modulation programs will not serve for FM. An FM program cannot be picked up by an AM set, nor can a set banded only for FM pick up an AM broadcast. This may seem like chaos, but it isn't. Stations broadcasting on the AM principle will continue to do so, even after they have acquired FM apparatus to air programs by that method. So, if you become the owner of an FM set, you will get better reception when that type of broadcasting is available, but today's programs with today's radio will continue to come to you via AM.

For some time to come, smaller and less expensive personal and table sets, as well as most portables, will continue to be made solely for AM reception. The reasons for this are lack of available space in the little sets for the additional FM gadgetry, and the desire to keep down the cost of small sets. Inclusion of an FM band in a radio that normally would have only the AM bands adds twenty to thirty dollars to its price. Even when the air becomes full of FM programs, the small receivers will perform just as they do now, for the same AM programs also will be broadcast.

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Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
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- Made *on a face cream base.* Yodora is *actually soothing* to normal skins.
- Entirely free from irritating salts. Can be used right after under-arm shaving.
- Its soft, cream consistency stays that way indefinitely. Never gets stiff or grainy.
- Contains no chemicals to spoil clothing.
- Tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢.
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The quality of my mink is indicated by the fact that I have netted an average of $20.00 a pelt on all mink skins sold during the past 5 years.
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BOOK "Domestic Mink" $1.00
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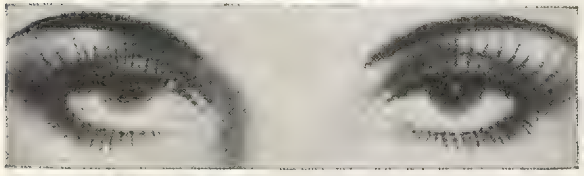
TIRED EYES
a quick rest
MAKE THIS SIMPLE TEST TODAY



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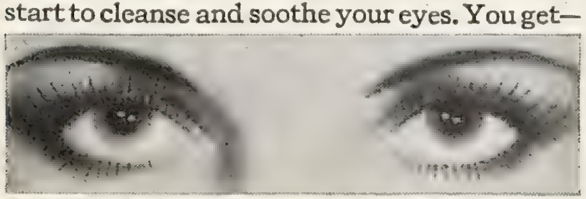


QUICK RELIEF! Murine's 7 scientifically blended ingredients quickly relieve the discomfort of tired, burning eyes. Safe, gentle Murine helps thousands—let it help you, too.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES
SOOTHES · REFRESHES

★ Invest in America— Buy War Bonds and Stamps ★

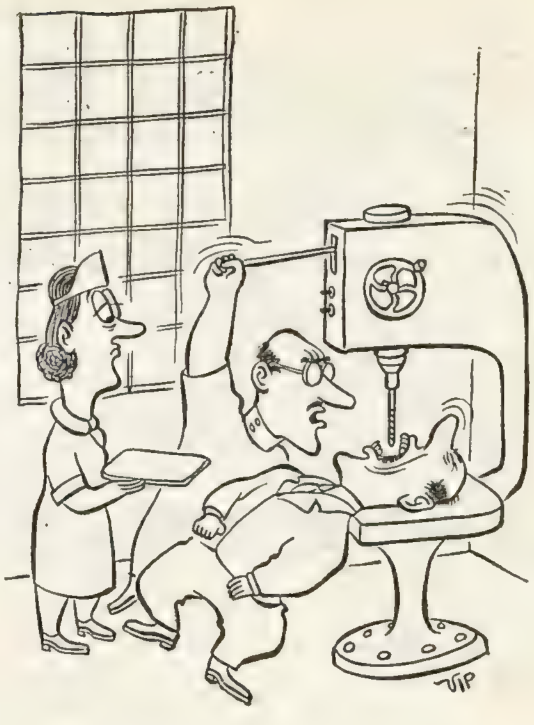
Nearly all the larger table models, combination radio-phonographs, consoles, and other bigger units not yet on the market, will be equipped with *both* AM and FM bands. Some say it will be a year, others five years, before enough FM stations will be in operation to more or less blanket the country with network and other programs as AM does today. Meanwhile, so long as favorite stations continue on an AM basis, their programs will come through your loud-speaker satisfactorily. When any station in your vicinity becomes equipped with FM, and the higher-fidelity reception is desired, merely push the FM band button. No one will have to throw his present radio into the trash barrel just because it is an AM set, and no one is going to be deprived of his favorite programs.

Quite apart from the normal problems involved in the development of FM is the note injected by James Caesar Petrillo, president of the American Federation of Musicians. As this is being written, Petrillo has demanded that key broadcasting outfits employ twice as many musicians if a musical program carried on their present AM stations is duplicated on a FM outlet. What will come of this remains to be seen.

WHAT will we pay for the products from this new and far broader field of radio? Specific price information on any given type of set is not available at this writing, but well-informed sources indicate the range will be about on a par with 1942 prices, with moderate increases in some of the higher brackets.

Television for the entire nation is around the corner, but that corner is several blocks down the street, and the street itself is cluttered with obstacles. One of them is the so-called television controversy which for months has revolved around Columbia Broadcasting System's proposal that the FCC authorize use of ultra-high frequencies so that clearer and more distinct pictures, and even color, may be telecast. Such a transfer from present channels would mean that existing transmitters of black-and-white shows, not yet noted for clarity of detail, would be obsolete, along with several thousand prewar television sets.

Strenuous opposition to this idea is voiced by certain broadcasters whose equipment would be outmoded, and by some manufacturers who have facilities for producing transmitters and receivers that will operate under present conditions but which would be useless for proposed ultra-high frequencies. Unlike the combination of AM and FM in radio, it is impracticable to build television apparatus capable of sending and receiving both present and suggested frequencies. Until that problem is solved, sets made under today's requirements must risk becoming museum pieces if new standards are adopted.



"A little wider, please." LIBERTY

Another road block on the way to Television Corner is the cost of setting up a television network comparable to that of radio from the standpoints of number of people served and number of programs available. Network radio programs are "piped" from station to station over thousands of miles of special wire circuits of the Bell Telephone System and then broadcast to the customers in each station's area of service, but television stubbornly refuses to work that way. Its two present methods of transmission are by radio relay stations on high towers, or through coaxial cables laid underground.

To get a program tie-up from New York to Hollywood would mean a series of relay towers 150 to 300 feet high and about thirty-five miles apart, or putting underground or on poles a coaxial cable from the Atlantic to the Pacific. In either method, only receivers close to intermittent broadcasting stations hooked into the transmission line could pick up the show, for the average service radius of high-powered television stations with good antenna locations is about fifty miles.

Probably you can buy a television set today. One manufacturer recently announced in New York that his set would retail for about $100, would make its public bow before Christmas, and be available in greater numbers early in 1946. Recently Columbia Broadcasting System advised the FCC that pictures in full color had been transmitted in the ultra-high frequencies not only in CBS laboratories but over New York's rooftops, and with "superb clarity." Progress is being made in television, but the industry is not going to rush into making receivers that might prove disappointing to the owner.

But things move fast these days.

WHEN NERVES CRY
BACK ACHE
SORETONE LINIMENT
gives quick relief on contact

Feel the Gentle Heat-Effect—The Safe, Proven Heating Pad Principle in a Handy Bottle!

• Reflex nerve pain signals aches from back strain, muscle strain, lumbago pain, due to fatigue, exposure. For fast, gentle relief use the liniment specially made to soothe such symptoms.

Soretone Liniment has scientific *rubefacient* ingredients that act like glowing warmth from a heating pad. Helps attract fresh surface blood to superficial pain area.

Soretone is *different!* Nothing else "just like it." Quick, satisfying results must be yours or money back. 50¢. Economy size $1.00.

*Try Soretone for Athlete's Foot. Kills all 5 types of common fungi—*on contact!*

—and McKesson makes it!

TOOTHACHE? DUE TO CAVITY

GET QUICK relief with Dent's Tooth Gum or Dent's Tooth Drops! "Cavity Toothache" frequently strikes at night. Be prepared. Buy either package from your druggist today. Keep it handy for children and adults. Follow easy directions.

DENT'S TOOTH GUM TOOTH DROPS 25¢

BUY MORE AND MORE VICTORY BONDS
INVEST IN YOUR FUTURE

Pfunder's ARE WONDERS!
FOR STOMACH DISTRESS DUE TO HYPERACIDITY
● Pfunder's Tablets have brought symptomatic relief to thousands for over a quarter of a century. Don't wait another day. Try Pfunder's now!
PFUNDER'S TABLETS
AT DRUG AND DEPARTMENT STORES

Lemon Juice Recipe Checks Rheumatic Pain Quickly

If you suffer from rheumatic, arthritis or neuritis pain, try this simple inexpensive home recipe that thousands are using. Get a package of Ru-Ex Compound, a two-week supply, today. Mix it with a quart of water, add the juice of 4 lemons. It's easy. No trouble at all and pleasant. You need only 3 tablespoonfuls two times a day. Often within 48 hours—sometimes overnight—splendid results are obtained. If the pains do not quickly leave and if you do not feel better, return the empty package and Ru-Ex will cost you nothing to try as it is sold by your druggist under an absolute money-back guarantee. Ru-Ex Compound is for sale and recommended by druggists everywhere.

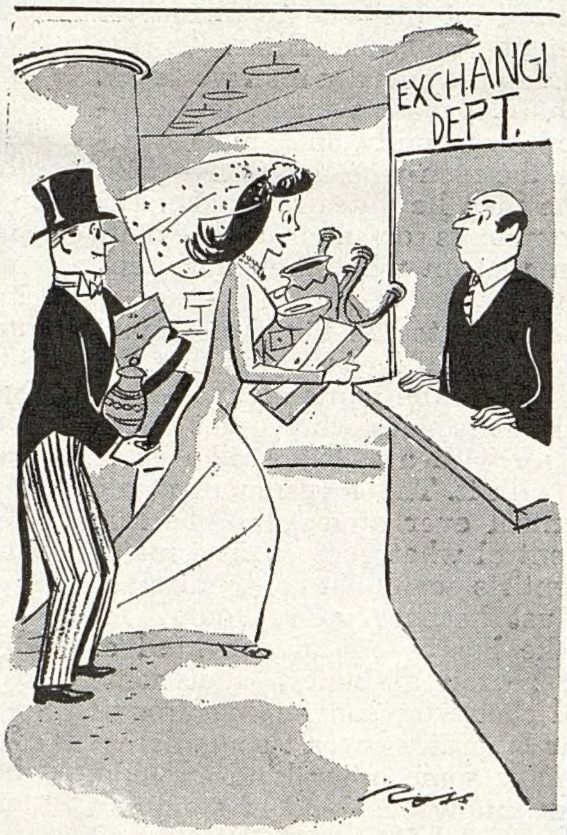
Only last February Westinghouse put it this way: "Side by side with the developments in home radio, there will be a steady growth in home television. But don't expect television to blossom overnight, despite today's dazzling display of publicity. There are no great technical obstacles in television's path—but there are enormous problems in connection with station engineering and construction, network construction and operation, and the staging of and paying for programs enough hours a day and with enough entertainment value so that people will buy television sets in large quantities."

Since then, Westinghouse research has developed Stratovision, which it feels will cut through all those Gordian knots. Stratovision involves use of specially equipped planes, flying at 30,000 feet, instead of relay towers or coaxial cables. Programs are beamed from ground studios to the planes, then relayed to other planes as well as back to earth. At a height of about six miles, the effective service range of each flying relay is more than four times that of a tower. Thus, fourteen flying relays, it is said, can cover 51 per cent of the area and 78 per cent of the population of the United States, and do it far less expensively than by cables or ground towers.

Meanwhile television programs are being broadcast at locally announced times from stations in or near New York, Schenectady, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Los Angeles, and the FCC expects to license additional broadcasters during 1946.

In any event, all signs point to the continuance of ear-bending as a national pastime, but on a vaster and more harmonious scale than ever, and if we're patient, some day we'll be a nation of eye-benders, too.

THE END



"How long will it take? I'm on my honeymoon."

LIBERTY

Its longer polishing action safely BRYTENS TEETH!

● To unmask the natural sparkle of your teeth, learn this great truth!

Even in the 50 seconds most folks brush their teeth, the dentifrice disperses and loses its polishing action.

That's why you'll get such dramatic results by changing to IODENT No. 2, made by a Dentist.

It contains millions of tiny particles *scientifically treated* to safely polish teeth *up to twice as long.* They *do not* dissolve—but get finer, tinier as you brush. It's the way a jeweler polishes precious jewelry.

Try it! Tooth Paste or Powder. Let your own mirror tell you the new beauty of your teeth.

IODENT

IODENT No. 1 is preferred by people with teeth easy to bryten—especially children.

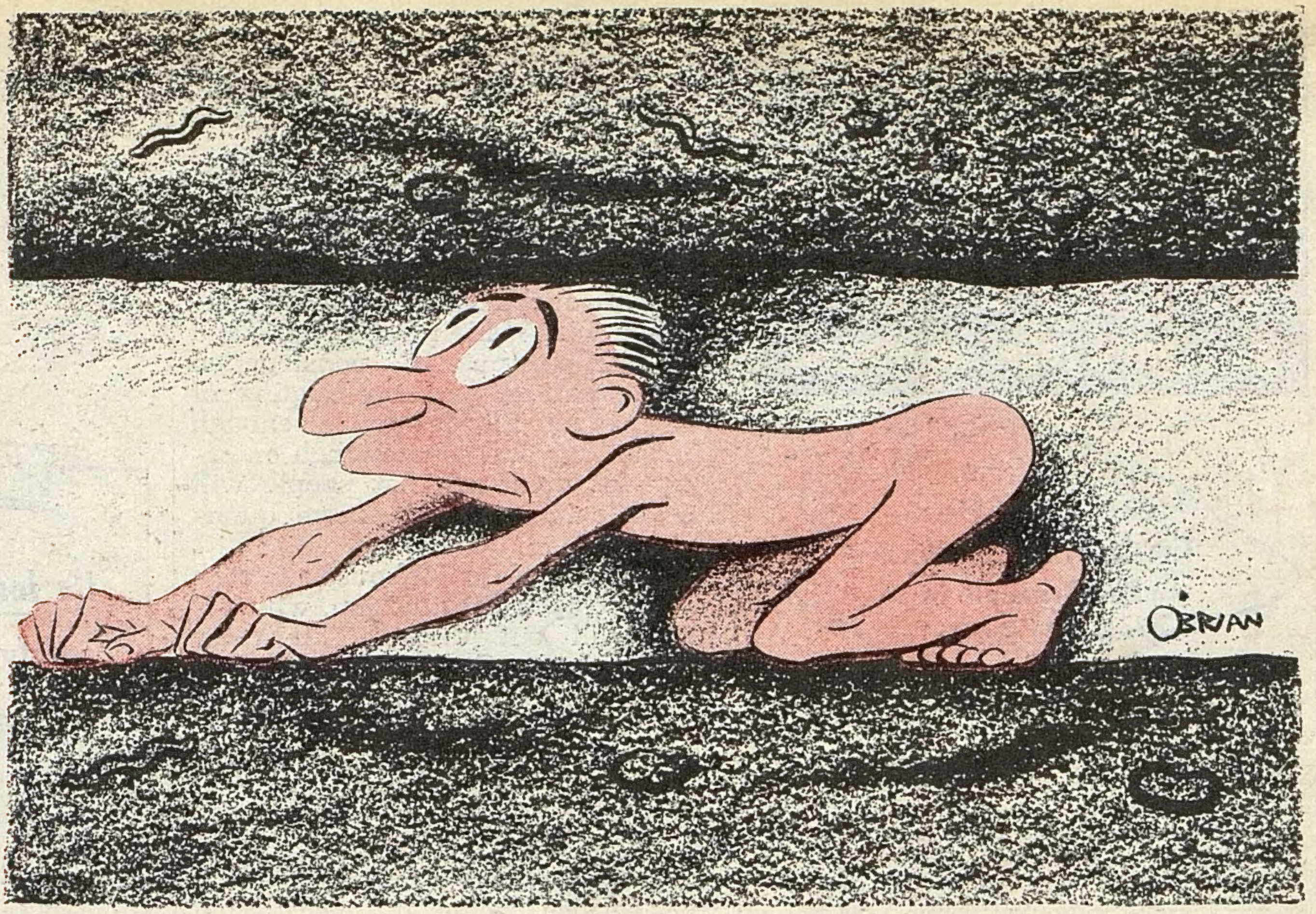
do you WORRY? ABOUT RUPTURE

Why worry and suffer any longer if we can help you? Try a Brooks Patented Air Cushion. This marvelous appliance for most forms of reducible rupture is GUARANTEED to bring YOU heavenly comfort and security—day and night—at work and at play—or it costs you NOTHING! Thousands happy. Light, neat-fitting. No hard pads or springs. For men, women, and children. Durable, cheap. **Sent on trial** to prove it. Not sold in stores. Beware of imitations. Write for Free Book on Rupture, no-risk trial order plan, and proof of results. All Correspondence Confidential.
Brooks Company, 412 State St., Marshall, Mich.

Take 1 Count 2
Two seconds! . . . That's all it takes for JESTS to start their
Fast Relief from Acid Indigestion, "Gas," Heartburn, Sour Stomach*
10c A ROLL
JESTS FOR EXCESS STOMACH ACID
*Due to excess stomach acid

DEC. 22, 1945

PAUL HUNTER
Publisher
EDWARD MAHER
Editor



HOW THE AVERAGE MAN FEELS ABOUT THE ATOM BOMB

"WITH everybody else having their say about the atom bomb," said Elmer, "I guess I'm entitled to put in my two cents' worth."

We ran across Elmer outside the supermarket waiting for his wife to finish her Saturday-night shopping. Elmer is the nearest thing to the average man we know. He works hard, pays his taxes, and supports a good-size family on a modest income. He is the man who has to live with the laws the men he votes for make. His pungent comments on men and events make up in realism what they may lack in authority.

"After listening to the big shots sound off," said Elmer, "all I can say is that the atom bomb scares the pants off me—even if we are the only ones who've got it. No one comes up with a sensible plan as to what to do with it. The government wants to keep control over atoms, but it's like trying to control what goes on in a man's mind. Scientists can't stop themselves thinking. Just because we've found out how to make bombs out of one kind of stuff is no reason to believe that some high-school chemistry kid fooling around in his cellar laboratory won't come across a way to make some other kind explode. Now that we know one kind of atom can be cracked, people all over the world will be discovering how to crack other kinds. Sitting on experimentation and hugging our secrets to ourselves may wind us up behind the eight ball. If we have trouble again some day, we may find ourselves still fooling around with 1945 atoms while other countries shower us with bombs made on a 1960 basis.

"Some folks want us to tell the whole world about the bomb, and some want us to keep it to ourselves. Some say to outlaw it, and others call for spreading our cities out so that if we are ever attacked, the bombs won't wipe us out.

"None of these ideas seems equal to the problem, and some of them just don't make sense. Spreading the cities out, for instance. The only reason for having cities in the first place is so people can live near one another and work together. You can't spread the cities out without destroying the kind of civilization we've got. If you eliminate the city, you eliminate its function. We can't live the way we live now if we don't have cities. We'd all soon be back to grubbing our living out of the dirt with a wooden hoe.

"This bomb thing is like having a tiger by the tail. It's dangerous to hang on, and it's dangerous to let go. At this point I'll settle for almost any kind of solution, a world state or whatever, just so atom bombs don't ever come bouncing down on my town."

Paul Hunter

Liberty
... FOR ALL

How your Christmas customs started

1 **You tack up mistletoe,** symbol of friendship, because warriors of old embraced in truce when they met under these berried sprigs. Christmas customs are ageless, but not until the 1850's (when the name Corby's came to Canada) did some States declare Christmas a holiday.

2 **You bring in the Yule log,** carefully chosen to burn all night, for fire is the ancient focal point of festivity. This is also the season of light, so candles, too, spread their glow, just as in the 1860's, when the name Corby's was first on its way to Canadian fame.

3 **You decorate a tree,** a fir, hemlock or pine, and spread gifts under it because this custom was brought from England in the 1870's, when Corby's was becoming a great Canadian tradition. Wreaths with bright ribbons are hallowed signs that the season of goodwill is here.

N. Corby
BUY WAR BONDS
CORBY'S
Reserve
N. Corby
BLENDED WHISKEY
JAS. BARCLAY & CO. LIMITED
PEORIA · ILLINOIS
Tom & Jerry
& Jerry

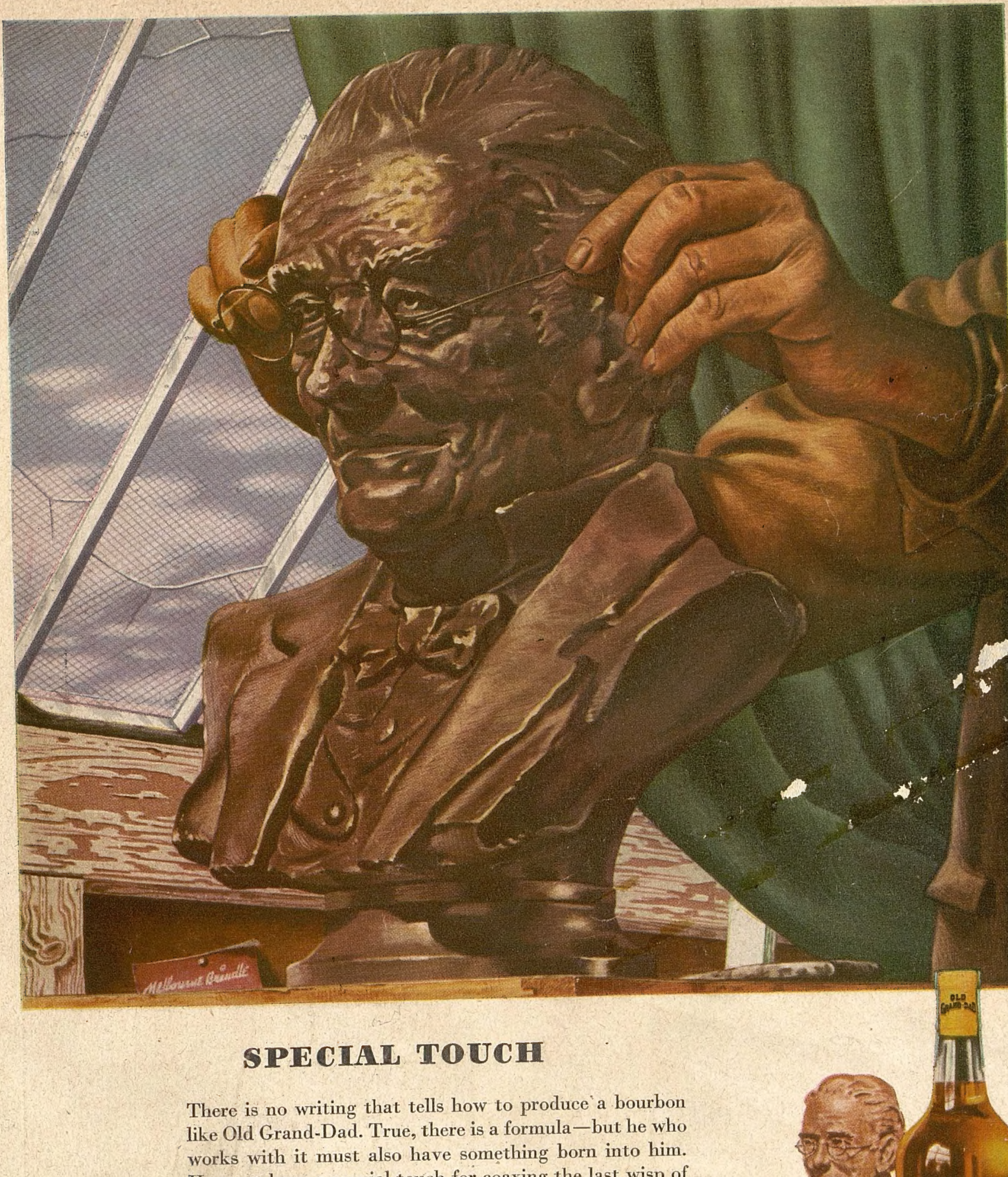
4 **You send messages** of good cheer—a custom started in 1845 when Christmas cards first appeared as hand-written verses or homemade prints. And folks everywhere serve Corby's, the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name, as their symbol of holiday hospitality. Corby's is a light, sociable blended whiskey that goes so well in bowl or glass it just can't help saying for you, "Happy holiday to all!"

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U. S. A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*
86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Ill.


Melbourne Brindle

SPECIAL TOUCH

There is no writing that tells how to produce a bourbon like Old Grand-Dad. True, there is a formula—but he who works with it must also have something born into him. He must have a special touch for coaxing the last wisp of flavor from the ripe grain, a flair for capturing the sparkle of the sun, and a great patience with the slow hand of time. For flavor and sparkle and mellowness are the delights of Old Grand-Dad—an ever-present invitation to count him among your friends and include him among your guests.

OLD GRAND-DAD

Bottled in Bond—100 Proof—4 years old

OLD GRAND-DAD
OLD GRAND-DAD
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

Head of the Bourbon Family

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